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# THE PORT FOLIO.

NEW SERIES,

BY OLIVER OLDSCHOOL, ESQ.

VOL. V.

Various;—that the mind  
Of desultory man, studious of change,  
And pleas'd with novelty, may be indulg'd.  
COWPER.



PHILADELPHIA :

PRINTED AND PUBLISHED BY SMITH & MAXWELL.

1808.



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OF

## THE PORT FOLIO.

NEW SERIES.

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# THE PORT FOLIO,

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BY OLIVER OLDSCHOOL, ESQ.



Various, that the mind of desultory man, studious of change and pleased with novelty, may be indulged—Cowp.

Vol. V. *Philadelphia, Saturday, January 2, 1808.*

No. 1.

## ORIGINAL PAPERS.

### MISCELLANY.

*For The Port Folio.*

#### THE LAY PREACHER.

"See, then, that ye walk circumspectly, not as fools, but as wise, REDEEMING THE TIME."

IN the calendar of every contemplative man, the arrival of A NEW YEAR will be noted as a memorable epoch. Amid the bustle of business, or the blandishments of pleasure, he will hear, distinctly, the voice of Time, and, by a natural association, be led to meditate on the past, and to project for the future. As he communes with his own heart, in the recesses of retirement, various powers will hover over his head, in Reflection's hour. Memory will sometimes appear to him with a gay, and sometimes with a ghastly train, and pining Regret and corroding Remorse will insert their thorns amid the buds of sanguine Expectation, and the fairest roses of Promise. Buthonest Purposes, good Résolution, and cheering Hope

will be generally predominant in those visions of Futurity, with which, we may presume, men of reflection as well as sensibility are favoured. They will sorrow for the negligences and errors of the past time, but they will exult in pleasing dreams of better days to come. The face of every moralizer, at such a period, is the changeful face of April. As his emotions are various, their expressions will be so. Sometimes there will "appear much joy in him," but then joy cannot show itself *without a badge of bitterness*. "He will break out into tears, a kind overflow of kindness;" but we hardly need the authority of SHAKESPEARE'S affectionate governor of Messina to assert, that there are no faces truer, than those that are so washed.

To me, January generally comes up with a jocund air, and kind assurances, like a liberal friend, with not only brightness in his eye, and a smile on his cheek, but warmth in his heart, and gifts in his hand.

Though this personage is generally reputed austere, and many shudder at his approach, and shiver in his presence, I have always found myself very comfortable in his company. He treats me with benignity, and after the very *law of kindness*. He amuses my imagination with his holydays and his pageants. He soothes my ear with merry musick, and he regales my palate with those Christmas pies, which my Mother Church has made so sweet and savoury. But this is only the least part of his benevolence. With his admirable admonitions he *NOURISHES MY MIND*. He urges me to forsake the Fair of Vanity and the *mob* of men, and by the radiance of his bright fires, and brighter lamps, to read, what deserves to be remembered, and to write what, possibly, some may read. The wind, and rain, and hail, that often beat about his dwelling I heed not, nor am I chilled into torpor by that benumbing Frost, and that cold, specious dissembler, Snow, who sometimes appear by his side. Let all the Demons of the Tempest howl for admission at my casement, I am careless of their importunity, for I have my Bible and my Shakspeare for my protection and solace.

At the very mention of the Blessed Book I open it, with reverence; and in the very elegant epistle to the Ephesians, what admirable advice do I receive from Saint Paul, and how appropriate, at this season, to my readers and to me. It is an injunction of Prudence, uttered with the most friendly voice of Caution.

"See, then, that ye *walk circumspectly, not as fools, but as wise, redeeming the time.*"

Whether the citizens of Ephesus, like most of the inhabitants of every other metropolis, were sometimes gay, and careless, and thoughtless, and dissipated, we are not ac-

curately informed, nor is it very material to inquire. It is highly probable, from the antithesis in the text, that they were so. Perhaps every Ephesian would waste many a year either asleep in the dormitory of Indolence, or broad awake and vociferous in the pavilion of Revelry, or wallowing in the sty of Intemperance. Prodigal of his fortune, prodigal of his health, and more lavish of his hours, he would *lend* them to every impertinent and perfidious borrower, and never think of *redeeming* the precious pledge. Such egregious Folly, and such audacious Vice deserved all the admonition of an Apostle. He could not behold these infatuated Ephesians, thus wandering in the mazes of Absurdity and Iniquity; all desperate on the very brink of Destruction; and all darkling in the *shadow of Death*. Like an experienced, a faithful, and a trusty guide, he indicates the paths of Honour, Peace, and Security, and then to each pilgrim exclaims, See that ye walk circumspectly, not as fools, but as wise. He does not content himself merely with suggesting a plan of Prudence, but correctly indicates the mode of its accomplishment. A better mode the wit of man could not devise, or even the eloquence of an Angel enforce. This was by *REDEEMING THE TIME*, as, with equal emphasis and elegance, it is expressed in the Epistle. This is one of those brilliant metaphors, by whose glory the Scriptures are so often illuminated, and whose splendour, like that of the Sun, is not merely a sparkling, but a salutary light. The weight of the Apostle's admonition is much more forcibly impressed by this figure than by that *plainness of speech*, which he judiciously employed on other occasions. With his usual artfulness of address, and his consum-

mate knowledge of mankind, he remembers that he is exhorting the opulent individuals of a splendid capital. He considers Time as an exchequer, from which exhausting draughts have been made, or rather as a valuable article of property, which has been rashly pledged, without, perhaps, the semblance of an equivalent. Hence he enjoins upon those, who have been too prodigal of this inestimable gift, to *redeem* it as soon as possible.

By every man, whose time has been foolishly or vitiously squandered, it will be redeemed, if he follows apostolick advice, and walks correctly, carefully, and uprightly, like a wise and prudent sage, and not heedlessly and at random, like an idiot, or a drunkard.

During our celebration of the natal days of a new year, it will be a most salutary practice to reflect, with sorrow, upon those portions of the past, which we have lent to bad purposes, and to resolve, with firmness, to adopt every measure, in future, for the redemption of that Time, which has been in captivity to Folly, Indolence, or Oblivion.

This may be effected by various means. Devotion, Virtue, Retirement, Labour, and Learning will all, in turns, lend their aid. The power of the three first of these auxiliaries has been so copiously and eloquently described by my predecessors, and as the limits of my paper, as well as the dreaded yawns of my readers, admonish me to be studious of brevity, I shall confine myself to the latter.

In the first place, to redeem Time, great Exertion is necessary. When a sovereign Prince, or a nobleman of distinction, or an opulent merchant falls into the hands of his enemies, or is captured by the buccaniers of the ocean, he is not ransomed by any of the expedients of

Ease, or any of the devices of Indolence. No; great gifts are necessary, great sacrifices must be made, great toil undergone, and painful privations suffered. So when Time, a personage much greater and richer than any above described, has been lost, or taken from us, we may not hope to enjoy a grateful connexion with him again, without paying the price of Labour, Assiduity, Care, and Perseverance. This seems not only intolerable, but impossible to a vulgar spendthrift of his hours, to the drowsy votary of Laziness, whose head is drenched with all the poppies of Oblivion, whose mouth never opens but to yawn, and who makes no other noise in the world than a snore. To such an oyster I do not address myself. But a son of Genius and Sensibility, a philosophick thinker, or an ambitious aspirant will remember and believe the correct sentiments of the poet Thomson:

Had unambitious mortals minded nought,  
But in loose joy their time to wear away,  
Had they alone the lap of Dalliance sought,  
Pleas'd on her pillow their dull heads to lay,  
Rude Nature's state had been our state today;  
No cities e'er their towery fronts had rais'd.  
No arts had made us opulent and gay;  
With brother brutes the human race had graz'd;  
None e'er had soar'd to fame, none honour'd  
been, none prais'd.

But should to *Fame* our hearts unfeeling be,  
If right I read, we *Pleasure* all require,  
Then hear how best may be obtained this fee,  
How best enjoy'd this nature's wide desire;  
Toil and be glad. Let Industry inspire  
Into our quicken'd limbs her buoyant breath;  
Who does not act is dead: absorbent entire  
In miry sloth, no pride, no joy he hath;  
O, leaden hearted man, to be in love with  
Death!

And would you learn to dissipate the band  
Of those huge threat'ning Difficulties dire,  
That in the weak man's way, like lions stand,  
His soul appal, and damp his rising fire?  
Resolve, resolve, and to be men aspire,  
Exert that noblest privilege alone  
Here to mankind indulg'd; control Desire;  
Let godlike Reason form her sovereign  
throne,



Speak the commanding word—I will—and it is done.

In the last place, time may be gloriously redeemed by the powers of Genius, the auxiliaries of Application, and the pursuits of Literature. SALLUST, who in the knowledge of human nature is scarcely surpassed by Shakspeare himself, and whose profound histories are an eternal monument of the accuracy of his assertions, tells us, that it is the duty of all aspiring spirits, strenuously to endeavour to rise above the mists of obscurity; and that without alertness, we shall but little surpass the brute creation, who are doomed by nature to grovel on the earth. In another passage, he exclaims, with an enthusiasm worthy of such a writer, that it was always his opinion that the truest glory consists in the efforts of GENIUS, and that since our time of life is alike transitory and dubious, we should remember, that in honest fame and the fair applause of posterity, there is found an existence beyond the grave. It is genius alone, that has a legitimate claim to glory and immortality. Survey, he exclaims with truth and eloquence, survey the map of life, and you shall find the predominance of intellect. The labours of the husbandman, the mariner, and the architect, all spring from that powerful source. Yet miraculous as it may seem, throngs are found in every age careless of mental improvement. Immersed in Indolence and Voluptuousness, without knowledge, and without culture, they saunter through life, like strangers in a foreign land; with a direct inversion of the order of nature, they deem reflection a pain, and sensuality the only pleasure.—Whether, he continues in a tone of merited contempt, whether a crew thus listless crawl on the surface,

or sink to the centre is of trivial importance. In either case, they leave no MONUMENT of their existence. He alone is worthy of life and its enjoyments, who devotes his talents to some active pursuit, and goes in quest of Fame, either in the camp of Glory, or the groves of Science.

SENECA, a philosopher, a moralist, and a man of letters, holds a language, the very echo of that of the Roman historian. No man, strictly speaking, can live, who does not dedicate himself to a life of labour. The house of the loiterer is his grave. There we may erect a monument to the deceased, who has virtually anticipated his own obsequies. Even retirement, he concludes, is little better than being buried alive, unless dignified with the pursuits of literature.

HORACE, who, although a man of pleasure, and a man of the world, was a very industrious writer, and who has bequeathed us brilliant proofs of his assiduity, as well as of his genius, declares, with uncommon energy, that he who wishes to win the chaplet of praise, and reach the goal of Fame, must task all his energy and alertness, and must not suffer the nerves of resolution to be relaxed, either by the witchery of women, or the warmth of wine.

Thus essential is the redemption of Time to the man of reason and reflection; and at the commencement of a year, let us cheerfully pay the precious ransom. Amid the diversity of pursuits, which life supplies, every individual may discover some *forthright path*, which, diligently pursued, will have for its visito, either the Temple of Fame or Fortune. By arts, not less than by arms, a road may be opened to renown. But to the successful employment of our talents, Time must be husbanded, with a miser's care.

Let us snatch what hours we may from dull oblivion's slumber. Let us abridge many meals, and forego some. Let us trim the lamps of midnight, and court the solitude and tranquillity of morning. Above all, let us dread the disgrace of sinking into a listless inactivity, but remember in the most inauspicious period of our own, or country's fortune, that by every noble and strenuous exertion all may yet BE REDEEMED.

### CLASSICAL LEARNING.

*For The Port Folio.*

One of the most essential duties of a Literary Journalist is, not only to *take care that the republic of letters should suffer no detriment*, but that the dignity and honour of the wise and the learned should be constantly indicated to all, who aspire to intellectual eminence. Hence, nothing is a source of purer pleasure to the Editor of The Port Folio, than to have it often in his power to reposit, in that Miscellany, every liberal encomium, and every vigorous defence of that portion of Literature, which is correctly denominated *Classical*. In the decline of the past year, we had the good fortune to obtain, from the pen of the late Dr. NESBIT, a series of speculations, upon a favourite topic. These deserve all the attention that our literary friends can give, and every honour that the Editor can bestow. They certainly claim a conspicuous place in this paper, and if they contribute to rouse, in any degree, an emulation to be skilled in those writers, who have constantly legitimate Criticism and delicate Taste on their side, the Editor will be abundantly gratified. The classical authours need only to be accurately known, to be ardently admired. For as it is ascertained from the best authority, the admirer of Homer, and Demosthenes, of Virgil and Cicero, Xenophon, and Cæsar, Herodotus, and Livy, will tell us, that he would not, for

any consideration, give up his skill in the language of those authours. Every man of learning wishes that his son may be learned; and that not so much with a view to pecuniary advantage, as from a desire to have him supplied with the means of useful instruction, and liberal amusement. It is true that habit will make us fond of trifling pursuits, and mistake imaginary for real excellence. The being accustomed to that kind of study, and, perhaps, also the pride, or the vanity, or simply the consciousness of being learned, may account for a part of the pleasure, that attends the perusal of the Greek and Roman writings. But sure, it is but a small part, which may be thus accounted for. The Greeks were more passionate admirers of Homer and Demosthenes; and the Romans of Virgil and Cicero than we; and yet were not under the necessity of employing so much time in the study of these authours; nor, consequently, so liable to contract a liking from long acquaintance, or to be proud of an accomplishment, which was common to them with all their countrymen.

The study of Greek and Latin being necessary to the perfection of the grammatical art, must also be necessary to the permanence, and even purity, of the modern tongues; and, consequently, to the preservation of our History, Poetry, Philosophy, and of every thing valuable in our literature.

Can those, who wish well to Learning or mankind ever seek to depreciate so important a study? or will it be said that the knowledge of grammar is unworthy of a gentleman or a man of business, when it is considered that the most profound statesmen, the ablest orators, the most elegant writers, and the greatest men that ever appeared on the stage of public life, of whom I shall only mention Julius Cæsar and Cicero, were not only studious of grammar, but most accurate grammarians?

*(Continued from Vol. 4, p. 404.)*

Besides, without acquaintance with Mythology, the works of the ancients, and of those moderns who have imitated them,

would not be intelligible. The ideal world is as necessary to be known, in order to understand the allusions to it, with which the poets abound, as the natural world is, in order to understand and judge of descriptive poetry. Nothing can please that is not distinctly perceived. If we are unacquainted with Mythology, the chief beauties of poetry will escape our notice; while an intelligent reader will receive the greatest pleasure from the judicious use of ancient fable, without running the hazard of being misled by it, as was the case with those who considered it as the rule of their faith and duty.

We observed, already, that soon after the appearance of the Christian Religion, the Stoick Philosophers endeavoured to disguise and explain away the fabulous History of the heathen gods, by supposing it to be merely allegorical, and to contain many maxims of moral wisdom under the veil of fiction. But it is easy to see, that they were driven to this expedient, by finding the impossibility of defending it as it stood in the popular traditions, which however different from each other, according to the various fancies of men, were all of them unworthy of the Deity, and lay exposed to severe censure and contempt from such as entertained different opinions. When Lucian, about the time of Adrian, employed the most severe and pointed raillery against their Mythology, it is likely that they exerted their ingenuity still more to allegorize their Mythology, and to defend it from the satire of that ingenious, though wicked writer.

The Lord Chancellor Bacon, and Mons. Freret, of the French Academy, have endeavoured, the one in his essays, entitled *The Wisdom of the Ancients*, and the other, in his discourse on Mythology, to make the ancients much wiser than they really were, and to attribute views and purposes to them, of which, it appears by their writings, that they were entirely ignorant. These authours have displayed their own ingenuity to advantage, but all their conjectures concerning the design and meaning of the Heathen Mythology, appear to be the product of their own fancies, and cannot persuade an intelligent reader, while he considers the total silence of the ancients themselves, who must have known infinitely better what allegories their Mythology contained, had it contained any, than their modern readers, at so great a distance of time.

Nor have those laboured to much better purpose, who have endeavoured to find all the heathen gods in the fragments of Ancient History preserved by some of the ancient authours. The high antiquity of these fables, and the little tradition we have left of those ages that were prior to the knowledge of letters, render such attempts entirely hopeless; to say nothing of the difference

in the traditions themselves, which cannot be conform to History. Jupiter has, by some, been supposed to be a King of Egypt, and by others, of Crete. The inhabitants of that island, possibly reckoning it for their honour, pretended to show the tomb of Jupiter in their country, for which reason they were considered as liars in the time of Lucan; nay, as early as that of Epimenides, from whom the Apostle Paul quotes a verse describing their character, though doubtless without the least reference to this story.

The machinery of the epick poetry of the ancients is taken wholly from their traditional mythology. This confers a grandeur on their sentiments, which could not have been reached by simple narration. For if the *prosopopœia*, which is but the fiction of a moment, is found to produce dignity and animation in poetry, surely more is to be expected from the introduction of persons, imaginary indeed, but supposed always to exist, and to be possessed of powers and qualities superior to those of ordinary men, not to mention that they were the objects of the popular worship and veneration.

In the use of mythology it is probable, that the poets did not always conform to popular tradition and belief, but varied or augmented the former fictions according to their humour and the nature of their subjects, and these additional fictions came, at last, to have an equal authority with those of older date. Thus Homer speaks of Castor and Pollux as mortal men, though succeeding poets exalted them into demigods. He likewise calls Hercules, the son of Amphitryon and the son of Jupiter in the same speech. From this we may gather that the divinity of Castor and Pollux was not thought of, and that the divinity of Hercules was not fully acknowledged in the days of Homer. The difference betwixt the mythology of Homer and Hesiod, though they lived in the same age, is an additional confirmation of the above observation.

The study of language is not a mere exercise of the memory, nor solely versant about words, as superficial observers imagine, but requires also the exercise of judgment and taste, and is calculated for the improvement of these faculties, perhaps in as high a degree as they are capable of receiving in early life. The knowledge of the very rules of construction depends on the knowledge of the sense of the authour, and as language is the expression of thought, the student is, in this manner, introduced to the knowledge of the operations of the human mind, and the manner in which it arranges and expresses its ideas. Hence Grammar is justly placed at the head of the liberal arts, and so far as it depends on fixed rules and principles, may be properly denominated a science.

The knowledge of different languages is not barely the giving different names to the same object, which would be of little moment, but as the mode of conception and expression in different languages, being that which constitutes their peculiar idiom, is extremely different, the study of languages enlarges our knowledge of the human mind, and acquaints us with the principles of universal grammar, which are of large extent and apply to every language, so that in studying a foreign tongue, we learn to understand our own. Quintilian accordingly informs us, that the Romans studied the Greek tongue before the Latin, and among us, those who have the best knowledge of foreign languages, are likewise the best judges of English. Some have said, indeed, that there have been men very learned in foreign languages, who were unacquainted with their own; but such learned men, if such there are, must have studied under bad masters, or have been very unsuccessful in their studies, as good masters would have taught them the difference of the idiom of the languages they studied from that of their own, to say nothing of the impossibility of understanding a foreign language without being able to render it properly and readily into our native tongue.

Indeed, something like an instance of the *kind* alleged may seem to be contained in what Mr. Bayle relates of the famous Budæus. After acquainting us with his knowledge of the Latin tongue, evinced by the learned treatises he had composed in that language, he inserts a French letter of the same authour, which is so mean, heavy, and inferior to any French compositions of the same age, as to satisfy us, that Budæus, at least, had forgot his native tongue, while he excelled in the knowledge of others. But as he began his studies late in life, studied in private, and had no master, nothing prejudicial to the doctrine we have advanced can be inferred from this particular instance.

Perhaps all the objections against a classical education are founded on the examples of those, who have never properly received such an education, but have only trifled away their youthful years in the places where others received it. The length of the time, which is sometimes required to attain it, may discourage many, who could not conceive an object deserving of so much study, and the little sense which the generality of youths have of its importance, prevents them from using that diligence and application, which is necessary to insure success, so that we need not wonder at their disappointment in a pursuit, which they could never be properly said to have begun.

Besides the knowledge of language, and the improvement of the faculties of the mind, acquired in the study of it, the attentive clas-

sical scholar, by entering into the spirit of the authours he converses with, improves in reason and good sense, and the knowledge of men and manners. It is ridiculous to pretend, as some have done, that the knowledge of the world is not to be acquired from books, but by actual conversation with men of various ranks and characters. This notion, however fashionable, is entirely contrary to truth. Nothing can be derived from the most extensive experience and acquaintance with men, which cannot be communicated by writing in a much more brief and easy manner. The wise men of antiquity have actually left us the fruit of their long experience, so that we may acquire in a few days or hours, all the wisdom and knowledge of mankind that cost them all their lives in acquiring. The experience of the most of men must be confined to their own country and their own age; whereas, in books, we can converse with the most eminent men of all ages and countries with little trouble, expense, or danger. If a student employ his time well, and exercise his faculties properly, he may attain to much more knowledge of the world, both of men and things, than could be attained by the most extensive and intelligent traveller in real life. Nay, his knowledge must as far excel that of the traveller, in every sense, as that of Ulysses, who had visited the cities and known the manners of many nations, excelled the knowledge of Telemachus, who had conversed only with his own mother and his family.

Perhaps a defect of imagination and exact attention is the chief reason why many students get so little knowledge from so extensive opportunities as a classical education affords. They do not consider what they are doing, or what sort of people they are conversing with, in the authours they pretend to study. They do not figure to their minds the scenes in which these great men acted, their situation and rank in life, the difficulties they had to encounter, the character and maxims of the ages in which they lived, the state of knowledge in their times, and the difficulty of attaining and preserving it the education they had received, their notions of excellence, and the models on which they endeavoured to form themselves. And it is evident, that unless we consider these things, we can neither judge of the strength of their faculties, the propriety of their sentiments, nor the success of their study and application. The difficulties which some find in understanding their language, render them inattentive to the justness and dignity of their sentiments, the propriety of their expressions, and the strength and elevation of their minds. It is no wonder that students should contract no dignity of thought and expression, no generous ambition, or love of excellence from the conversation of the greatest men of antiquity.

ty, when their attention goes no further than the mere words, and the rules of construction necessary to be attended to in putting them in order. If we do not suppose ourselves in the authour's place, and figure to ourselves the scene in which he acted, we can profit no more in conversing with the most eminent, than with the most trifling characters.

St. Augustine wished to have seen Rome in all its glory, and to have conversed with the most eminent men of that Republick, which, from small beginnings, rose to be the wonder, the terror, and the mistress of the world. But though his wish had been granted, he could not have known more than we may yet learn from those, who had that advantage, and who were undoubtedly more able to describe it to us than we could be to observe it ourselves, even though we had that opportunity, which the Saint wished for in vain.

The want of attention to the history of the times, and the want of knowledge of the character, rank, situation, and connexions of the persons spoken of occasions obscurity of conception, and hinders our entertainment and improvement. A competent knowledge of ancient geography and History is, therefore, necessary to our right understanding of the classick authours, which, without this, must prove as unprofitable to the student as fairy tales, or the lives of men, who never lived.

(To be continued.)

#### For The Port Folio.

The surviving friends and compatriots of the late celebrated Robert Burns, continue to commemorate his birthday, in his native Cottage, where verses in imitation of his manner are always expected from some of the company, on the occasion. On the 19th of July, 1806, when a numerous and respectable company were assembled, the following Verses were produced by the Rev. Hamilton Paul, who formerly had gratified kindred affection in the same way. Q.

The Lark up springing from the dewy lawn,  
Mounts high and higher still, to meet the dawn,

And as he floats the fleecy clouds among,  
Regales his partner with his matin song;  
Meanwhile reclining on the bed of love,  
She bids her sons regard their sire above ;  
And tells that they shall soon extend the wing,

Like him shall learn to soar, like him to sing.  
Thus emulation animates the young,

Aids the first warblings of the tuneful tongue,  
Bids fancy glow, and the warm soul inspires,  
With all the *Lover's*, all the *Poet's* fires.  
Thus *Coila's* lark near *Doon's* meand'ring  
tide,

First treads the mead, by modest daisies pied,  
His new fledged pinion, next he trembling  
tries,

Gains, by degrees, possession of the skies.  
And Heav'nward urging his unwearied  
flight,

Is lost to vulgar view amid the blaze of  
light,

Happy could I ascend on equal wing,  
And soaring high, with equal vigour sing.

Then *Doon* should roll more rapidly his floods,  
*Ayr*, more majestick wander through his  
woods,

Beloved streams ; where'er my footsteps  
roam,

Your grateful murmurs seem to call me  
home.

By fancy led, I linger in your shades,  
And gaze enamour'd on your lovely maids,

Revive your palaces and wizard towers,  
And tread again your honeysuckle bowers.

O could my tributary verse display  
The varying beauties which your banks dis-  
play,

Then should the Seasons in succession run,  
Those to pursue, and these to meet the Sun.

*Spring's* greener garniture should grace the  
plain,

And *Summer* with more dazzling glory  
reign,

With mellow fruits the *Autumn* should be  
crown'd,

And *Winter* rage more awfully around.  
But daring he, who hopes to wake the Lyre

With *Burns's* heav'n-taught strain, or *Thom-  
son's* fire :

Enough for me to claim the kind regard,  
Of you, the friends and patrons of the Bard.

And should my name descend in future times,  
And lovesick maids with tears embalm my  
rhymes,

" When memory would award my feeble  
lays,

" The votive offering of Affection's praise."

'Twould be the highest earthly honour paid,  
To sooth and gratify my hov'ring shade,

That in this mansion, by the muses lov'd,  
I sang of *Burns*—you listen'd and approv'd.

#### For The Port Folio.

### MEMOIRS OF ANACREON.

#### CHAP. VII.

It was about this time that I became acquainted with the lovely Myrilla, the daughter of a deceased Senator. Descended from an ancient and illus-

trious family, she ennobled her rank by her virtues. Although she was above the common stature, her person was well formed, and her whole mien majestick. Her hair, which covered a finely turned neck, with its graceful ringlets, was a luxuriant auburn. Her azure eyes expressively displayed the emotions of her soul, and dimples eternally played around her mouth, for it is always arrayed in smiles.

Her father had left her at too early a period for her to feel his loss. But the care of a fond relative had formed her mind in the principles of virtue. And such was the happy facility of her disposition, that when the mirthful strings of the lyre warbled the notes of festivity, she twined through the mazes of the dance; and when weariness had fatigued her, she enlivened the silence of the midnight hour by the vivacity of her conversation. The young were insensibly allured by the soft harmony of her voice, and the aged did not disdain to listen to her words, and approve her wisdom. Possessed of a copious flow of wit, it was so attempered by the sweet forbearance of good nature, that though all laughed at the dart, yet no one felt the wound. She was accurately acquainted with the history of her own country, and also of the other parts of Greece, which had produced historians to record their transactions. Her companions were amused and improved by the justness of her remarks, upon our most popular poets, and their happiest inspirations seemed to acquire new attractions from the melody of her recitations.

Her taste in literature was at once accurate and delicate. It had never been refined by the subtlety of artificial rules, but was the result of her own observation and good sense. But although she was thus superiour to the greater portion of her sex, she was not ostentatious of her acquisitions. She kindly threw a veil over them, when she saw that they would oppress the inferiority of her companions: and by that constant flow of good nature, which pervaded her own bosom, she

diffused cheerfulness, and irresistibly attracted the love and admiration of all who had a heart to feel.

By the idle and the curious, who were thrown in the shade by the brightness of those rays, which her merit beamed around her, she was accused of vanity, but hers was a vanity which they had never felt, which they could never feel! Her vanity taught her to seek the love, and aspire to the praise of all who knew her. It was the fertile source of all her excellence: it was a desire to please, and emulation to excel.

Venus, when she girded her with the zone of attraction, had breathed over her face the purple light of youth;\* in her eyes little Loves transported the enraptured gaze of admiration, and her lips were the sweet roses of Persuasion.†

I will not say she was very susceptible of the softer emotions of love. Her better prudence regulated and restrained her feelings. Her discrimination was quick: her selection judicious; and she never violated any professions which her affection prompted, and her judgment sanctioned; but

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\* Virgil somewhere says, *lumen juvenis purpureum*: a brilliant expression which I take to be merely figurative, and not as meant to describe the precise colour of the object to which the epithet is applied. So in Horace we have *rosea cervix*, *purpureis ales coloribus*; and Pindar speaks of the *violet curls* of a female of distinguished beauty. In this instance, I believe he does not speak metaphorically. The violet colour was considered as ornamental in his time, and the ladies, who, I presume, were not less sedulous to please then, than they are in the present day, employed particular tinctures to imbue their hair with this desirable colour.

I write this note from memory, and I may be wrong.

† The ancients, in order to convey an idea of a mouth perfectly lovely, represented it by the *lips of Persuasion*: and I envy not his feelings, who cannot, at once, feel the force of this metaphor, so characteristic of the elegance and gallantry of the Grecian Muse. Meleager calls his mistress *the sweet Rose of Persuasion*.

*Persuasion's lips* and Cyprian charms are young,  
And the fresh beauty of the vernal flowers.

those who merited it, experienced a friendship, not capricious, nor cool, but warm, and sincere, uniform and lasting.

Her imagination, fertile and inquisitive, was ever on the wing. The legends of love, and the romantick fictions of our poets ever found in her an attentive listener. She delighted in the wild song, which erstwhile had cheered the savage in his pathless wanderings, or greeted him at eventime, after the labours of the chase, before Polity, sedate, and sage, had tamed the excursive fancy, and quenched the fondness for a rambling life.

Her heart was alive to the softest touches of harmony, and she had a tear for the tale of wo, when it stole upon her willing ear. Such was Myrilla;—even now I see her, lovely, meek, and amiable, such as I first knew her. In her manners, free, without familiarity; dignified, but not haughty: in her conversation, easy, without levity, and sensible, without pedantry.

Need I add, that beauty so attractive, loveliness so seducing, accomplishments so ornamental, excited my admiration, and soon won my warmest love. I was in the spring of life. The vernal glow of Hope was mine, and Fancy, elate, and gay, gilded the prospect, which a disposition naturally sanguine had delighted to contemplate. My patrimony was small, but it was sufficiently ample for one whose ambition was not to be diverted from its pursuits by slight obstacles, whose desires were restrained by content, and whose industry could be stimulated to every exertion, when animated by the smiles of her who should bestow its reward. I did not affect to conceal the ardent wishes of my soul. My hopes and fears were expressed in an ode in the Dorick measure. It was my first attempt to soar into the regions of poetry, since I had received the lessons of Anacreon; and if the grandeur of the subject be remembered, the youthful Muse certainly winged a daring flight.

### TO MYRILLA.

Myrilla, by the gods above,  
I yield to thee my warmest love,  
And should thy wishes make thee mine,  
I never will be aught but thine:  
'Tis not thine eyes of azure blue,  
Nor yet thy cheeks of roses' hue:  
Nor is it thy commanding mien,  
In conscious innocence, serene,  
That hath so won my soul:  
But 'tis thy finely polished mind,  
Among the loveliest of its kind,  
Like Vesper, at the eve of day,  
When Sol emits his latest ray,  
That doth my heart control.

Queen of the stars is Venus named,  
Fairest of Nymphs Myrilla's famed:  
Venus illumines the heavenly sphere,  
Myrilla shines without compeer.

Teach me, ye gods, some happy art  
To win the fair Myrilla's heart:  
Else, with the gloomy shades receive  
The youth, whom Love forbids to live.

There, too, her magick power I'd feel,  
And, spite of frown or angry steel—  
'Lured from my rest by her sweet strain,  
My shade would rise to life again.

Then take, oh take my proffered love—  
Witness, ye gods, who rule above:  
And be thou ever only mine,  
And I'll be ever only thine.

When I had finished, I sighed at observing how inadequately I had expressed the fervour of my feelings. So far was I from blushing at my passion, that I gloried in the indulgence of it. I was pleased to find that I had a heart susceptible of the finest emotion of which our nature is capable; and I was proud of the selection that it had made. Myrilla, so accomplished and beautiful, would have reflected honour on the homage of any man; and in proportion to the purity of his affection, would be the increase of his virtue, and the refinement of his manners. Such is the power of Love. His plastick hand moulds the most rugged and softens the ferocious. He banishes every vitious propensity, by offering a reward to sincerity, which can only be attained by habits of virtue, temperance, and urbanity.

But the fear that Myrilla would not deem me worthy of the high ho-

hour to which I aspired, plunged me into the gloom of despondence. Quitting the society of convivial men, whose wit had now lost all its attractions, I became a solitary wanderer in the white valley of Pédion, and roved on the banks of the Cephissus, and the Eridan. Amid these sylvan scenes, I resigned myself to those delicious reveries of melancholy which none but the melancholy can enjoy. Every object furnished me a simile. When I beheld the waves gently pursuing each other, and at length commingling, and rolling on in a larger torrent, "ah!" I exclaimed, thus should the souls of Myrilla and Critias be united, and softly glide down the stream of life." The branches of the vine, interweaving their foliage to protect the flowers of the plain from the fervid beams of the sun, seemed to indicate that happy union which adds confidence to each, and shelters them in all the persecutions of misfortune.

(To be continued.)

For The Port Folio.

## CURSORY SKETCHES

IN PENNSYLVANIA AND THE BORDERS  
OF MARYLAND AND VIRGINIA.

To — at Coldenham, New-York.

(Concluded from page 407.)

I have perused with wonder, but not with implicit faith, European sarcasms, on the "savage American character." I have heard of "execrable" accommodations at our inns, of fair ladies fainting on the stony approach to the Blue-ridge, and of "master spirits," appaled by the barbarous freedom of a republic; in truth, my dear S—, if you listen to the experience of others, timidity would shrink from the mountainous heights, rocky declivities, and still greater ruggedness of manners, exhibited by tourists in our western hemisphere, we thought it safest to trust the evidence of our own senses, and through a country rich in blessings we marked the "dew of heaven" and

the fullness of the earth," bearing witness to the beneficence of *Him*, who exacts not "vain oblations" but from nations and individuals asks the sacrifice of the heart, whose "sweet incense" rises on seraphick wings. When we had surmounted the hardships, anticipated in this day's ride, we found its dangers had been magnified, and habitual exercise enabled us to endure fatigue. The glowing exuberance of nature, and the happy influence of husbandry announced our return to the fertile precincts of Lancaster county. It is impossible to open your eyes, in this part of Pennsylvania, without observing the enlightened aspect of industry. Labour, here, assumes the hardy features of independence, the master of the soil directs its tillage, and in "seed time and harvest" shares the rustick toil. At night we gladly resumed our mattresses at the inn, and allotted the Sabbath to rest at Lancaster. As the ancient and youthful were flocking to morning worship, it was curious to see the old-fashioned German costume, contrasted with modern light drapery. It would seem that the new-school Philosophy had small success with those, who in defiance of imported transferences, arrayed themselves in "modest apparel," and according to the "tradition of their fathers," made public acknowledgment of Christian Faith. It is not my friend, in a bigotted observance of forms, that the vital spark of Divinity is manifested, but the "outward and visible" sign should accord with the "inward and spiritual grace;" on the same principle, personal habiliments would be arranged with feminine delicacy and simplicity. Lavater's text, makes *dress* a table of contents; what would he say to the *dismantled* figures in the present day? Digression is a traveller's privilege, we carelessly proved it so. After receiving information where to turn to the right and left; and when to pursue a direct road to Ephrata, *lady like*, we took the angles when we should have followed the strait line, and in lieu of private friendship, with *quincees* and *cream*, we met our *dessert* at Reams-



town. Our evil genius led us to a public house, four miles beyond the settlement of religious Germans, whither we were directed to wait the arrival of P——, whom business detained two hours in the rear of our party; when we met, he rallied us on the want of discernment, in exchanging the sweets anticipated at *Kingmaker's*, for the unripe fruits at a democratick tavern. By this mistake, we avoided meridian heat, and in the afternoon proceeded at our leisure to Reading. Forcing the Schuylkill, reimpresed on our minds those scenes with which we were familiarised, by local attachment and youthful predilection. A swift current seemed impatiently winding away to our native city; sighs were wafted on the evening gale, mixed with a tender orison. I can not tell why this place is admired. The inhabitants expatiated on its pleasant situation, civility forbade us to say it was dull and uninteresting; we amused ourselves with watching the *county court of Swallows*, which we concluded was now in session: the number and various sized birds that crowded to the court house and made their entrance at the *chimney top*, led us to suppose an important cause was pending; we listened attentively to this novel judicatory, as we associated ideas of legal wisdom and oratorical graces with the learned profession, but the moment their *point of elevation* was obtained, zeal and fluttering agitation subsided into profound silence; whether the court decision was a sine-cure and slothful ease its consequence, or if Morpheus had pronounced a verdict, which sealed their eyes and voices, to us was immaterial. With the dawn we heard them twittering at the window, amusing themselves, when we were not disposed for a serenade; the feathered tribe are the most interesting part of animated nature. In The Port Folio, I met with a little history of "Marine birds," highly gratifying to my curiosity and taste; it was a translation from the French. I have sought in vain, for further information from the same elegant source. After break-

fast a gentleman of the Law, politely sent us several numbers of this literary Journal, which with a poetical letter from a married lady in Philadelphia, combined to brighten the hours, till we recommenced our journey, twenty miles of which was dreary and wet, in a north east direction. We bent our course towards Allentown, here the scene was beautifully varied, the village is pleasantly situated, a branch of the Lehigh passes along its borders and is so perfectly transparent that beneath its fair surface, every pebble was burnished with the rays of an unclouded Sun.

And o'er the world of waters, blue and wide,  
The sighing Summer winds forgot to blow.

The river takes a serpentine course which brings you to a second ford, and by a verdant ascent, you enter Bethlehem. Its local position is so advantageous that every spot wears the luxuriance of a garden, and abounds with simple yet striking imagery. It was the anniversary of the Moravian establishment, and observed as a religious festival. The Nuns in snow-white garments, were sitting on sylvan seats, the grass their carpet, and the sky their canopy. Neither Monk nor Friar was visible, though without the aid of magick, Fancy metamorphosed this monastick ground into a thousand grotesque forms; and invested the demure recluse, with the mantle grey, and the cowl. We travelled forty miles this day, and were anxious to relieve our harrassed spirits, by a calm night's rest at the inn. The next day came a mirthful being in whom the American traveller will recognize "*Father Thomas*," his cheerfulness and indiscriminate civility, seemed the result of kindness of heart; but what should make *him* such a perfect philanthropist, that he can thus embrace all ages and sexes with equal warmth? He was our guide to the Convent, at the door of which, we were received by one of the superiours of the house; Father Thomas introduced her as sister Mary, she called herself Miss Gill. Neither the look demure nor the

plain habit of her order could veil the intelligence of her countenance or take from her manner that politeness, which is the effect of natural refinement. We ascended very many flights of stone steps, and were led through 'long sounding ailes' into a large apartment assigned for private devotion; the question passed through my mind whether these Nuns enjoyed

"The eternal Sunshine of the spotless mind,  
"Each prayer accepted, and each wish re-  
"signed."

Here "sister Mary," remarked that it was *useful* to abstract the heart from worldly cares, which disqualified it for sacred communion: and that it was *necessary* we should be thus prepared for a higher destination. She further observed that a slight difference existed between *theirs* and the Episcopalian Creed, particularly respecting some verbal ceremonial in their baptismal vows. She conceived it to be a work of supererogation for Sponsors to promise that the "pomp and vanities of this world" should be renounced by those, for whom they could not possibly be answerable. Indeed she thought a strictly conscientious man could not assume this responsibility. Her good sense and pleasing conversation obtained the fullest assent of my judgment. Father Thomas impatiently hurried us to the Embroidery room, the manufactory of artificial flowers, and the "Sleep room;" in which there were fifty beds, enough in all conscience, effectually to banish Somnus from the premises: finally we went to the store where a great variety of curious needlework, displayed the ingenuity of the sisterhood. Every article is rated beyond its value, a tax, willingly incurred, particularly when Miss Gill, presents green silk purses, and points to the rich embroidery on the work bags. Her mild and gracious manner could not fail to conciliate esteem; we should have been pleased with her company at our lodgings, but she said our politeness *must* be declined, as she never visited at the inn. There is a new Church lately erected, which does great credit to the skill and taste of the architect. An

edifice of magnificent structure ill accords with the plain buildings that surround it, and is still more opposite to the apparent simplicity of the congregation. But, we are told, the sin of Angels was ambition, no wonder then if we find it here. In the afternoon, we were conducted to the Seminary, our time was limited, father Thomas was solicitous that we should take the whole routine of education before the bell rang. If we had formed an opinion of scholastick proficiency, the sentiment must have been intuitive, as it was impossible for the understanding to operate, amidst such a whirl of engagements. This people have the art of attaching their pupils to their modes of life, and of inspiring them with respect for their religious tenets. Several young ladies came to visit their friends at our lodgings. Every one revolted at the idea of leaving Bethlehem. They were lively and communicative, and *we* inquisitive. Maria —, made us laugh, though she was unconscious of the cause, one of her school companions had a very coarse figure and face, we asked if she had a good capacity, and were told that "she was clever, but had *no sense*;" but how was that discoverable? "Oh very easily, she *only* learns writing, arithmetic, and geography; music, and tam-bouring she *cannot acquire*." "And Miss —, from Carolina," what of her Maria? "She has completed her education and is now going to Mrs. Rivardi, to be *polished*." She finished the portraiture by a sketch of herself, declaring that she was willing to relinquish parents, and home, and embrace the religion with the pleasant enjoyments of the institution: for it seems sectarian privileges had been considered, though natural affection made no part of her calculation. It would be very unreasonable not to be satisfied, when at every stage on our journey, civility seemed "the order of the day," but there was here a dull monotony of which we quickly became satiated. Conversation excited very little interest, yet when intellectual pleasure languished, the eye roamed abroad, and many a rainbow hue, was

reflected on the *mental prism*. On the morning of the 28th, it was gloomy and wet, the rain was an additional motive to leave Bethlehem, we parted from Father Thomas, gay and good humoured as when we first met him. 36 miles riding brought us to North Wales, just as the shutters were closing on a dreary night, but the parlour scene was lightened by Friendship ; and hospitality offered its warmest welcome. Childhood's mirthful retrospect, and the pensive shadows of maturer life now filled up the fleeting hour. The next day we came to the turnpike, and crossed Chesnut hill; every spot familiar and endeared by absence. To Germantown we gave a cordial salute. We have passed rapidly over 456 miles, and enjoyed a pleasant day's ride to Philadelphia, wherewith renovated health and grateful hearts, we rejoined our friends at home.

*Adieu.*

June 29th, 1807.

*For The Port Folio.*

The ensuing encomium on Classical Literature, is so perfectly in unison with the excellent essay on that subject, in the front of our paper ; that we cannot resist the temptation of transcribing it from the perspicuous pages of an elegant authour, who by the purity and sweetness of his style has clearly shown how much he has profited by the study of the Ancients.

Shakespeare's Play of Julius Cæsar, is founded on Plutarch's life of Brutus. The poet has adopted many of the incidents and speeches recorded by the historian, whom he had read in Sir Thomas North's Translation. But great judgment appears in the choice of the passages. Those events and sentiments that are either affecting in themselves, or contribute to the display of human characters and passions he has adopted : what seemed unsuitable to the drama, is omitted. By reading Plutarch and Sophocles in the original, together with the poeticks of Aristotle and Horace's epistle to the Pisos, Shakespeare might have made this tragedy better ; but I cannot con-

ceive how such a preparation, had the poet been capable of it, could have been the cause of making it worse. It is very probable that the instance of Shakspeare may have induced some persons to think unfavourably of the influence of learning upon genius ; but a conclusion so important should never be inferred from one instance, especially when that is allowed to be extraordinary and almost supernatural. From the phenomena of so transcendent a genius we must not judge of human nature in general ; no more than we are to take the rules of British agriculture from what is practised in the Summer Islands. Nor let it be any objection to the utility of Classical learning, that we often meet with men of excellent parts, whose faculties were never improved either by the doctrine or the discipline of the schools. A practice which is not indispensably necessary, may yet be highly useful. We have heard of merchants, who could hardly write or read, superintending an extensive commerce, and acquiring great wealth and esteem by the most honourable means : yet who will say that writing and reading are not useful to the merchant ? There have been men eminent both for genius and for virtue, who in the beginning of life were almost totally neglected, yet who will say, that the care of parents and early habits of virtue and reflection are not of infinite importance to the human mind ?

Milton was one of the most learned men this nation ever produced. But his great learning neither impaired his judgment nor checked his imagination. A richer vein of invention, as well as a more correct taste appears in the *Paradise Lost*, written when he was near sixty years of age, than in any of his earlier performances. *Paradise Regained* and *Sampson Agonistes*, which were his last works, are not so full of imagery, nor admit so much fancy as many of his other pieces, but they discover a consummate judgment ; and little is wanting to make each of them perfect in its kind. I am not offended at that profusion of learning which

appears, here and there in *Paradise Lost*, it gives a classical air to the poem: it refreshes the mind with new ideas; and there is something in the very sound of the names of places and persons whom he celebrates that is wonderfully pleasing to the ear. Admit all this to be no better than pedantick superfluity, yet will it follow that Milton's learning did him any harm upon the whole, provided it appears to have improved him in matters of higher importance. That it did so is undeniable. This poet is not more eminent for strength and sublimity of genius than for the art of his composition; which he owed partly to a fine taste in harmony, and partly to his accurate knowledge of the ancients. The style of his numbers has not often been imitated with success. It is not merely the want of rhyme, nor the diversified position of pauses, nor the drawing out of the sense from one line to another, far less is it the mixture of antiquated words and strange idioms that constitute the charm of Milton's versification; though many of his imitators when they copy him in these, or in some of these respects, think they have acquitted themselves very well. But one must study the best classick authours with as much critical skill as Milton did, before one can pretend to rival him in the art of harmonious writing. For, after all the rules that can be given, there is something in this art which cannot be acquired but by a careful study, of the ancient masters, particularly Homer, Demosthenes, Plato, Cicero and Virgil; every one of whom, or, at least, the two first and the last it would be easy to prove that Milton has imitated in the construction of his numbers. In a word, we have good reason to conclude that Milton's genius, instead of being overloaded or encumbered was greatly improved, enriched and refined by his learning. At least we are sure this was his own opinion. Never was there a more indefatigable student; and from the superabundance of classick allusions to be met with in every page of his poetry, we may guess how high-

ly he valued the literature of Greece and Rome, and how frequently he meditated upon it.

Spenser was learned in Latin and Greek as well as in Italian. But either the fashion of the times, or some deficiency in his own taste inclined him to prefer the modern to the ancient models. His genius was comprehensive and sublime, his style copious, his sense of harmony delicate: and nothing seems to have been wanting to make him a poet of the highest rank, but a more intimate acquaintance with the classick authours. We may at least venture to say that if he had been a little more conversant in these, he would not in his *Shepherd's Calendar* have debased the tenderness of pastoral with the impure mixture of theological disputation; nor would he have been so intoxicated with the splendid faults of the *Orlando Furioso* as to construct his Fairy queen on that Gothick model rather than according to the plan which Homer invented, and which Virgil and Tasso had so happily imitated. It is said to be on account of the purity of his style, and the variety of his invention and not for any thing admirable in his plan that the Italians in general prefer Ariosto to Tasso, and indeed we can hardly conceive how a taste so complex and so absurd, so heterogeneous in its parts and so extravagant as a whole should be more esteemed than a simple, probable, perspicuous and interesting fable. Yet Spenser gave the preference to the former; a fact so extraordinary, considering his abilities in other respects, that we cannot account for it, without supposing it to have been partly the effect of a bias contracted by long acquaintance. If so, have we not reason to think that if he had been but equally conversant with better patterns, his taste would have acquired a different and better direction.

Dryden's knowledge of foreign and ancient languages did not prevent his being a perfect master of his own. No authour ever had a more exquisite sense of the energy and beauty of English words; though it cannot be denied

that his aversion to words of foreign origin and his desire on all occasions to do honour to his mother tongue betrays him frequently into mean phrases and vulgar idioms. His unhappy circumstances, or rather perhaps the fashion of his age, alike unfriendly to good morals and good writing, did not permit him to avail himself of his great learning so much as might have been expected. The authour of Polymetis has proved him guilty of many mistakes in regard to the ancient mythology : and I believe it will be allowed, by all his impartial readers, that a little more learning, or something of a more classical taste would have been of great use to him as it was to his illustrious imitator.

I know not whether any nation ever produced a more singular genius than Cowley, he abounds in tender thoughts beautiful lines and emphatical expressions. His wit is inexhaustible and his learning extensive ; but his taste is generally barbarous, and seems to have been formed upon such models as Donne, Martial, and the worst parts of Ovid, nor is it possible to read his longer poems with pleasure, while we retain any relish for the simplicity of ancient composition. If this authour's ideas had been fewer, his conceits would have been less frequent ; so that in one respect learning may be said to have hurt his genius. Yet it does not appear that his Greek and Latin did him any harm ; for his imitations of Anacreon are almost the only parts of him that are now remembered, or read. His Davideis, and his translations of Pindar are destitute of harmony, simplicity, and every other classical grace. Had his inclinations led him to a frequent perusal of the most elegant authours of antiquity, his poems would certainly have been the better.

It was never said, nor thought that Swift, Pope, or Addison impaired their

genius by too close an application to Latin and Greek. On the contrary, we have reason to ascribe to their knowledge of these tongues that classical purity of style by which their writings are distinguished. All our most eminent philosophers and divines, Bacon, Newton, Cudworth, Hooker ; Taylor, Atterbury. Stillingfleet, were profoundly skilled in ancient literature and every rational admirer of Locke will acknowledge that if his learning had been equal to his good sense and manly spirit, his works would have been still more creditable to himself, and more useful to mankind.

In writings of wit and humour, one would be apt to think that there is no great occasion for the knowledge of antiquity, it being the authour's chief aim and business to accommodate himself to the manners of the present time : and if study be detrimental to any faculty of the mind, we might suspect that a playful imagination, the parent of wit and humour, would be most likely to suffer by it. Yet the history of our first rate geniuses in this way, (Shakespeare always excepted) is a proof of the contrary. There is more learning as well as more wit in Hudibras than in any book of the same size now extant. In the Tale of a Tub, the Tattler and the Spectator, the Memoirs of Martinus Scriblerus, and in many parts of Fielding, we discover at once a brilliant wit and a copious erudition.

A schoolmaster in a country village, who formerly acted as barber to the village, being in dispute with the parish clerk, on a point of grammar, " It is downright barbarism," said the clerk. " Barbarism !" replied the pedagogue ; " Do you mean to insult me ? A barber speaks as good English as a parish clerk any day.

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BY OLIVER OLDSCHOOL, ESQ.



Various, that the mind of desultory man, studious of change and pleased with novelty, may be indulged—Cowp.

Vol. V.

Philadelphia, Saturday, January 9, 1808.

No. 2.

## ORIGINAL PAPERS.

### MISCELLANY.

*For The Port Folio.*

#### A TREATISE ON ORIENTAL POETRY.

*(Continued from Vol. 4, p. 403.)*

AMONG the number of advantages, which the Asiatick poets possess over us, we ought to place, in the most considerable rank, the veneration the Orientals have for poetry, and the pleasure they take in it. By this, the least talent is cultivated, and those who possess some sparks of genius, far from suffering it to be extinguished, endeavour to render themselves famous in an art so respected.

The Arabs are such lovers of poetry, and so persuaded of its power and effects, that they give it the name of Lawful Magick. The celebrated Abu Temam says, in one of his odes, "The fine sentiments expressed in prose, are like pearls and precious stones strewed at random, but when they are bound together in verse they become bracelets and ornaments for the diadems of kings."

This elegant allusion is preserved among the Persians, and with them to string pearls is a common expression to signify composing verses. The Turks are no less smitten with this divine art, as we may judge by the following translation of one of their famous poets.

"The rocks themselves make known by  
their tender echoes  
That they are charmed by the voice of poetry;  
The tulips and roses bloom  
At the melodious song of the nightingale.  
The camels bound lightly in the plain  
At the sound of the flute of their conductors:  
A man would be more inanimate than a stone  
If he were not touched with the charms of  
poetry."

We have already observed, that the fecundity of the Imagination, and the fire of the Genius of the Oriental Poets, ought to be partly attributed to the beauty and fertility of the regions which they inhabit. This opinion is confirmed by a Grecian poet, in the first book of Anthology, where he says, the poetical faculties are refreshed and renovated by the Spring, as the verdure of the plants, the enamel of the flowers, and the song of the night-

ingale. Milton, in speaking of himself, uses this expression—

Fallor? an et nobis redeunt in carmina vires,  
Ingeniumque mihi munere veris adest.

We may apply to the Asiatick Nations what Waller said of the Summer Isles:

The gentle Spring, that but salutes us here,  
Inhabits there, and courts them all the year.

And how should not these people, with the perpetual spectacle of such beautiful objects, an air always pure and serene, be rich in ingenious and striking inventions, in lively and agreeable expressions, in beautiful and pleasing images, in descriptions animated with the most brilliant colours, how should they not preserve the fire of their genius in the same degree of fervour, and in the same splendour?

The images taken from Nature are one of the principal ornaments of poetry: we may convince ourselves of this truth in the Sacred Books, where the verdure of Mount Carmel, the height of that of Lebanon, and the wines of Engaddi, and the dew of Hermon, furnish the most lively metaphors, and the most agreeable comparisons. Thus the spices of Yemen, the perfumes of Khoten, embellish the Arabian poems, and vary their images. Besides, they have in the East a number of plants and animals, which in our climates we do not find, except in the gardens of the curious and in the royal collections: such as shrubs, from which distil balsam, and precious gums: animals from whom are obtained musk and civet: antelopes whose large and brilliant eyes enter so often into the allusions and comparisons of the Asiatick poets. It is useless to speak of the Palm tree, although it is, while in flower, the most beautiful object in the vegetable world; and of many other rare gifts of Nature, which have given to Arabia the name of The Happy.

If then, the observation of Hermaenes be just, when he says, that every thing which pleases the senses, produces the beautiful in description, we cannot find any where so great a pro-

fusion of beautiful images, as in the Oriental Poems. It will not, perhaps, be foreign to the purpose to give three examples of this subject, which, at the same time will show the different shades of taste in the Arabian, the Persian, and the Turkish.

Roudhata radhaha ennedi fegadat  
Leha min ezzohor angem zehero  
Yancher fibâ eidi errabii lena  
Thouban min elwachi halaha elketero  
Caima shakka min shakaikha—  
—Aleî rebaha motaref kheddero  
Thom tabadda cainha hedekon  
Agefania min demaiha homero.

A garden sparkling with dew, whose flowers resemble the brilliant stars,  
Upon which the spring had spread a silken cloak bordered with shining drops of rain,  
Its hillocks were adorned with anemones, which composed for them robes of a rich tissue;

The buds of these flowers appeared like the eyes of a beautiful maiden, grown red by weeping.

The last verse is undoubtedly defective, as giving a displeasing idea, in lieu of an agreeable image, which the poet ought rather to have presented.

Gulistâni tchu gulzâri giuvani  
Guli sirâbi abi zendégani,  
Nuvai endelibi ashretangize  
Huval atar bizê rahetamize.

The garden was like the bowers of youth;  
The roses were refreshed by the waters of the fountain of life;

The warblings of the nightingale inspired pleasure;  
And the odoriferous Zephyrs spread around the sweetest perfumes.

Ravan hertchesme se chun abi heivan:  
Cheraghi laleh hergianib foruzan.  
Nezimi sobhi gul gabene iduptchae  
Seba, nerkes guzin kilmishdi nemnâe  
Agâge ler rukse ghermishler sebue khize  
Shokufé ostiné olmich direm rize.

Each fountain raised its spoutings like those of the sources of life;

The brilliancy of the Tulips caused each border to sparkle;

The light breezes of the morning discovered the forehead of the roses;

The breath of the Zephyrs sucked the dew-drops upon the eyes of the Narcissus,  
The agitated shrubs formed a light and lively dance,

And strewed the earth with their gilded buds.

We easily see that these beauties of expression are naturally allied to those

of the objects which they describe, and that it would not be easy for a poet to treat a subject formed to please, in a displeasing style: that he has only to depict what is agreeable, and the agreeable words will place themselves under his pen.

Démétrius Phalcrius, in his elegant treatise upon Style says, that what renders the verse of Sappho so full of sweetness and delicacy, is the choice of images, which it presents, that all the most lovely things in Nature are embraced in it. Indeed, we find nothing in these poems but descriptions of gardens, banquets, loves and graces, nightingales and doves, fountains and meadows, flowers and fruits. Her language then takes the charms of the objects of which she speaks: it even follows the movements of it: thus, when she represents an undisturbed Spring, murmuring among the branches of the trees, of which the zephyrs agitate the leaves, and invite to the charms of a sweet slumber, her verses glide slower than the stream which she describes.

Those who agree to the justness of this remark will not be astonished, that the Oriental Poets surpass, in beauty of diction, and in strength of images, all the authours of Europe, except the Lyrical Poets among the Greeks, Horace among the Latins, and Marino among the Italians.

With regard to the images of Horror, as well as every other object which produces the sublime, we cannot find any more striking than those of the poets who inhabit the Deserts and Mountains of Arabia, because they are constantly surrounded by black forests and horrible precipices, steep rocks, and frightful solitudes. This assertion will be sufficiently proved by the following verses of Omaia, the son of Abou Agez, in which the poet has assembled all that is most terrible and frightful in nature.

I pass upon the summit of steep rocks, where the ostriches err, and the Genii in concert with the Spirits of the mountains, make their piercing cries to be heard; And when the hideous night covers the desert with an obscurity like that of the clouds of Sigan:

I continue my course, while my companions sleep, with their bodies bent, like the plant khirah.

I advance, although the darkness be like a vast ocean; I traverse a barren desert, the abode alone of howling beasts of prey;

In which the guide loses his path-way, the hoarse owl makes her sorrowful cry to be heard;

And the traveller, whom the night surprises, is seized with fear.

I mount a camel, which resembles a young ostrich flying toward the humid plain;

I hasten him forward, and he throws himself aside, like the bird Kathia; and his last steps surpass his first course in rapidity;

He darts himself upon the pointed rocks, whose crags appear like as many sharp javelins fixed in a hard and barren mountain.

(To be continued.)

## CLASSICAL LEARNING.

For The Port Folio.

(Continued from page 5.)

The improvement of the power of imagination is not among the least advantages that may be derived from a careful perusal of the classic authours. The talent of description possessed by their poets, and the accuracy with which they describe the objects of sense, are great helps, to the youthful mind in this respect. The boldness of their thoughts in describing the characters of great men, the majesty and power of their deities, their elevated notions of human nature, their conceptions of heroick virtue, their contempt of Indolence and Meanness, and the high value which they put upon the talents and virtues of the mind, are great helps to dignity of sentiment and elevation of thought, which is more important and conducive to propriety of conduct than is generally imagined.

The power of taste, and a sense of propriety in speech and action, may likewise be much improved by a thorough acquaintance with the classicists. For this most of them were chiefly remarkable, and their writings, abstracting from the nature of the subject, have recommended themselves to succeeding ages, by their natural qualities of perspicuity, brevity, propriety and dignity, and the natural expression of the passions and feelings of men.

As models of just composition, allowing for the difference of the times wherein they lived, the classicists will be allowed by all that know them, to possess a high degree of merit. Having had the advantage of us, of being first acquainted with the objects of nature, they have given such descriptions of them in their works as succeeding ages may strive to imitate, but cannot hope to exceed.



and whatever advantages the moderns may have gained by the later improvements of science, it cannot be denied that the ancients have made a better use of the opportunities they had than any of the moderns who has yet appeared.

But as the ancients had a great thirst after knowledge, their works will be found to contain the elements of various Sciences, so far as they were understood in their times. Some of the sanguine admirers of Virgil have asserted, that if all the sciences were lost, they might be found in his works. The like compliment has been paid to Homer. His description of the cave of the nymphs in the *Odyssey* has been thought to contain mysteries of natural knowledge, and has been honoured by Porphyry with a learned dissertation, and the knowledge of human nature displayed in both his celebrated poems, entitles him to the appellation of the first of Philosophers, as well as the first of Poets. Virgil in the song of Silenus, has delivered the principles of the Epicurean Philosophy, and in his sixth *Aeneid* those of the Platon, and the Song of Jopas, shows that he was acquainted with the principles of Ancient Astronomy. The moral sentences with which all the works of the Classick Poets abound, make them justly valuable to all the friends of Virtue and Mankind.

Upon the whole, if a classical education is not equally profitable to all that receive it, the fault must be in themselves, or in those who have the care of conducting their studies. There are some, who from natural incapacity, incurable negligence and want of ambition, spend their youthful years without profit, but every student of tolerable capacity, and due application will derive the same profit from them that is expected from polite and intelligent company, or the conversation of our superiours. His knowledge will be enlarged, his taste, judgment, and knowledge of men and things improved, he will be enriched with excellent maxims of morals, and his mind will be elevated by the converse and example of the most dignified of the human species, and whether he is to pass his life in abstract studies, or the ordinary arts of life, he will have a source of pleasure unknown to others, and by the studies of his youth, he will be enabled to adorn any station of life in which he may be placed.

*On the Usefulness of a Classical Education, as a preparation to the study of Philosophy.*

It is common with those who undervalue the study of the Classics, to represent the time that is spent on them as entirely lost, and bestowed on the study of mere words; and with regard to those who study them superficially, this objection is well founded, but as it is unfair to reason from the abuse of any thing, against the use of it, this objection will be found to have no real weight. If

the writings of the ancients were all mere trifles, men would have some pretence to talk at this rate, but when we consider that they contain the maxims of ancient wisdom, and the most useful lessons for common life, as well as the best models of regular and elegant composition, fit for forming the taste of youth, we ought not to reckon the time lost that is employed in studying them. Besides, the Philosophy of Language, the rules of just Criticism, the figures of speech, and the difference of style employed by different authours, cannot be more successfully learned than by the perusal of ancient authours. Nor are the faculties of the mind which are employed in abstract studies, unemployed in the study of Grammar and Criticism; a correct taste and an acute judgment are absolutely necessary to elucidate the sense of an authour, especially in a foreign language. Memory serves only to retain what we have learned by attentive observation, as taste and judgment for discerning what is great, beautiful, and excellent.

The history and manners of those countries where Philosophy chiefly flourished, are certainly not to be neglected by those who wish to be acquainted with philosophy: and one must have studied the ancients to little purpose indeed, who is unacquainted with the manners and history of the Greeks and Romans. To hear them utter their native sentiments in their own language, to attend them in their solemn publick deliberations, to behold them in the field, to trace them in the arts of peace, and follow them to their private retirements, transports us, so to speak, into antiquity, and gives us an opportunity of imbibing the spirit of those great men with whom we converse, and the most distinguished of these were admirers of philosophy, and studied it as far as their circumstances permitted. The greatest men were always lovers of knowledge, and even those who had not been taught letters themselves, had learned men about them, from whose conversation they hoped to retrieve in some measure, what they had lost by the negligence of their youthful years.

Nor is the study of the Classics only useful for understanding the history and condition of past times, as without it even the works of modern Literature would be almost unintelligible. These are full of allusions to the Classics or quotations from them, and the unlettered reader must lose much of the pleasure, and no little of the profit that is to be found in modern authours, by being incapable of considering the thoughts of his authour, in that connexion with the dictates of ancient wisdom in which the authour himself conceived them.

Moreover, as Philosophy is nothing else but the use of human reason, applied to the study of nature and life, most of the ancient authours may be considered as Philosophers in their

kind. Even the poets, beside the display of genius and fancy which their works exhibit, may be considered as faithful describers and exact painters of human nature. So far only are they deserving of praise as they paint nature faithfully, and they exhibit, in lively action, all those operations of the human mind, which the Philosopher traces more coldly, without elevating the imagination, or interesting the passions, as the poets endeavour to do. And it is on this account that Horace affirms, that Homer taught the principles of morals in a more perfect and satisfying manner than Chrysippus or Crantor.

As all the parts of nature are indifferently the objects of Philosophy in general, and moral Science in particular is conversant with human nature, its powers and operations, every exertion of the human mind, on whatever subject, is pregnant with instruction to the attentive and philosophick reader, and every exertion of his faculties which he is led to make in contemplating the structure of language, elucidating the sense of authours, or investigating the canon of Criticism, serves as a prelude or preparation for more abstract studies. Those minds which have not been previously exercised, are unfit for the study of Philosophy, and incapable of comprehending its utility and importance, as well as of entering into those abstract speculations with which it presents us. Plato admitted none to study under him who were not versant in Geometry. And certainly those exercises and that attention of mind which mathematical studies require, contribute much to exact observation, accurate conception, and just reasoning, which are all so necessary in the study of Philosophy. To distinguish the dictates of nature from vulgar prejudices, to consider exactly the agreement and disagreement of our ideas, and to accustom ourselves to just and legitimate reasoning, are excellent preparations for the study of human nature. But as in mathematics, so in Philosophy, some principles must be assumed without demonstration, to enable us to demonstrate others from them, a good taste and sound judgment are necessary to discover and distinguish those radical principles and maxims which need no demonstration, from those which need to be demonstrated, by their connexion with these. Some have even been spoiled by reasoning, and have impudently called for demonstration of principles to which it did not apply, and which no demonstration could render more evident or certain than they are already. This error, though arising from a defect of common sense and discernment is justly chargeable on many modern Philosophers, who not knowing where to stop, have foolishly imagined, that we are obliged to render a reason for our natural perceptions of those original truths which nature has made us capable discerning intuitively, that

by their means we might be led to the knowledge of others. But surely nothing can be more unphilosophick, than to call in question the fundamental principles of all Philosophy, and to appear ignorant that the operation of reasoning no less requires certain axioms or fixed points on which we may rest than legal and just inference for deducing secondary truths from these principles. What would these Philosophers have to reply, if they were required to give a reason why they assented to just and regular demonstration?

(To be continued.)

## LITERARY INTELLIGENCE.

*For The Port Folio.*

Messrs. Wright, Goodenow, and Stockwell, a very respectable society of booksellers in the flourishing village of Troy, in the northern division of the state of New-York, have lately published the elegant epistles of the late Lord LYTTLETON the younger, only son of the venerable George Lord Lyttleton, and Chief Justice in Eyre, &c. This is the first American edition, and the Editors, with great propriety, have prefixed a brief biography of the authour, including an account of some extraordinary circumstances attending his death. As this little volume, the execution of which is highly creditable to the proprietors, is or ought to be, in the hands of every admirer of genius and eloquence, and, as from the strong passions, admirable talents, and eccentric humour of their authour, he has always excited an uncommon share of attention, every anecdote respecting him is caught up with avidity. It must be confessed, that the materials of his Biography are meagre. But our friend, the American editor, has arranged them to advantage, and perhaps it would be difficult, on either side the Atlantick, to exhibit a *full length* portrait of this matchless nobleman. A few *traits*, not very elaborately drawn, we have lately seen in a virtuoso collection, and here they are preserved.

The name of this personage is seldom mentioned but with pity, or contempt; yet there seems to prevail only a confused or indistinct idea, either of his qualifications, or failings. The only son of an amiable and beloved

woman, whose early death most tenderly endeared every relic she bequeathed. Lord Lyttleton was exposed, in childhood, to all the dangers that indulgence and adulation can present. While the father wept over his child, as the image of his lost wife, the little world of relations and domesticks strove to bestow on every budding vice the semblance of a virtue. Dandled thus into audacity and conceit, can we wonder that the first actions of his life were bold and licentious?

Joined to an ardency of temper, he possessed the warm feelings of inherent genius. On reading Milton, when quite a boy, it is well known, that a passage so forcibly struck the fancy of young Lyttleton, that he threw down the book, and paced the room with tremulous eagerness. On learning the cause of this emotion, his delighted father clasped him in his arms, and almost smothered him with caresses. The passage was

—He spake; and to confirm his words,  
outflow

*Millions of flaming swords, drawn from the  
thighs*

*Of mighty cherubim: the sudden blaze  
Far round illumined hell.*

A mind so tenacious of rapturous sentiment, was, perhaps, the worst soil on which Flattery and Indulgence could sow their destructive seeds. The sensibility of genius betrayed him into a thousand errors, from which Stupidity would have been a preservative. That his youth was stained by no common vices, is but too well known. The *old harper*, who attended on his *Oxford orgies*, has told strange tales of his frantick mirth in those midnight scenes. His mind was habitually cloudy and cheerless; wine presented a shortlived flow of fancy, and Ebriety is seldom a solitary deviation. Those who best knew him, attributed a portion of his misconduct to the effects of a marriage, accelerated by the fond hopes of his father: they likewise saw great reason to believe, that the personal responsibility annexed to the peerage to which he succeeded, and the ardour, with which he entered into publick business,

would effectually wean him from pursuits, equally unworthy of his understanding, and his rank. An immature death, however, blighted this expectation; and it remains only to hold forward his name, as a sad instance of the inefficacy of talents, without discretion.

His parliamentary life, though short, was honourable. However erroneous might be some of his early political sentiments, he never failed to preserve an independence of character. Firm to the opinions he adopted, his eloquence was persuasive, and energetick. On the subject of the American contest, he thus delivered ideas, which a short experience would have enabled him to correct. "For my own part, I have not that high opinion of their Roman spirit, as to suppose that it will influence them, contentedly to submit to all the horrors of war, to resign every comfort, in which they have been bred, to relinquish every hope, with which they have been flattered, and retire to the howling wilderness for an habitation; and all for a dream of liberty, which, were they to possess to-morrow, would not give them a privilege superiour to those which they lately enjoyed; and might, I fear, deprive them of many, which they experienced beneath the element legislation of the British Government."

His judgment is extremely conspicuous in his admirable characters of the Earls of Mansfield and Chatham.

The mind, accustomed to speculations on the probabilities of chance, will rarely avoid the painful weakness of superstition. Where the test of experience affords little or no direction, preternatural significations are fearfully resorted to; every whisper of the wind is an omen that triumphs over the strongest suggestions of reason, and involves the happiness of the anxious enthusiast. Thus Lord Lyttleton, who indulged, without restraint that propensity to gaming, which every man fond either of money, or pleasure, possesses, was the abject slave of every trivial occurrence that interfered with the accomplishment of his pur-

pose. A gloominess of temper, joined with an aspiring imagination, strengthened to a sad importance, this enervating delusion. The sight of a rustick funeral at Hagley, in any fancifully inauspicious hour, would produce a fit of the deepest terror and alarm. He visited the castle of a nobleman in the north. The house and its furniture wore a face of venerable grandeur. Some tragick scenes had been performed in the mansion, and the apartments were shown, precisely in the same state, as when they were the silent witnesses of blood and contention. Lyttleton's active fancy overpowered his natural fortitude; he forbore to retire, till good breeding forced him, to his chamber. He had not long been there, before he returned, with a pale and wild countenance, and confessed, he could not venture to sleep in the room assigned him.

His religious sentiments were gloomy and indeterminate. He has been supposed a sceptick, but the elastick visions of his fancy tempted him, rather, to credulity, than scepticism. The mysterious and the awful captivated his imagination; and, in the midst of his vices, when he thought of religion, it was not without symptoms of bigotry. Such an irrational species of faith, as may be supposed, added to the horrors of his serious moments. "Will you believe me," says he, "when I tell you, that in a morning's ride, which conducted me by some of the tremendous fires employed in the manufactories in my neighbourhood, I shuddered at the sight of their angry flames, and expressed my sensations to the young lady I accompanied, in such a manner, as to make her cheek pale as my own.

For those *dialogues*, of which he is known to be the author, the first, between our Saviour and Socrates, and the second between King David and Cæsar Borgia, no excuse can be offered. The infidel might plead the levity of his opinions; but he who "believes and trembles" yet throws a string of jests in the face of the Being, on whom he rests his hopes, is

faulty beyond conception. They were never directly published, it is true; but a sufficient number of copies was circulated, to render their purport pretty generally known. The only semblance of an apology is, the early youth of the author.

May not the same plea be advanced in alleviation of his other errors? Surely, too severe a sentence should not be hastily passed on the man, who has no opportunity of correcting the first mistakes of his life. Not to ask so trite a question, as, What would the world have thought of Henry V., had he died before he gained the crown? Suffer me to observe, that Lord George Lyttleton himself, eminently amiable and useful, as he proved, would have had the character of a mere noisy declaimer, and unblushing sceptick, had he died at the same age of his son, though he lived to show every requisite talent of the statesman, and to write, from a sincere conviction, a pious defence of the Christian Faith.

In his person, Lord Lyttleton bore considerable resemblance to his father. He was tall and slender, with a pale, and comparatively diminutive face. He was master of a most insinuating address, and too well skilled in all those winning arts which ensnare the inexperienced and unsuspecting.

For The Port Folio.

## MEMOIRS OF ANACREON.

CHAP. VII.

(Continued from page 11.)

Such were the thoughts that agitated my bosom, on a sultry afternoon, when I retired to a favourite bower, near the altar of the Muses, where Codrus had devoted himself to death, for the preservation of his country against the invasion of the Peloponnesian.† This spot was en-

† During the reign of Codrus, the son of Melanthus, who had saved his country by the prowess, which he displayed in a single

deared to me by the circumstance of its having been the scene of our first meeting. On the table, where her arm had frequently rested, I carved these words :

When my love here her form reclines,  
May Zephyr waft his genial winds:  
And ye, rough boughs more closely grow,  
To shield her from the solar glow.  
Thou too, sweet stream, more gently play,  
When by thy side she loves to stray;  
And as thou roll'st thy calmest tide,  
Oh! wish that thus her life may glide.  
Thus shall all Nature's charms combine,  
To worship her, who doth entwine  
Our willing souls by beauty's guile,  
The roseate blush and dimpled smile.

Then I strung the instrument, which was now the constant companion of my meditations, and endeavoured to beguile my sorrows, by an

#### ADDRESS TO MY LYRE.

Awake, awake, my dulcet Lyre!  
Let love your tuneful strings inspire,  
And whisper in Myrilla's ear,  
The anxious hope, the timid fear,  
That now disturbs thy master's breast,  
Who is, by love, deprived of rest—  
Oh! sing the joys on love that wait,  
And sing the pangs that follow hate:  
Oh! kindle quick the genial flame,  
I feel! but ah I dare not name.  
And shall no pulse with rapture beat,  
Shall no cheek feel the blushing heat:  
No chaste desires tumultuous rise?  
No passions beam from her bright eyes?

Alas! alas! 'tis but a cheat,  
And I but chase a dear deceit!  
'Tis the lover's pleasant dream,  
That flies the morning's orient beam;  
'Tis like the wave by breezes tost,  
That in another wave is lost;  
'Tis the wind that round me plays,  
But never for an instant stays!

combat with the Bœotian Monarch, the city of Athens was threatened with total subversion by the Peloponnesians. But while the armies were preparing for battle, intelligence arrived, that the Delphian oracle had declared, that the invaders would be successful, provided they did not kill the Athenian King. Upon hearing this response, Codrus resolved to sacrifice his life on the shrine of patriotism. Under cover of the night, and disguised in mean attire, he penetrated the camp of the enemy. Having provoked a controversy with one of the soldiers, he struck him with his hook, and his own death was the immediate consequence

Yet sing of love, my trembling lyre,  
Awake, awake, thy warmest fire;  
Haply, the god, to whom belongs,  
All the Muses' mournful songs,  
May teach thee some persuasive art,  
To win the loved Myrilla's heart.  
And with bliss shall soon reward  
The fears that now distract the hard.  
Then best of lyrists I shall reign,  
Happiest lover on the plain. —

I was interrupted by Anacreon, who laughed as he heard me pronounce these flattering forebodings of hope. He took the lyre from my hand, and, with a sarcastick air, sang these words:

#### TO CRITIAS.

We read the flying courser's name  
Upon his side, in marks of flame;  
And, by their turban'd brows alone,  
The warriors of the East are known.  
But in the lover's glowing eyes,  
The inlet to his bosom lies;  
Through them we see the small faint mark  
Where Love has dropp'd his burning spark.\*

"And is it true," said he, when he concluded, "that the little urchin has, at length, enlisted you in

of the magnanimous blow. Upon an investigation of the cause of the tumult, the body of Codrus was recognized, and the Chiefs, fearing the fulfilment of the prediction, hastily retired into Peloponnesus. The spot, where Codrus fell, was commemorated by the gratitude of his country, and was shown to Pausanias, as he himself relates, many years after this event.

The *Altar of the Muses*, mentioned by Critias, was called *Hissides* by the Athenians. *Paus. lib. cap. 19.* See also *Sir George Whelen's Journey into Greece, and Stuart's Antiquities of Athens.*

\*This ode forms a part of the preceding, in the Vatican MS., but I have conformed to the editions in translating them separately.

"Compare with this (says Degen) the poem of Rambler *Wahrzeichen der Leibe*, in *Lyr. Blumenlese*, lib. iv. p. 313."

*But in the lover's glowing eyes,  
The inlet to his bosom lies;* "We cannot see into the heart," says Madame Dacier. But the lover answers—

*Il cor ne gli occhi et ne la fronte ho scritto.*

Monsieur la Fosse has given the following lines, as enlarging on the thought of Anacreon:

in his train? Poetry and Love are so intimately united, that a fondness for the one, generally excites the feelings of the other. I have suspected your situation, but I waited for an avowal of it from you."

"How is it possible," I replied, "that you have discovered what I have so studiously concealed from every eye."

"Ah Critias, the language of the heart cannot be suppressed. If it do not find utterance in open declarations, it will murmur in broken sighs; it will manifest itself in thoughtful musings, and those happy abstractions, in which the soul seems to be separated from the body."

"True it is, Anacreon, my best friend, that I love, and with such sincerity and ardour, that no time can eradicate it—no change of situation can obliterate the passion from my breast. Lo! here is the first fruit of your instructions."

I then showed Anacreon the ode which I had composed. He smiled. "Your poetry is tolerable," said he, "you are no unpromising pupil. But you are, as yet, unskilled in the arts of love. When you have more experience, and have seen as much of the capriciousness of the female heart as I have, you will learn, that your attack must be slow, wary, and unperceived."

Lorsque je vois un amant,  
Il cache en vain son tourment,  
A le trahir tout conspire,  
Sa langueur, son embarras,  
Tout ce qu'il peut faire ou dire,  
Même ce qu'il ne dit pas.

In vain the lover tries to veil  
The flame which in his bosom lies;  
His cheeks' confusion tells the tale,  
We read it in his languid eyes;  
And though his words the heart betray,  
His silence speaks e'en more than they.

M.

By so open an avowal as this, you will but create difficulties for time and perseverance to surmount. Be wise. Endeavour to conceal your passion, and delay any professions until the partiality of your mistress evinces, that she wishes the discovery. Women are not less apt to love than we are; but frequent deceptions and disappointments have taught them more prudence than we possess. And it is necessary that they should preserve this cautious disposition. Their hearts are cast in a finer mould, and a woman sinks beneath the scorn of one whom she loves, as the tender leaves of the lentiscus droop at midday. Besides this, the continued complaisance, which we are compelled to observe, prevents them from acquiring so accurate a knowledge of human nature, as we have obtained by an uninterrupted intercourse with the world, and they, therefore, experience great difficulty in distinguishing between the lover, and the admirer. Their province is not so much to select as to accept.

"But if your passion cannot be controlled, and you will not wait to discover whether she even merit your love, send her these lines; and in a few days you may observe what effect they have upon her."

So saying, he tore a leaf from his tablets, upon which I found an address

## TO CUPID.

Monarch Love! resistless boy,\*  
With whom the rosy Queen of Joy,  
And nymphs that glance ethereal blue,  
Disporting tread the mountain-dew;  
Propitious, oh! receive my sighs,  
Which, burning with entreaty, rise,  
That thou wilt whisper to the breast  
Of her I love, thy soft behest;  
And counsel her to learn from thee

\* This fragment is preserved by Dion Chrysostom. Orat. de Regno. See Barnes, 93. M.

The lesson thou hast taught to me.  
Ah! if my heart no flattery tell,  
Thou 't own I've learned that lesson well!

I adopted the advice of Anacreon, and sent his ode. In a few days, I visited Myrilla, and artfully turned her attention to poetry. When we had conversed sometime upon this subject, she showed me Anacreon's ode, and asked me, if I knew the authour. I evaded the question, and found the address did not displease her. I became so charmed with her manners, that I, at length, entirely forgot my wise resolutions, and actually presented my own verses. She received them with a blush, which was increased to a more rubied glow, as she proceeded in reading them."

"*A pretty little poetical fiction,*" said she, with a careless air, as she returned the paper.

"No, loveliest Myrilla," I replied, "it is no fiction, it is the honest, though imperfect, expression of a heart most sincerely devoted to you. Accept the unworthy tribute to your charms."

"Were we to take all the fictions of poets" said Myrilla, interrupting me, "as faithful pictures of what is engraved upon their breasts, we should very frequently be deceived. You meet with a face which pleases you, and immediately endeavour to convince yourself that you are in love. You mistake a momentary emotion for a passion. Then you fly to velvet meads, and purling streams, you fancy the kids and goats sympathizing with you, in your sorrow, and your mistress only inexorable. You warble your distress upon the harp, until even Echo herself is tired of hearing your tale"—"Cease such raillery, cruel Myrilla. I confess that we do often praise with extravagant admiration, many, whom we, perhaps, would not marry, and after-

wards wed one whom we would be ashamed to celebrate. But Myrilla, believe me, I am not one of these, believe that I——"

We were interrupted by the entrance of Anacreon, who laughed very heartily upon observing my confusion.

"How has my friend entertained you, fair damsel," said he, addressing Myrilla. "If you listen to him, he will never stop. He has a poetical mania, and all the Bards are his intimate friends. Has he amused you with a musty legend of lore, or has he indited some tender verses to your bright eyes?"

"He has done neither; but he has attacked me in two ways, in either of which, women are ever weak. He has attempted to flatter my vanity by professions of admiration, and impose on my credulity, by the avowal of love. He protests that he is in earnest, but I would persuade him, that he is under the momentary delusion of a day-dream, and that, in no long time, he will search, in vain, for some trace of a sort of impression, which, he says, is indelibly engraven on his heart."

These words were accompanied by a sweet smile, which played upon her lips as she uttered them. At the same time, a slave brought some goblets of wine. She gave one to Anacreon, and having tasted of another, presented it to me. After testifying her kindness to me, in this manner, she withdrew.†

We conversed sometime about her. Anacreon acknowledged that she was exquisitely beautiful, and he added, that he thought my suit would not be unsuccessful. The

† In Greece, it was an evidence of some degree of partiality in a young lady, to suffer one, who courted her favour, to drink after her, from the same vessel.

hope that the predictions of my friend would be one day verified, threw me into raptures. I resolved to apply myself, most sedulously, to those pursuits, which would place me in a rank, worthy of the husband of Myrilla. But when I contrasted the present situation of my breast, agitated as it was, by alternate emotions, with my former careless life, I was almost in doubt, which to prefer. I took the lyre of Anacreon, and sang these lines to him :

How light I lived—how free from care,  
Before I saw the lovely fair;  
No anxious thoughts disturbed my breast,  
And all my mind reposed at rest.

Then jocund passed my happy days,  
At ease, I sang my sportive lays :  
For Love had never fired my brain,  
And I had never tasted pain.

But Fate had doomed a sudden change,  
And stopped my gay excursive range.  
No more to riot in wild Fancy's beams,  
She mixed my sleep with Cupid's dreams.

Myrilla danced before my sight,  
Myrilla, care of many a sprite,  
Myrilla, pride of Grecian maids,  
Whose praises fill the Grecian glades

Now all the night, and all the day,  
'Tis she inspires my mournful lay,  
While Grace and Truth to men are dear,  
And loveliness has nought to fear,  
Her charms shall prompt the plausible strain,

Oh! may I, Nymph, not sing in vain.  
(To be continued.)

*For The Port Folio.*

### THE LAY PREACHER.

On that night could not the King sleep, and he commanded to bring the book of Records of the Chronicles ; and they were read before the King.

Of the smaller sections of the Jewish Classics few are more beautiful, interesting, and instructive than the book of Esther. It has been frequently the subject of my contemplation, and the character of a Jewish nobleman, the manly and independent Mordecai, and of a capricious tyrant, the discontented

Haman, I have formerly sketched with the humble materials of a village painter. But this curious tract of Ancient History, its brevity considered, is remarkable for the grandeur, variety, and copiousness of its incidents, which, if assisted by leisure and opportunity, I may hereafter review. At present, I will attempt so to describe a solitary occurrence in this story of a Jewish Princess, that my readers and myself may, perhaps, derive some benefit from the moral.

On this fine piece of ancient canvas, which exhibits so much historical truth, and so much pictorial beauty, one of the front figures is Ahasuerus, a Prince of Persia. He was, probably, the Artaxerxes Longimanus of the Classick Historians, a monarch of extensive renown and splendid dignity. This is fortified very strongly by the exordium of Esther itself, which commences in a manner singularly magnificent. Now it came to pass, in the days of Ahasuerus (this is Ahasuerus which reigned from India even unto Ethiopia over a hundred and seven and twenty provinces :) that in those days, when the King Ahasuerus sat on the throne of his kingdom, which was in Shushan the palace, he made a feast unto all his princes and servants ; the power of Persia and Media, the nobles and princes of the provinces, being before him : when he showed the riches of his glorious kingdom, and the honour of his excellent majesty, many days, even a hundred and fourscore days. And when these days were expired, the King made a feast unto all the people, that were present in Shushan, the Palace, both unto great and small, seven days, in the court of the garden of the King's palace ; where were white, green, and blue hangings, fastened with cords of fine linen and purple to silver rings and pillars of marble : the beds were of gold and silver, upon a pavement of red, and blue, and white, and black marble. And they gave them drink, in vessels of gold, and royal wine in abundance, according to the state of the King. And the drinking was according to the law, none did compel : for so the King had ap-



pointed to all the officers of his house, that they should do according to every man's pleasure.

Genius has often been very successfully employed, in the description of scenes of mirth, munificence and gayety. But it would be difficult to find, in any page, however brilliant, a more gorgeous display of a regal banquet than this Persian festival afforded. The historian seems to task all his powers in painting this glowing picture of oriental luxury. A mighty monarch, whose dominions extended from the Ganges to the Niger, whose extensive sway is not bounded by the narrow horizon of a petty principality, but whose absolute power commands, with all the emphasis of the text, a hundred and seven and twenty provinces, is represented as feasting, with the utmost excess of liberality, a nation of nobles and a people of princes. Nor is this hospitality stinted by the ordinary period of a vulgar calendar. This gay and protracted carousal, that every taste might be gratified, every fancy delighted, and every wish satisfied, continues for three months. The generosity of Ahasuerus extends even beyond one of the four seasons. After thus lavishing his bounty upon the rich and the noble, the splendid and mighty, he condescends to think of the mean, and the poor. He feasts the whole multitude, that were in his palace. A whole week is devoted to their mirth and merriment, and it is a memorable circumstance, that they were entertained in the court of the garden, where nothing of pageantry, nothing of beauty, nothing of magnificence seems to have been omitted, which could, in any degree, minister to their delight. Variegated tapestry, suspended by cords of the purest white, and the richest purple, from silvery rings, and alabaster columns; beds of silver and gold on mosaic pavements; and festal cups of the most precious metals attract every where the giddy and delighted eye. Nor is this organ the only sense which is gratified. The richest grape of Persia is crushed into every cup. The *liquid ruby* of royal

bounty flows in profusion, and, to give new zest to the wine, the measure of drinking is the measure of each man's taste, and every individual, in conformity to the law of genuine hospitality, is permitted to quaff, or to sip, at his pleasure.

While the mind dwells, with a sort of rapture, upon this extraordinary entertainment, it is necessary, by the light of the context, to survey some of the surrounding circumstances.

After the lapse of a week, thus devoted to joy, the King commanded his officers to summon the Queen to appear before his presence. He was solicitous, from a motive of vanity, to exhibit to his subjects, so much beauty, heightened by all the ornaments, which the gems of Golconda could bestow. From some whimsy of caprice, which would puzzle even a Jewish Philosopher to explain, the Queen Vashti refused to come at the King's commandment. The consequence was extremely natural. The mortified Monarch was very wroth, and his anger burned within him. During this paroxysm, he consults his privy counsellors. These sages, of course, advised her immediate repudiation.—For the example of all other disobedient and obstinate wives, she is banished from the precincts of the Palace, and her Royal estate is given to another, who is better than she.

After this medley of mirth and mortification, when the anger of Ahasuerus was appeased, new scenes, calculated to excite different passions, appear. He is captivated with the charms of Esther, an elegant woman, whom he crowns, and in honour of whom he makes another feast, and bestows ample largesses among the people. During the festivity of his nuptials, a conspiracy is formed against his life, the rivalry between Mordecai and Haman commences, and a sanguinary decree against the Jewish nation is promulgated. The consternation of the city, the grief of Esther, the importunity of that Princess and the desperate ambition and peevish discontent of Haman ensue. These sinister circum-

stances cloud the court of Persia.— What is the consequence? an inevitable one. Corrosive Care usurps the place of Mirth and Revelry. Though the King and Haman sat down to drink, the Prince was too much perturbed to enjoy the pleasure. Torn with conflicting emotions, he probably abridged the entertainment and hastened home to the inner pavilion of his palace. Unhappy Monarch! Repose, it seems, does not await thy return. For, as we read in the text, on that night could not the King sleep, or as it is more forcibly and figuratively expressed in the original, the Sleep of the monarch fled away.

Swift on his downy pinions, flew from wo,  
To light on lids, unsullied by a tear.

This is one of the most remarkable proofs of the despotism of Care and Anxiety, that can be adduced from the annals of mankind. A potentate of Persia, the absolute Lord over a hundred and seven and twenty provinces, in whose extensive dominions might be found all that Power, and Wealth, and Beauty might bestow; whose servants are princes, and whose companions are Sages; whose ear is charmed by all the nightingales of the garden, and whose heart is warmed with all the wines of Shiraz, is still wretched and restless, like the inmate of Poverty's hovel. Careless of the colours of his Palace curtains, waving in many a gay festoon; blind to all the radiance of his vessels of silver and gold, and deaf to all the musick, even of the lutanist of Persia, the agitated Ahasuerus, drinking, carolling, reveling, or triumphing as he may, discovers, in the languid hour, that he must still watch, and be sober. I see him on his eastern couch, nor am I insensible of all the syren powers, that, at the midnight hour, are invoked to lull him to repose. But the daggers of Assassination glimmer through the darkness; all the forms of Perturbation and Anxiety hover around; he hears the voice of an expostulating minister, and the screams of wounded Jews; and although Haman and he may have

sat down to drink, the cup brings no oblivion.

In a night, so involved with gloom, not even a King could sleep. He did not even slumber. He was broadly awake. But his exhausted body did not impede the progress of the immortal mind. He is roused, from tumbling, and tossing on the couch of Care, and perhaps exclaimed, like another prince, in similar perplexity,

Sleep, gentle Sleep,  
Nature's soft nurse, how have I frighted thee,  
That thou no more wilt weigh my eyelids  
down,  
And steep my senses in forgetfulness?  
Why rather, Sleep, liest thou in smoky cribs,  
Upon uneasy pallets stretching thee,  
And hush'd with buzzing night-flies to thy  
slumber,  
Than in the perfum'd chambers of the great,  
Under the canopies of costly state,  
And lull'd with sounds of sweetest melody.

Though this mighty monarch had devoted one hundred and eighty seven days to voluptuousness; though every room in his palace had blazed with lights, and brayed with minstrelsy, though he had regaled his senses with the odour of the rose, the notes of the nightingale, the sweetness of the pomegranate, the survey of Splendour and the charms of Beauty, still he is restless, irritable, and vigilant.

Uneasy lies that head, that wore a crown.

The "dull god" which visits "the vile in loathsome beds," left "the kingly couch, a watch case, or a common larum bell." *Tired Nature's sweet restorer* had gone to bless the cottages of Persia, and left the monarch a prey to mournful musing.

Thought busy Thought, too busy for his peace,  
Through the dark postern of time long  
elaps'd.  
Led softly, by the Stillness of the night,  
Stray'd, wretched rover, o'er the pleasing  
past,  
In quest of wretchedness perversely stray'd,  
And finds all desert now; and met the  
ghosts,  
Of his departed joys, a numerous train.

In this sable hour of Spleen and Care, Ahasuerus provided, with a phi-

losopher's wisdom, a most effectual remedy for morbid restlessness. He commanded to bring the *book* of the Records of the Chronicles and they were read before the King. That sleepless moments might not glide in idle reverie away, his attendants were ordered to *make vocal* the Historian's page, and recall to remembrance the annals of the kingdom.

It is worthy of observation, and it is a circumstance finely corroborating the veracity of our text, that throughout Asia, to this day, it is the habit of men of rank and fortune, to deceive the burden of life, and beguile the languor of evening, by listening to some musician, narrator, or reader. In Persia, interesting stories and amusing apilogues are repeated, and odes, gay or voluptuous are sung. Poets rehearse their works, and Fabulists task their invention. Arabia abounds with these amusements. Thomson, with all the magick of numbers, and all the veracity of an historian, alludes, in his *Castle of Indolence*, to this oriental custom.

Such the gay splendour, the luxurious state,  
Of *Caliphs* old, who on the *Tigris* shore,  
In mighty *Bagdad*, populous and great,  
Held their bright court, where was of ladies  
store,

And *Verse*, Love, *Musick* still the garland  
wore :

When *Sleep* was coy the *Bard* in waiting there,  
CHEER'D THE LONE MIDNIGHT WITH THE  
MUSES' LORE,

Composing *Musick* bade his dreams be fair,  
And *Musick* lent new gladness to the morn-  
ing air.

This *Arabian Night's Entertainment*, by the by, is so exactly consantaneous to manners and character, that I am as much convinced of the reality of all the events in *Esther*, as if they were present before my eyes, and I were actually listening to the historian of *Ahasuerus*.

As I am always solicitous, in these little essays, which can scarcely be called sermons, and are worthy of no better name than sketches and outlines of literary composition, that something practical and useful may be gleaned even from my "scattering and unsure Observance," I will conclude by advising every reader, when like *Ahasuerus*, he is vigilant, to be studious

AND CONTEMPLATIVE. Let him not linger a moment on the uneasy pallet of Care, but relume the brightest of his lamps, and read the most perfect of writers.

### VARIETY.

In the rough blast heaves the billow,  
In the light air waves the willow;  
Every thing of moving kind  
VARIES with the veering wind :  
What have I to do with thee,  
Dull, unjoyous Constancy ?

Sombre tale, and satire witty,  
Sprightly glee, and doleful ditty,  
Mensur'd sighs, and roundelay,  
Welcome all ! but do not stay,  
What have I to do with thee,  
Dull, unjoyous Constancy ?

The original of the following, is called the most elegant, of the *Fables of La Fontaine*, though it is perhaps told with less simplicity than is generally his perfection. But the close is admirable.

Quand on eut bien considéré  
L'intérêt du Public, celui de la Patrie,  
Le résultat enfin de la Suprême cour,  
Fut, de condamner la Folie  
A lervir de guide à l'amour.

### LOVE AND FOLLY.

Love, who now deals to human hearts,  
Such ill-thrown, yet restless darts,  
That hapless mortals cant' withstand 'em,  
Was once less cruel and perverse,  
Nor did he then his shafts disperse,  
So much at random.

It happen'd that the thoughtless child,  
Was rambling through a flow'ry wild,  
Like idle lad in school vacation.  
Where, sauntering now, and now at rest,  
Stroll'd Folly, who to Love address'd,  
His conversation.

On trifles he had much to say,  
Then, laughing, he proposed to play,  
• And stake against Love's bow his bauble :

• When kings and great men, to divert the tedious hours of those who have nothing to do, kept about them a fool, one who either really was deficient in understanding or abject enough to pretend to a degree of idleness for the amusement of his patron, the insignia of the office, were a cap with feathers, or sometimes a cock's head fastened to the top, and with bells round it, while in their hands was carried a short wooden truncheon, on which was rudely carved a human head with asses ears. There are several passages describing this in Johnson's or Steevens's Notes on Shakspeare.

The quiver'd gamester smil'd and won,  
But testy Folly soon begun,  
To fret and squabble.

Loud and more loud the quarrel grows ;  
From words the wranglers went to blows ;  
For Folly's rage is prompt to rise ;  
Till bleeding Love, a martyr stood,  
A stroke from Folly's weapon rude,  
Put out his eyes.

Then, wild with anguish, Venus pray'd,  
For vengeance on the idiot's head,  
And begged of cloud-compelling Jove.  
By swiftest lightning to destroy,  
The mischievous, malignant boy,  
That wounded Love.

"Folly's immortal," Jove replied,  
But though your prayer must be denied,  
An endless penance is decreed him.  
For Love, though blind, will reign around  
The world ; but still wherever found,  
Folly shall lead him.

#### On the Aphorism.

"L'Amitié est l'Amour Sans ailes."

Friendship, as some sage poet sings,  
Is chasten'd Love depriv'd of wings,  
Without all wish or power to wander ;  
Less volatile but not less tender.  
Yet, says the Proverb, "Sly and Slow,  
Love creeps, even where he cannot go ;"  
To dip his pinions then is vain,  
His old propensities remain ;  
And she, who years beyond Fifteen,  
Has counted Twenty, may have seen,  
How rarely unplumed Love will play,  
He flies not, but he coolly walks away.

Many years ago, the well known  
song of Fal de ral tit was in the mouth  
of every Macaroni. The modern blood,  
and the roaring boy will, perhaps, pre-  
fer the following, which is a curious  
specimen of a footpad's gibberish :

I was a flashman of St. Giles,  
And fell in love with Nelly Stiles,  
And I padded the hoof for many miles,  
To show the strength of my flame ;  
In the Strand, and at the Admiralty,  
She picked up the flats as they passed by,  
And I milled the wipes from their side eye  
And then sung Fal de ral tit.

The first time I saw the flaming mot,  
Was at the sign of the Porter Pot,  
I called for some purl, and we had it hot,  
With gin and bitters too.  
We threw off our slang at high and low,  
And we were resolved to breed a row,

For we both got as drunk as David's sow,  
And then sung Fal de ral tit.

As we were roaring out a catch,  
( 'Twas twelve o'clock ) we waked the watch  
I at his jazy made a snatch,  
And tried for to nab his rattle ;  
But I missed my aim, and down I fell,  
And then he charged both me and Nell,  
And bundled us both to St. Martin's cell,  
Where we sung Fal de ral tit.

We passed the night in love away,  
And 'fore Justice HALL we went next day ;  
And because we could not three hogs pay,  
Why we were sent to Quod.  
In Quod we lay three dismal weeks,  
Till Nell with crying swelled her cheeks,  
And I dammed the quorum all for sneaks,  
And then sung Fal de ral tit.

From Newgate bars we now are free,  
And Nell and I so well agree,  
That we live in perfect harmony,  
And grub and bub so free.  
For we have milled a precious go,  
And quizz the flats at thrums E. O.  
Every night in Titmouse Row,  
Where we sing Fal de ral tit.

All you who live at your wits' end,  
Unto this maxim pray attend,  
Never despair to find a friend,  
While flats have bit abroad.  
For Nell and I now keep a gig,  
And look so grand, so flash and big,  
We roll in every knowing rig,  
While we sing Fal de ral tit.

#### Drought.

See the Demon Drought appears,  
Wide he waves his fiery wing,  
Drinking up Night's dewy tears,  
Preying on the bloom of Spring.  
Binding on their wasted urns,  
Hark! the sedge-crowned sisters weep,  
Banna sighs, and Logan mourns,  
As they travel to the deep.

Agriculture droops his head,  
As the withering power he eyes ;  
Flora's heart is filled with dread,  
While with thirst her offspring dies.

Idle, sad, Lintea views  
All her steam-turned engines stand,  
Where the bleach fields bright diffuse  
Wealth and Beauty on the land.

Rise ye *Pleiads*, pity take,  
Bid the kindly rain descend ;  
Joyful the dull *Naiads* make,  
Drooping Nature's tribes befriend.

Thou *Orion*, too, arise,  
Wide thy glittering falchion wield,  
Soon the tyrant of the skies  
To thy magick power shall yield.

*On receiving a letter from a lady with a  
Kiss in its Postscript.*

### THE POST.

A Kiss in vain your lips impress,  
Which ne'er arrives at its address,  
A Kiss that's bro't us by the Post,  
Ere it can reach the mouth is lost,  
No thanks are due for such a boon,  
Which leaves it colder than a stone ;  
Kisses are tasteless fruit we know,  
Unless they're gather'd where they grow.  
*New-York Visitor.*

Penn, the celebrated founder of the colony of Pennsylvania, had both great and amiable qualities, and was no stranger to the essentials of good-breeding, though he was too stubborn to yield to the forms of it.—He had, or affected to have, all the spirit of the hat, which availeth him much as the leader of a people who made it a part of their religion. We are credibly informed, that he sat with his hat on before Charles II ; and the King, as a gentle rebuke for his ill manners, put off his own.—Upon which Penn said to him, "Friend Charles, why dost thou not keep on thy hat?" The King answered, "It is the custom of this place, that never above one person should be covered at a time."

### ORIGINAL POETRY.

*For The Port Folio.*

#### TO MARIA.

Oh ! when I hear thy plaintive lay,  
Stealing on my ravish'd ear ;  
Methinks I hear the Seraphs play,  
And softly flows the melting tear.

Play on, play on, it suits my soul,  
To listen to thy thrilling strain ;  
Thy voice my pensive thoughts control !  
And I forget all former pain.

How sweet is Musick's hear'nly pow'r !  
Afar she drives all dark dismay !  
Of care relieves the anxious hour,  
And brightly speeds the longsome day.

She prompts the brave to deeds of arms  
Where patriot ardour warmly glows :  
She stills the maiden's soft alarms,  
And whispers peace to calm her woes.

Play on, play on, I love to hear,  
Thy accents stealing on my ear ;  
Methinks I hear the Seraphs play  
And softly flows the melting tear.  
*SEBLEY.*

### EPIGRAM.

On the particular circumstance of  
each of the different powers at the  
battle of Trafalgar, having a ship call-  
ed the *Neptune*.

Three different powers to rule the main,  
Assumed old Neptune's name,  
The one from Gallia—one from Spain,  
And one from England came.

The British Neptune, as of yore,  
Prov'd master of the day,  
The Spanish Neptune is no more,  
The French one ran away.

### EPITAPHS.

The following is one of the best En-  
glish epitaphs we have ever seen upon  
an insignificant fellow. Every one  
remembers the French inscription,  
*Colas vivoit, Colas est mort.*

Poor John Gray, below he lies!  
Nobody laughs, and nobody cries;  
Where he's gone, and how he fares,  
Nobody knows, and nobody cares.

On a comick actor who died a la-  
mentable death.

In theatres, the scene is wont to pass  
From gloomy tragedy to cheerful farce:  
Ah! me, thy life a varied order chose—  
With farce to open, tragedy to close.

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# THE PORT FOLIO,

(NEW SERIES)

BY OLIVER OLDSCHOOL, ESQ.



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Various, that the mind of desultory man, studious of change and pleased with novelty, may be indulged—Cowp.

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## ORIGINAL PAPERS.

### MISCELLANY.

*For The Port Folio.*

#### THE LAY PREACHER.

“And when he had thus spoken, he kneeled down, and prayed with them all. And they all wept sore, and fell on Paul’s neck, and kissed him, sorrowing, most of all, for the words which he spake that they should see his face no more. And they accompanied him to the ship.”

THIS is the inimitable description, in the Acts of the Apostles, of pathetic incidents, which occurred in the parting interview, between St. Paul, and the elders of the Ephesian Church.

In my prior speculations, whenever I have mentioned the name of that great man, I have always expatiated, with a warmth, which I sincerely felt, upon the fine features of his moral and intellectual character. The strongest passions, and a most fervid imagination, he controlled by the science of self-government; and though he always felt warmly, he always spoke and acted wisely. He had all the learning of a scholar, the skill of a statesman, the manners of a courtier, the principles of a gentle-

man, and the piety of a hermit. In short, he was a Cavalier Christian, and one of Nature’s Nobles. He was the phoenix, and paragon of primitive goodness. Noble in reason, infinite in faculties, in action how like an angel, in apprehension how like a god!

The proofs of his learning and genius are discernible in every page of his annals. It is a curious circumstance, that he was not only educated by one of the most accomplished of the Jewish scholars, but that the place of his nativity was consecrated to Science and Art. Of his natal spot, he was justly proud, and sometimes alludes to his citizenship of Tarsus, with a patriot’s exultation, and a scholar’s complacency. The most accurate and authentick of the Greek geographers, Strabo, who, contemporary with Augustus and Iulius Cæsar, flourished in the golden age of Literature, and witnessed the production and perusal of many of those immortal pages, whose authors are canonized by the purest Taste, and the most rigid Criticism, says expressly, of the inhabitants of this learned metropolis, that they so

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sedulously studied philosophy, and the whole circle of knowledge, as to surpass Athens, Alexandria, and any other place, where profound science and elegant letters were cultivated. In this other and better Athens, this OXFORD of Asia, disciplined by a Gamaliel, and assisted by brilliant parts, and constant application, St. Paul became one of the wisest men of the age. He was an admirable linguist, and an acute logician; and his genius, as an orator and a writer, is acknowledged, even by infidels. During his visits to Athens and Rome, the fairest cities in the world, enlightened by strong rays of Philosophy, and polished by all the refinement of liberal studies, he seems to be entirely at home, in the circles of literature and genius. The poetry, the philosophy, and the theology of the times are perfectly familiar to him. Over the subtlety of the sophists, his dexterity of disputation obtains many a signal triumph, and whether he harangues before princes, or mean men, whether he is ardent and argumentative, before the Areopagus, or playful and familiar in the Forum, he seems to challenge the general applause. He was the Jewish Aristippus, and an Alcibiades might have learned new lessons of versatility, from this compliant Cilician.

But, independently of his intellectual worth, there are many features in his moral character, which deserve the most careful contemplation. He was singularly intrepid, indefatigable, industrious, affectionate, pious, charitable, and benevolent. With the courage of a soldier, he combines all the kindness of a woman, and though wise as a serpent, he is harmless as a dove. Of his patience of persecution, labour, sorrow, and adversity; of his affection for the sisters Humility and Content, let him, in permanent colours, delineate the lovely picture:

—“ Giving no offence in anything, that the ministry might not be blamed, but in all things, approving ourselves, in much patience in afflic-

tions, in necessities, in distresses, in stripes, in imprisonments, in tumults, in labours, in watchings, and fastings, by pureness, by knowledge, by long suffering, by kindness, by THE COMFORTER, by love unfeigned, by the Word of Truth, by the DIVINE POWER, by the armour of righteousness on the right hand and on the left, by honour and dishonour, by evil report and good report; as deceivers, and yet a true, as unknown, and yet well known, as dying, and behold! we live; as chastened, and not killed; as sorrowful, yet always rejoicing; AS POOR, YET MAKING MANY RICH; AS HAVING NOTHING, YET POSSESSING ALL THINGS.”

I cannot resist the temptation to remark incidentally, upon the conclusion of this round and rhetorical period, that it finely describes the independent spirit, and inexhaustible treasures of Genius, associated with Labour, and Learning. I have, in the works of some minor poet, read the following lines, which finely display the hidden treasures, and powerful resources of intellect:

He who has *treasures of his own*,  
May leave a palace or a throne,  
May quit the world, and dwell alone,  
Within his SPACIOUS MIND.

But notwithstanding the ardour of his piety, and the variety of his learning, notwithstanding all his gifts of Reason, Imagination, and Eloquence, his opinions were misconstrued by the absurdity of some, and his life jeopardized by the malignity of others. The novelty, boldness, and unpalatableness of his doctrine were extremely offensive to the Pagan world. The captiousness of Philosophy cavilled at every line, and the Stoick frowned, or the Epicurean laughed at every precept! The persecution of Paul was exactly like that of every other great genius, who has the misfortune to be contemporary with Ignorance and Fanaticism. Moreover, the illiberal treatment that he received, was not, we are decidedly of opinion, from his attachment to Christianity. His superiour

talents and endowments provoked envy and hostility. By *an evil and an adulterous generation*, in certain execrable epochs, in the annals of mankind, the sunbeams of Truth and Genius are shunned as sedulously as the rays of the brightest luminary are blinked at by the optics of an owl. When the great majority of any nation, in any age, have determined to be wrong, they, naturally, detest the man, who dares to tell them so, and who determines to be right. This was precisely the case of Paul. He was the votary of Reason and Truth. Of these powers, he was the ingenious and eloquent advocate. Hence, the hatred of Prejudice, the persecution of Party, the fury of blind zealots, the malevolence of the mad multitude, the bleating of the silly sheep, and the grunting of the stupid swine of society. These are vile principles, and viler sounds, and they are never more operative, *than when a benefactor to the human race is to be hunted down as a victim.* The fate of Paul, like that of an Archbishop in a more recent era, was, to be sacrificed at the shrine of Superstition.

Marked out by dangerous parts, he meets  
the shock,  
And fatal Learning brings him to the  
block;  
Around his tomb, let Art and Science  
weep,  
But hear his fate, ye blockheads, hear and  
sleep.

In the decline of his apostolical labours, Paul has constantly a gloomy presentiment of his martyrdom at Rome. After numerous trials, and vexations, his patience and goodness are not yet exhausted; and he commences a pious pilgrimage to Jerusalem. While he was hastening thither, mindful of his approaching dissolution, he sent to Ephesus, and called the elders of the Church. In a strain of manly, touching, and sublime eloquence, he here addressed them; and the passage to which we refer, is his valedictory oration, which is one of the most affecting, as

well as elegant, of the speeches, that have been preserved, among the archives of Genius, and the rolls of Rhetorick. After a concise and rapid enumeration of his services to the Christian Church, he adverts to his future fate, but regards it with a steady eye, and avows the most implicit resignation. He will be a joyful martyr, if he perish in the cause of Truth. He assures his religious friends, that this is a *final* interview. He then seriously adjures them, to attest the purity of his innocence, the integrity of his motives, the perseverance of his industry, and the candour of his life. He warns them against the delusions of Infidelity, the heresies of Schism, and the spirit of Persecution. He recommends assiduity and vigilance in the discharge of their pious duties; and, justly cites himself, as an example of one, who was a punctilious and a watchful Mentor. He then benignantly and fervently commends them to the Divine Protection, and concludes with an eulogium on the virtues of Charity and Benevolence, and a declaration of his own entire disinterestedness, through the whole of his laborious career: He thus nobly describes his freedom from avarice, his patience of labour, and his generous spirit:

"I have coveted no man's silver, or gold, or apparel. Yea, ye yourselves do know, *that these hands have ministered unto my necessities, and to them that were with me.* I have showed you all things, how that so labouring, ye ought to support the weak, and to remember the words of the Lord, how He said 'It is more blessed to give, than to receive.'"

When he had thus spoken, he reverently knelt down, and offered his orisons with those of the Christian sages. His recent address, his dignified manner, his affectionate tones, the remembrance of his glorious services, and his torturing afflictions, the melancholy foreboding of his unhappy doom, and the consciousness, that this was the *last time* that they



should listen to such an orator, be taught by such a philosopher, and be edified by the example of such a saint, produced a burst of enthusiasm, affection, and regret. They all wept sore, and fell on Paul's neck, and kissed him, sorrowing most of all, for the words which he spake that they should see his face no more.

This group of primitive Christians, thus exchanging these affectionate salutations, could not be perfectly delineated, even by the great masters in the schools of Painting. Nothing but the language of the text is adequate to the scene. While revolving the topicks of this imperfect essay in my mind, I at first thought, with too much presumption, that I might, possibly, sketch something like a paraphrase. But this was a vain imagination. No artist can give a brighter tint to the violet, than its own azure. We cannot redden the rose, nor teach musick to the nightingale. The most glaring flambeau would fade before the radiance of a star, and the most polished periods of Plato halt after the language of inspiration. Nothing can brighten the everlasting colours in this historical picture of Paul and his companions, bidding each other an eternal farewell. If there was ever a tolerable resemblance of a scene so pathetick, it may be found in the gallery of SHAKESPEARE. It is a miniature, but as might be expected from that genius, the colours are perennial and the imitation exquisite.

I saw Bassanio and Antonio part;  
And even there, his eye being big with tears.

Turning his face, he put his hand behind him,

And, with affection wondrous sensible,  
He wrung Bassanio's hand.

For The Port Folio.

## MEMOIRS OF ANACREON.

CHAP. VII.

Continued from page 28.

Young Anthes, the brother of Myrilla, having joined us, he pro-

posed a walk, to which we assented. We strolled, for sometime, about the streets of Athens: at length, we bent our steps towards the environs of the city, and, in a few minutes, arrived at a delightful spot, on the banks of the Ilyssus, without the walls, where it was believed that Boreas had seized the nymph Orythya, and taken her from her companions, who were disporting in the river.\*

Here we sat down, and Anacreon continued the conversation he had commenced. He was endeavouring to convince our young companion of the benefit to be derived from a taste for reading; † "which can only be estimated" he said, "by those who possess it. Books are not only va-

\* Paus. nb. cap. 2.

† The spirit of this country is so truly mercantile, that no pursuit is regarded, which has not wealth for its object: and a life of study is generally derided, as a life of idleness. Yet to a contemplative mind, it is pleasing to reflect upon the manner, in which some of the wisest and best men passed their days.

I converse, as usual, says the poet Gray, in a letter to his friend, Mr. West, with none but the dead: they are my old friends, and almost make me long to be with them. You will not wonder, therefore, that I, who live only in times past, am able to tell you no news of the present. *I have drank and sung with Anacreon, for the last fortnight; and am now feeding sheep with Theocritus.*

In a letter to Minutius Fundanus, Pliny writes, "in my pleasing retreat, at Laurentum, I neither hear nor speak any thing, of which I have occasion to repent. There I live, undisturbed by rumour, and free from the anxious solitudes of hope or fear, conversing only with myself and my books. True and genuine life! pleasing and honourable repose! more, perhaps, to be desired, than employments of any other kind! Thou solemn and solitary shores! best, and most retired scenes for contemplation, with how many noble thoughts have ye inspired me! Snatch then, my friend, as I have, the first occasion of leaving the tumultuous city, with all its frivolous pursuits, and devote your days to study, or even resign them to indolence."

I have selected these pictures, and could adduce many other instances of literary leisure, to prove that such a life is the only one that is free from the vexatious cares which distract us in the world. To the female

luable as a source of amusement, but they may be esteemed as our best instructors, next to experience, through life. Oral advice loses its influence through a variety of causes. The teacher's delicacy too often induces him to spare the feelings of one, who has rendered himself obnoxious to reproof; and the pupil, in return, will condemn the precepts of him, whose moral character is not superior to his own. But that advice, which is presented to us by the pen of the moralist, is divested of all personal considerations. He need not be penurious of censure, who knows not whom it will offend; nor will the false pride of another be wounded, who forms resolutions of amendment in the obscurity of his own closet. Ethological works constitute a sort of altar, where the ingenuous student may confess his faults; and if he turn not away from the vesti-

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*mind, some taste for literature I consider, as indispensably necessary. It is a sight worthy of the contemplation of angels, to see the mild beams of the moon gently sleeping on the female cheek. All nature is then serene, like her own thoughts, and bright, like the lustre of her own liquid eye. Such is the influence of literature, upon the female mind. It invigorates the affections, and dispels the gloom of discontent. It cherishes the sensibility, and fortifies the virtue of woman. Unclouded by the mists of ignorance, and unsullied by the pestilential breezes of flattery, the mind of a sensible woman is irradiated by those soft tints, which shine but to diffuse the sweets of cheerfulness, and inspire the joys of tranquillity. Formed, as women are, to blunt the sharp stings of adversity, to extract its venom, from the wounds of misfortune, and add new charms to the pleasures of prosperity, no service can be too indefatigable, no fealty too obedient. It should be the studious care of every one to burnish bright those golden links, which bind society together, and the author of this work, while he looks forward with eager solicitude, to the reception, which his labours may experience, from female readers, whose improvement and pleasure he has sedulously consulted, hesitates not to confess, that the cheering smile of female approbation will be more flattering to his feelings, than the warmest applause of criticism.*

bule, he may become virtuous, before the world shall know that he has been vicious.

"It is the peculiar advantage of this enjoyment, that it is not indebted either to time or place, for the fascination it possesses."

Whether the student trim his midnight lamp, amid the tumult and smoke of the city, or indulge his fancy, beneath the shade of beechen boughs, let him be surrounded by his books, and his pleasure is still the same. They have power to dispel the gloom of distress, by lifting up the discontented countenance, and brightening the heavy brow with cheerfulness. What is more delightful, my dear Anthes, than to know, that in every vicissitude of fortune, to which fate has doomed us, we shall still find a friend? In the deepest gloom of adversity, or amid the tumults of joy, books teach the resignation of fortitude, or give a proper degree of moderation to the ebullitions of mirth.

"With such a taste, properly regulated, we are constantly surrounded with companions, who never leave us, and return with alacrity, at our call. They inform, amuse, and instruct; by describing the habits and manners of various countries, they teach us, how kingdoms have been subverted, and heroes exalted; they hold out a beacon to caution us against the impetuosity of the zealot, and the hypocrisy of the patriot; and if we would listen to the voice of the Muses, we may be conducted to fragrant bowers, where they whisper their sweetest inspirations."

"Ah!" replied Anthes, "if my genius were so happily versatile as yours, I would cheerfully leave the merry carousal, for the retired shades

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§ Selden, an old Lawyer, whose sterling sense is not less valuable for being obscured by the rust of Black-Letter, has said, that patience is the chiefest fruit of study. A man that strives to make himself a different thing from other men, by much reading, gains this chiefest good,—that, in all fortunes, he *bath something to entertain and comfort himself withal.*

of the *Academos*, and return to the song, and the cup, after having listened to the philosopher. I am deeply impressed with the truth of your observations, but, unfortunately, when I would pursue the path, which prudence dictates, some envious demon steps in to allure me, by irresistible temptations, from my duty. I cannot fight against Fate."

"You mistake, my friend—you are not required to contend with your destiny; you are asked to control or subdue your inclinations. Your rank and your wealth may one day place you in the Council of the *Amphictyons*, where you must deliberate upon questions of the highest moment, to the interest and safety of your country. It is therefore, incumbent upon you, to discipline your mind to wisdom, and not suffer it to be enervated by idleness and dissipation."

"Well," said Anthes, I will endeavour to abandon all gaming, and abstain from the other modes of dissipation, in which I have been immersed."

Anacreon exhorted him to persevere in this resolution, and thus their conversation ended.

Of all the people in Greece, none are now more infected with the vice of gaming than the Athenians. Immoderate in their desires, and extravagant in their pleasures, no publick

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¶ In the *Palamedes* of M. Sauter may be found a very copious list of the Grecian Games, which were numerous. See also the treatise of M. de Pauvo, on the *Alia veterum*; as well as in the *Grecia ludibunda*. There is no doubt, but that dice were known among the ancients. Meursden, who was a most laborious compiler, in his *Lud. Grec.* mentions them. So does *Æschyl.* in *Agam.* v. 33. *Plat. de Rep.* lib. 6. The Abbe Barthelemy mentions, that M. de Pieresc had in his possession, an antique calendar, ornamented with drawings. At the month of January, was a representation of a man, holding a dice-box, in the act of throwing the dice into a sort of tower, which is placed on the edge of a chequer board. It may be added, that the portico of Minerva, at Phaleris, is celebrated, as the principal scene of Grecian gambling.

calamity, or domestick misfortune prevents them from the indulgence of this propensity. At the most critical juncture of affairs, are they to be seen roving on the banks of *Strymon* diverting themselves with rash bets, on the combats of cocks or quails.

In order to evade the rigour of the *Areopagus*, they retire to places beyond the jurisdiction of the police of the capitol. Thus, by bribes to the *Demarchs*,¶ they obtain safe asylums at *Phaleris* and *Sciron*. At these places, and at the *Symposia* of the *Eranes*\* did this young man

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¶ The *Δμαρχοι* were the chief officers of the *Δμοι*, or boroughs, of which *Attica* was divided into one hundred and seventy-four. (*Eustath.* note on *Iliad B.* *Strab.* l. 9.) Their duty was, to assemble the people under their jurisdiction, whose names were registered, and preside at the election of senators and magistrates, chosen by lot. Sometimes they were called *Ναυκραφοι* and the boroughs *Ναυκραφιαι* being obliged, besides two horsemen, to fit out one ship for the publick. See *Har. Græc. Antiq.* 33.

\* The greater part of the Athenians belonged to particular societies, called *Eranæ* which contributed both to the increase of patriotism and luxury. Each member was obliged to deposit a certain sum of money in the common treasury, and this was destined for the relief of associates, who laboured under particular misfortunes, such as inability, either in the payment of a fine, or the maintenance of credit, at a critical moment. But as soon as circumstances would permit of such an arrangement, they were obliged to refund the principal sums, without, however, being liable to either discount, or interest. *Harpocrat.* at the word *EPANIETHES*.

These assemblies, often tumultuous, were sometimes subject to serious disorders. Either the directors accused the members of violating their engagements, and neglecting to pay the stipulated quota, at the expiration of each month, or they, in return, were reproached with the crime of enriching themselves, at the expence of the society, by certain stratagems, which the Greeks termed *subtilties* but which we should call *frauds*. On this account, the Athenians, who had already established one tribunal for the Theatre, and another for good sayings, added a third to decide the disputes of the *Eranists*. This tribunal had

sacrifice all the fine ornaments of a luxuriant mind, and the domestick peace of a domestick family. His mistress eclipsed all the courtesans of Athens, in the sumptuous magnificence of her car, and the rare beauty of the milk-white steeds, by which she was drawn. His Eschatiz† or vil-

a particular code of laws, which was called 'ΕΠΑΙΚΟΙ ΝΟΜΟΙ.

Their nocturnal feasts were called symposia. De Pauw, *Recherch. sur les Grecs*. It is presumed, that such characters as are mentioned by Critias, only attended the banquets.

† The Eschatiz were rural retreats, upon the improvement of which vast sums were expended by the Athenians. There were many where the vine and the olive were cultivated, and every art was employed to ripen vegetables before their natural period of maturity. Some of these possessions are said to have exceeded forty stadia or four miles in circumference. There remains a very minute account of one, which was situated in the canton of Citheron, at the foot of Mount Parnes. Its annual produce according to successive estimates amounted to five talents and sixteen minæ, or somewhat less than five thousand dollars.—Demost. Plead. against Phersippus.

Exclusive of establishments destined principally to agricultural pursuits, the different vallies contained many others which were consecrated only to pleasure. That of Herodius Atticus was considered by the ancients, as, of all others, the most romantic and enchanting. It was watered by several streams which descended from the brow of Mount Pentelichus and murmured amid venerable woods that darkened their windings through the vale, until they emptied into the great Cephissus in the vicinity of Athens. Spacious vistas were screened from the rays of the sun by the foliage of lofty trees; and while the eye reposed on rich verdure, the ear was charmed with the melody of birds, or soothed by the dying cadence of a distant echo. Even at this day many fragments of inscriptions have been found there; and such ornaments were, in general, but too numerous from that spirit of excess which was so prevalent among the Greeks.—Aul. Gell. Att. Noct. Philost. The Marbles of Oxford; De Pauw.

It was the sight of this expensive luxury in which the Senators, the Archons, and the Areopagites, were equally involved, that induced Pericles to exclaim:

las, were decorated with the finest paintings, and statues, by which the appearance of the lofty trees, that nodded from the summit of the hills, and the humble streams, that murmured through the vallies, was delightfully diversified. But his favourite retirement was at a spacious house, which he had erected on the brow of Hy-mettus. This is a spot, where the bounty of Nature appears to have lavished every thing, that can inspire the mind with cheerfulness. The towering pinnacle of the mountain commands an extensive view of the greater part of the continent of Greece, that wearies the eye with wonder. Near its base may be distinctly seen the streets of Athens, and the path to the very gates of Eleusis, through a row of statues and mausoleums, dedicated to the memory of heroes, and ancient temples consecrated to the worship of the gods. Beyond the city, the innumerable isles that rise in the ocean, and are scattered along the western coast of Attica, are faintly distinguished from the billows, that lash their shores: the spectator beholds fleets of vessels, fluttering their white sails to the wind, and turning the waves on either side, as they direct their course around the mountain, to the ports of Ægina, Corinth, or the harbour of Piræus.

There the avarice of Nature is never experienced; but all that can delight the eye, or gratify the sense, almost spontaneously, issues from the willing earth. The busy hum of the bee inculcates the happiness of easy industry, and the warblings of the birds inspire the melody of poetry.

Hither the companions of Anthus often retired, to avoid the severity of the Philosophers, and to riot in the luxuries of wealth. They introduced their nocturnal orgies, with a plenteous supper, at which the choi-

“Citizens of Athens! you have banished every generous sentiment, and are occupied alone in erecting works to increase the ostentation of your gardens.—Thucyd. lib. 11.

cest viands allured the taste, and the mellow wines of Lesbos exhilarated the brain. Courtesans and female dancers were admitted to these Bacchanalian rites, and singers rehearsed, in thrilling measures, the loves of Bacchus and Ariadne.

(To be continued.)

For The Port Folio.

#### A TREATISE ON

#### ORIENTAL POETRY.

(Continued from page 19.)

After having made these few remarks upon the Oriental images, it will be proper to say something of the figures which they produce. We will not enlarge upon the simple metaphors, as the dew of liberality, the sweet flavour of reputation, since not only the writings of the orientals are filled with them, but they are also common among other nations. The Asiatick similitudes are in general very fine and very striking, as that of violets sparkling with dew; the blue eyes of a beautiful girl in tears; of a warrior advancing at the head of his troops, with an Eagle cleaving the air and piercing the clouds with his impetuous wings;\* but we ought not to omit a noble train of comparisons which an Arabian Poet makes in the description of the horse, the greatest part of which are grand and sublime in the highest degree. He compares the hair which falls upon the forehead of his coursers to the locks of a maiden dishevelled by the wind: his back, to a rock which has been polished by a torrent, which falls incessantly; his tail, to that of the

\* They compare the foreheads of their mistresses to the morning, their locks to the night, their faces to the sun, to the moon, or the blossoms of Jessimine, their cheeks to roses or ripe fruit, their teeth to pearls, hail stones and snow drops, their eyes to the flowers of the Narcissus, their curled hair to black Scorpions, and to Hyacinths, their lips to rubies or wine, the form of their breasts to pomegranates, and the colour of them to snow, their shape to that of Pine trees, and their stature to that of a cypress, a palm tree or a javelin, &c.

robe of a bride, which negligently droops; his sides, to those of a Leopard, his neck, to the high Palmtree under which the Traveller lights a fire in the hope of succour; his front, to the relievo of a shield which the Artist has made round and even; his nostrils to the den of the Hyena; the hair of his legs, to the feathers of a black Eagle disordered by the wind; his pace to the swiftness of a Roebuck who deceives the address of the Hunter; his gallop, to a cloud which passes swiftly over one valley to shed its rain upon another, his form, to that of a green grasshopper arising from a marsh.

The Allegory or chain of metaphors is very common among the Persian and Turkish authours, as for example, "When the whirlwind of fear had torn the sail of their understanding, and the deluge of despair had sunk the vessel of their hope, that they might be able to emerge from the gulph of danger, and arrive at the port of safety, they turned the helm of flight and unfurled the sails of a precipitate retreat."

As to the mystical allegories and concealed sense which some writers pretend to have in the love poems of the Persians, what they say concerning them is so incredible and so absurd, that it is useless to support the subject. Let the reader judge if the following ode can have any other meaning than that which it obviously presents.

"It is now the season of Roses, my companions, let us abandon our hearts to joy, This is the advice of Sages and old men: let us no longer differ from it, At present, all is gay, but the lovely season quickly passes away, Let us sell the Sacred carpets upon which we kneel down to pray, and let us buy wine, The air is sweet, and invites to pleasure: Oh Heaven! send us some lively and wanton Beauties, with whom we may drink this rose coloured wine. String the Lyre. Fortune abuses worthy men; But, since we condemn her, why should we not enjoy ourselves? The Roses flourish around us, Let us fill, let us fill with this agreeable liquor,

That we may extinguish the flames of Love  
and desire which consume us,  
Oh Hafiz ! it would be strange that some  
one could say, that we who are Night-  
ingales remain silent during the sea-  
son of Roses."

The last strophe makes an allusion  
to the custom which the Persian po-  
ets have to compare themselves al-  
ways to the Nightingale, and to the  
Fable so well known in the east of the  
amours of the Nightingale and the  
Rose.

The light and playful tone which  
presides in this ode, certainly does  
not agree with the ideas of piety and  
devotion which many commentators  
are willing to draw from the Allego-  
ries upon the sensual pleasures.

The Asiatick poets love, in the ut-  
most degree, to personify abstract  
terms, and to endow inanimate be-  
ings with the voice of reason. They  
are particularly pleased to address  
themselves to insensible objects, to  
call them to sympathize in their pains  
or to partake of their joy, in ordering  
them to carry their messages to those  
whom they love ; in comparing their  
beauties and perfections to the charms  
with which they are smitten, as Ha-  
fiz does in this elegant ode.

"Oh sweet Zephyr ! thou bringest with  
thee, the balmy odour of the object of  
my love, from whom thou hast receiv-  
ed this scent of musk ;

But take heed, do not steal, what hast thou  
to do with her beautiful tresses ?

Oh rose ! what art thou when compared to  
her brilliant face ? she is musk itself,  
and thou art clothed with thorns.

Oh Florid buds ! what are ye when com-  
pared to her cheeks ? they are always  
fresh, and ye quickly pass away.

Oh Narcissus ! how art thou to be com-  
pared to her languishing eyes, which dart  
the sweet rays of love ? thou art pale  
and extinguished.

Oh Pine ! which wavest in our Gardens,  
what comparison is there betwixt thee  
and her stature ?

Oh my Soul ! what would'st thou choose, if  
to choose were in thy power, in pre-  
ference to her love ?

Come dear object of my love, come, rejoice  
by thy charming presence the afflicted  
Hafiz, if it be only for a day.†

† This little Song is not unlike a Sonnet  
ascribed to Shakspeare, which deserves to  
be cited here as a proof that the Eastern

After this short review of the ori-  
ental poetry in general we will con-  
sider it in the different subjects of  
which it treats, and which produce  
these six heads, Military virtues, Love,  
Grief, Instruction, Censure, and  
Praise. The authour flatters himself  
that it will not be impossible for him  
to accommodate the sentiments and  
expressions of the Orientals to the  
heart and ear of the Europeans ; above  
all, when he reflects that the poetical  
passages of the Sacred Writings are  
regarded as comprehending the great-  
est beauties ; that what we most ad-  
mire in Shakspeare and Spencer are  
their exalted and sometimes, even  
gigantick images : in fine, that the  
writings of Pindar, and the precious  
fragments of the Lyrical poets which  
remain to us, have been the admira-  
tion of all ages, and have the strongest  
resemblance to the Arabian and Per-  
sian Poetry. It is, nevertheless, true,  
that in the Oriental compositions  
there are beauties which cannot be  
discerned in a literal translation, any  
more than the graces of the Greek  
Poems can be in the Latin versions ;  
they both then, rather resemble the  
extravagant ideas and incoherence of  
Lunaticks.

Notwithstanding these encomiums  
upon the Asiatick works, our design  
is not to derogate from the merit of  
the Greek poets ; on the contrary, we

imagery is not so different from the Euro-  
pean as we are apt to imagine.

The forward violet thus did I chide :

"Sweet thief ! whence didst thou steal  
thy sweet that smells,

If not from my love's breath ? The purple  
pride,

Which on thy soft cheek for complexion  
dwells.

In my Love's veins thou hast too grossly  
dyed."

The hily I condemned for thy hand,  
And buds of marjoram had stol'n thy hair ;  
The roses fearfully on thorns did stand,  
One blushing shame, another white de-  
spair :

A third, nor red, nor white, had stol'n of  
both,

And to his robb'ry had annex'd thy breath ;  
But for his theft, in pride of all his growth,  
A vengeful canker eat him up to death.

More flowers I noted, yet I none could see,  
But scent or colour it had stol'n from thee.

*Shakspeare's Poems.*

believe that the excellencies of the former, consist principally in their resemblance to the latter. But it is so natural to write with zeal and vivacity, upon that branch of Literature in which we have had the good fortune to make the first considerable discoveries.

It is a surprising truth that the European poetry has subsisted so long a time with the perpetual repetition of the same images, and the continual allusion to the same fables with which we are obliged to fill our compositions, because from infancy our memory is charged with them, from having read only the same authours and the works of three thousand years.

If the precious volumes of the orientals which are preserved in the invaluable Libraries of Paris, Leyden, Oxford, Vienna, and Madrid were published with the customary advantages of notes and explications; if the Oriental languages were taught in our Universities, in place of that Art which Locke and Lord Chancellor Bacon regarded as so useless, a new field would be opened for our contemplation; we should penetrate further into the history of the human heart; our mind would be provided with a new collection of images and comparisons: we should find many excellent compositions make their appearance upon which future Critics might exercise themselves, and which succeeding poets might imitate.

## SECTION II.

### *On the Heroick Poetry of the Eastern Nations.*

The Arabs have no poems that we can properly call heroick, they have indeed histories which are ornamented with all the graces of poetry. In these histories we find images of which the features are marked and bold, lively expressions, the most beautiful descriptions, and sentiments terminating with words of the same sound. The following is an example taken from the history of Tamerlane, written by Abou Arabchah,

where this authour, in a flowery description, compares the army of this Prince to the spring.

“When Nature, like a skilful handmaid, deck'd the earth with the ornaments of a new bride, that the groves might retake their shining verdure; the victorious troops covered the country, and passed like dragons over the plains. Their warlike music resembled the thunder which the clouds of the Spring inclose, and their coats of mail, shone like the dazzling splendour of the Lightning. Their massy shields covered them like the Rainbow suspended over the mountains. Their lances and javelins were agitated like the branches of young trees and shrubs. Their scymetars shone like Meteors, and the cry of the army was like the noise of the bursting of a cloud. The banners resplendent in the air, were like Anemones, and the tents resembled the trees laden with gilded buds. The army spread itself like a torrent, and undulated like the branches of a forest, torn off by the tempest. Tamerlane, at the head of his troops, advanced towards Samarcand across verdant groves, strewed with odoriferous flowers and myrtle. Joy was his companion, Gayety his conductress, Contentment the friend of his heart, and Success his inseparable follower.”

Of such histories not being considered as poems, even among the Arabians, we will say no more, but proceed to the writings of the Persians and Turks.

These two nations have an infinite number of poems on the exploits and adventures of their famous warriors, but these poems being filled with extravagant fables, are rather considered as Romances and Tales than as heroick poems. The works of Ferdusi alone can justly claim this title: they continue the history of Persia from Caïoumarats to Anouchirvan in a succession of very beautiful poems. This collection bears the name of Shahnamah, and almost the half of each volume contains an entire poem on a great and interesting action of the war between Afrasiab, King of Touran, or the country to the north of the Oxus, and the Sultans of Iran, or Persia, of the Race of Cainides.

Afrasiab had invaded the Persian empire, over which he pretended to have a right to reign as the descen-

dant of Feridoun. He was assisted by the Emperour of the Indies and by that of China, as well as by all the Demons, Giants, and Enchanters of Asia. He had carried his conquests very far and had rendered himself formidable to the Persians, when Rustem, prince of Zablestan, the Achilles or rather the Hercules of the East, marched at the head of his troops against the usurper, and by his great actions, rendered vain all the snares of the magicians, defied the Dragons and Monsters, vanquished the confederate Emperours, and put an end to the war by the death of Afrasiab.

This poem is as long as the Iliad : it can be divided into twelve cantos, of which each may be distinguished by the principal events it contains ; as the adventures of Rustem, the death of Sohareb, the history and death of Slaveche, the actions of divers heroes, those of Tus Nudar, the exploits of Rustem, the amours of Pajan and Maniza, the history of Barzeus, the Stratagems of the enchantress Sevizan, the exploits of Gudarz, and the death of Afrasiab.

The first Canto commences with the description of Rustem, followed by some interesting adventures, among which, is not forgotten that of the Hero's horse called Bakkche, or Lightning, who protecting the sleep of his master, killed a Lion, who had sprung from the forest to devour him.

In the second Canto is a tender and affecting Episode, of which this is the subject : Rustem, travelling under a borrowed name, had found the means to seduce a young Princess, whom shame had afterwards caused to expose the fruit of this unhappy amour. Sohareb, which is the name of this forsaken infant, not knowing his parents enters into the service of Afrasiab, is advanced by this king to the first dignity of the army, and at last sent to fight against Rustem, who does not discover him to be his son, until after having mortally wounded him.\*

\* See Ossian's Poem, the story of Carthage is nearly the same.

The ten other Cantos are equally excellent and diversified by agreeable events. A profusion of learning has been lavished by some. Critics in comparing Homer with the Epick Poets who have followed him, but not much discernment is necessary to decide that he never has been equalled. This great man, the father of the Sciences and of Greek Poetry, had a genius too fertile and too extensive to have suffered any striking beauties of nature to escape his observations, and the poets who succeeded him have scarcely done any thing but copy his ideas and new clothe them in their descriptions — Thus, whatever elegance and refinement we may find in the modern works, the inventive genius of Homer has always continued to be without a rival. We do not then pretend to assert that the Persian poet is equal to the Grecian, but certainly there is a great resemblance between these two extraordinary men. Both of them have drawn their images from Nature herself, and have not caught them by reflection; not depicting as the modern poets, the resemblances of a resemblance ; and both possessed, in the highest degree, that fecundity of invention, that creative genius which is the very soul of poetry.

It will not be foreign to the purpose, to show, in this place, some of the beauties of Ferdusi, in the different chiefs, fables, characters, descriptions, and expressions. We will say nothing of the probable fables ; because we have spoken enough of them in explaining the subject of the work. As to the Allegorical Fables, they afford very little to the ornaments of the Shanama unless the adventures of Rustem with the magician in the first book, and the Allurements of the blue pavilion in the tenth, be regarded as allegories of the same nature with the cup of Circe in the Odyssey. Among the number of the marvellous fables of this Poem, we ought to reckon the supernatural faculty of speech given to the horse of Rustem, and a dragon, and the engine of Simorg or Griffin Fairy who



is represented as a beneficent being and the great protector of the Persian hero.

It is from this Griffin, so often, introduced in the Eastern Romances, that Ariosto has probably borrowed his Hypogriffin.\* Our Fairies and Genii without doubt are derived from the Peris and Dives of the Persians, and our country of the Fairies is the copy of their Peristan and Chadukam. It is probable that these fictions were brought into Europe by the Moors and from them received into the Spanish romances.

The characters of Ferdusi are not so various as those of Homer, but they are not less well conceived and supported. Rustem is represented as a prodigy of strength, courage, and wisdom; Tus Nudar as a cautious and prudent general; Gudarz, as an old and experienced commander; Pajan as a young and amorous hero, replete with valour and intrepidity; the three kings of Persia as wise and virtuous monarchs, and Afrasiab as a bold and guilty usurper. There are many other characters in this poem of different persons of both sexes, in which we always find the men particularly remarkable for their bravery; and the women for their beauty and tenderness, except Temaina and Sudaba; the former being no less celebrated for her courage and unfortunate love, than the latter for her dissolute manners and hatred to a young prince her son-in-law. The discourse of each personage is perfectly adapted to their different characters, and varied according to their different manners and inclinations. To give an example of it we will here relate what the poet causes Sam Nerriman a famous warrior, and father of Rustem, to say in the relation which he gives of his exploits to the King of Persia:

“The King arose from his throne of Ivory which sparkled with rubies and emeralds, and upon his head shone the Royal Diadem. He gave the most favourable reception to the hero, and addressing him with mild

language made him sit down by his side. He spoke to him of the wolves of battle, of the Lions of combat, and of the Giants of Mazenderan. He asked him many eager questions, to which the warrior thus replied. May the King live forever in joy and prosperity; vain be the designs of the wicked against him. I arrived at the city of the Giants, who are more rapacious than the lions, and swifter than the coursers of Arabia. They call their troops Saksar, and they advance like Tigers of war. At the news of my approach a confused murmur arose among them. As we passed through the city, our enemies trembled and their days were obscured. Nevertheless their troops sallied and spread themselves upon the hills and in the vallies. The Grandson of the great Sa'm rushed forward like a wolf: his name was Kerkin, and his figure was as tall as a Cypress. He descended by his mother from Zohak, and the most fierce chiefs of his army were as atoms, when compared to him. His troops were more numerous than the ants or the Summer flies, than the fragments of a rock, or the sand of the shore. When the clouds of dust arose from beneath the feet of the enemy's army, the cheeks of our heroes were covered with paleness. With a single stroke of my battle axe I made myself a passage through the hostile ranks. My courser trampled the enemy under foot, with the fury of an Elephant: and the earth was agitated like the waves of the Nile. Then courage returned to my soldiers and they were fired with the ardour of combat. When Kerkin heard my voice, and the sound of my mortiferous mace he cast himself upon me like an hideous Elephant. He threw his twisted running-noose after my horse and I began to fear some danger. I armed myself with my regal bow, and with an arrow of white poplar headed with steel. I shot my arrows winged like the Eagles, and I let fly my darts like the flames of a consuming fire. My bow was so powerful that I almost nailed his casque to his brain upon the anvil of his head. I saw him advance like a roaring Lion, holding in his hand an Indian Scymetar. I saw him advance, Oh King! with such a fury that the mountains themselves cried to him, Oh! do not oppress us! He darted forward whilst I remained firm and was prepared for him. When he was within my reach, I drew back my hand, I seized the bold warrior by his girdle and tore him from his saddle with the strength of a Lion; I cast him upon the earth, and cut off his head with my keen-edged sabre. When the chief of the army was dead, the enemy's troops turned their back to the field of battle; vallies and hills, rocks and deserts were covered with their affrighted and flying Legions.”

(To be Continued.)

\* See Orlando Furioso, Book ii. iv. vi. vii.  
x. xi.

For *The Port Folio*.

MR. OLDSCHOOL,

The enclosed lines, extracted from a manuscript poem, were composed among the scenes which they describe; on the romantick banks of the Kaskaskia, near its confluence with the Mississippi. Dr. Johnson has somewhere remarked, that "a poem which *pleases many*, must have merit;" if this test were infallible, the production in question would certainly not shrink from Criticism. The effusions of Sir Richard Blackmore, however, and even the doggrel of Sternhold and Hopkins would probably claim the "meed of praise," on similar grounds. Indeed, we know, that one of the least successful of Sir Richard's performances was honoured with the unqualified approbation of Molyneux and Locke; names of no mean celebrity, in literary history. Without venturing, therefore to offer an opinion, as I am myself *no poetess*, you must be responsible to the critics, if you think the ensuing extract entitled to a place in your elegant Repository of polite Literature.

The authour, when he wrote this poem, had passed his infancy, and part of his youth amid the rude scenery, of which it is descriptive.

"He knew each lane, and every alley green,  
Dingle, or bushy dell, of that wild wood,  
And every bosky bourn from side to side,"  
but he knew little more; for Science had not yet unfolded to his eye

Her ample page,  
Rich with the spoils of Time;"

his verses, therefore, seldom present us with a classical allusion; and if they have any merit, it must consist in the fidelity, with which they paint natural objects, in the order in which Nature has arranged them; an excellence, you will perhaps say, which any schoolboy of common observation might easily attain. Should they be deemed worthy of insertion, you may, occasionally, be troubled with further communications, from

The officious

LESBIA.

Or if, when Spring, unlocking all her flowers,  
With clustering roses, decks her honied bowers;  
Of youthful Nature fond, the sunny dale,  
Delight this more, or long withdrawing vale;  
Or many a mountain, drest in misty blue,  
Or many a wood and field of varied hue;—  
Come, and ascend this oak-crowned hill with me,  
From care and strife, and noise and folly free;  
Or pensive still, pursue thy devious way,  
Where deepening forests scarce admit the day,  
Or from some moss-clad rock's projecting height,  
Whence oft the Eagle takes his airy flight,  
Gaze on the varying landscape, stretched beneath,  
The mead's rich verdure, or the barren heath,  
The boundless Prairies, melancholy glade,  
Or nodding forest's dreary depth of shade,  
Where gloom supernal reigns, and wakes the mind,  
To solemn thought, with secret awe combined,  
Where oft, at noon of night, are dimly seen  
Pale shadowy shapes,† that seem to glide between  
The age-worn trees, perhaps the ancient race,  
The Heroes of the Wood, still fondly trace  
These sacred haunts, and linger in the grove,  
Where erst they sung of war, or dreamed of Love,  
There, where the opening gloom invites the day,  
Kaskaskia, willow-crowned, with sweet delay  
Steals gently on, her native wilds among,  
By no muse honoured, by no poet sung;  
But dear to me, for many a fleeting hour,  
And dear to all, who bow to Nature's power.

When rising Cynthia sheds her silver light,  
And pales the star that ushers in the night,  
Thoughtful, on thy green banks, Oh! gentle stream,  
Oft have I watched the fire-fly's frequent gleam;  
Or, pensive o'er the lawn, at noon of day,  
Pursued, with lingering step, my weary way,

† The superstitious Creole natives believe that the ghosts of the Indians haunt those parts of the forest, where their remains are deposited.

To doze unseen amid the forest shade,  
Quiet and cool, for studious leisure made;  
And there, when Morpheus ruled the solemn hour,

Thy *Genius* came, with spells of mighty power,

And bade of airy dreams, a magick train,  
Arise prophetick of thy future reign.  
Beneath the aged elms, upon the green,  
(For Mem'ry oft recalls the unreal scene)  
Where tribes of flowers, in gay profusion,  
rise,

And breathe their mingled fragrance to the skies,

Thy rural swains, in wildly pensive lays,  
At evening sung their loves of other days,  
And oft in louder strains, invoked thy name,

The cherished witness of their former flame.

The gloomy desert echoed to their song,  
The hills and craggy cliffs responsive rung.

And ah! the day shall come, when many a maid

Oppressed with love, shall seek thy silent shade,

And tell, with artless tears, her love to thee,

And sigh, and wish her heart again was free;

And roving oft, thy willow groves among,  
Charmed by the sweetness of thy murmuring song,

Starting, believe that Nature feels her pain,

And pitying, echoes back her sighs again.  
The king of floods, there Mississippi roars,

Majestick forests frown along his shores—  
Where mid entangling brakes, the night-wolf howls,

And keen for prey, the hungry panther prowls.

And there, ere Europe's sons usurped the plain,

Ere great Columbus daring ploughed the main,

The mammoth, awful tyrant of the wood,  
The ruthless mammoth banquetted in blood;

"Cruel as Death, and hungry as the Grave,"

From whose dread fangs no earth-born power could save,

Man fled before him, on th' ensanguined plain,

The warrior tribes opposed and bled in vain.

Earth groaned beneath him, as he moved along;

The herds retired, a piteous mournful throng,

Expiring victims strewed the pathless way,

And mangled heaps, in wild confusion lay;

Man, helpless man, bewailed the havoc made,  
Addressed the skies, implored ethereal aid;

The Power Eternal heard the humbled world,

And the dire monster from creation hurld.  
INDIANUS.

## MORTUARY.

DIED, at Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania, on the 8th December, 1807, MATTHEW BACKUS, Esquire, a native of Connecticut, but for some years-past resident at Marietta. While the merest mass of clay, distinguished neither by the torch of genius, nor for any extraordinary virtue, is not permitted to pass on to oblivion, without some tribute of surviving affection, some eulogium of partial friendship, it would be unjust indeed to suffer this excellent man to depart from us with no acknowledgement of his worth, no regret at his loss. A friend who well knew and dearly estimated his value, begs to place this testimony of remembrance upon the pages of *The Port Folio*.

Mr. Backus after receiving, and really imbibing an education of the best kind, afforded by this country, adopted the Law for his profession. His success was by no means equal to his merit. This disappointment may be accounted for by an ease and indolence of disposition, which made him averse to the labour and drudgery necessary, in the commencement of practice. To this may be added an acute and painful sensibility, an embarrassing diffidence which constantly impeded his efforts to establish himself in the manner he desired. He was utterly incapable of descending to any mean or politick measures for advancement, or of using the services of the unworthy. His profession never had his cordial affection, and he had not ambition enough to warm this coldness to it. Literature and social intercourse were the objects of his fondness; the sources of all his enjoyments. While he could indulge in these, he thought nothing of station or wealth. His mind was rich-

ly stored with the various productions of taste and genius, and his means of communicating them were so pleasant and interesting as to render him a most valuable companion; while his incorruptible integrity, his pure and unmixed principles, his honest, simple sincerity, his high and delicate honour, made him the best of friends.

His end is deeply to be deplored. The world frowned too coldly upon his hopes, and overpowered his feeling rather than his fortitude. In an unhappy moment of depression he sunk willingly into a premature grave. Neither sorrow nor reproach can reach him there. He was among strangers, on a journey to Philadelphia; no friend was nigh to cheer his sinking heart, and avert the awful resolve.—The manner of his death can never be approved by the Christian, or the Philosopher. But let those only decide upon it, who have known what it is to bear a life of mortification and disappointment, to see or fancy the portals of hope shut upon them, and no fair prospects beckon to go on, and his sentence will not be severe. The dull soul of apathy and the pampered favourite of wealth and fortune must not presume to judge a case, they can never feel.

May his spirit which left this world sad and sorrowing, shake off its depressing glooms as it rises to another, and be well received where unfading joys abound.

#### A NEW SCOTCH SONG.

Tune—"WHISTLE O'ER THE LAVE O'T."

We shall na' weep oursell to stane,  
Like Niobe, that's dead and gane,  
Nor bleer our een out a' our lane,  
But "whistle o'er the lave o't."

Gie me a man, whase een can blink,  
Whase heart is free, whase soul can think,  
Whase clishmaclaver care can sink,  
And "whistle o'er the lave o't."

Let beauty's smiles illume the way,  
The mirky glen through which we stray,  
Thus may we live our little day,  
And "whistle o'er the lave o't."

When fortune shaws a scawling brow,  
And lays our fairest prospect low,  
As pleasure fades, let reason grow,  
And "whistle o'er the lave o't."

But when she glints wi' face serene,  
And decks the warl' in gayest sheen,  
We'll ay distrust the fickle Queen,  
And "whistle o'er the lave o't."  
And when auld Death, wi' ruthless paw,  
Shall clapperclaw us ane and a',  
We maun submit to Nature's law,  
And "whistle o'er the lave o't."

The beauty of the following lines richly entitle them to a place in our poetick department. They were written by the late Lyndon Arnold, Esq. of Providence, on the death of Mr. B. Marshall, late Tyler of St. John's Lodge in that place, who fell dead at the door of the Lodge, immediately on the last Brother leaving the room.

P. Friend.

With age, with want, infirmity opprest,  
Death said to Marshall, "thou shalt shortly rest ;

I see no reason for thy tarrying here,  
But fear of me, and me 'tis vain to fear :  
No wife remains with thee thy grief to share,

No tender infants to demand thy care ;  
Few are thy comforts, numerous are thy woes,

And few thy friends, but what the Lodge compose ;

Say with one blow shall I thy soul release,  
And send it joyful to the realms of peace ?"  
The sage reply'd, "These things, O Death, are true—

One boon I ask, and then submit to you ;  
Those genuine friends, those brothers of my heart,

Whom kind affection prompted to impart,  
The means of living to my feeble age,  
And still sustain me tottering on the stage ;  
This night in social brotherhood convene,  
My wish, O Death, would lead me to the scene,

There when the Lodge in harmony shall close,

And each one hasten homeward to repose,  
I'll wait thy coming, thy command obey,  
And through thy regions meet eternal day."

'Twas Reason's claim, nor Death refus'd the grace,  
But met him punctual at the time and place."

#### ORIGINAL POETRY.

For The Port Folio.

TO THE MUSE.

Adieu, sweet Muse, no more thy aid I claim,  
"Doomed to a fate that damps the poet's flame ;"  
No more to thee consume the midnight oil,

Or fondly toward Parnassus' summit toil;  
 No more wide ocean's rolling billows  
 watch,  
 Or inspiration from the zephyrs catch;  
 Seek, in some shady covert, soft repose,  
 And pensive watch the golden evening  
 close;  
 Nor view, while Night and solemn silence  
 reign,  
 The lucid moonbeams tremble o'er the  
 plain;  
 No more enraptured with Amanda stray,  
 Where Spring luxuriant strews with flow-  
 ers the way:  
 With easy footsteps, pace th' enamel'd plain  
 Some gently rising hillock's summit gain,  
 Watch the grey morning chase the night  
 away,  
 Hail the bright Sun and kindle into day.—  
 Adieu! soft swelling raptures of the heart,  
 Romantick joys we now forever part:  
 Chained to wealth's sordid, joyless, dull  
 pursuit,  
 How ill with this your gentle pleasures  
 suit.  
 No more the pensive poet's golden dream,  
 Must o'er my mind its soft effulgence  
 beam:  
 But plodding care and slow pursuit of gain,  
 With sovereign sway, will o'er each mo-  
 ment reign,  
 Each thought must bend, each finer feel-  
 ing bow,  
 Beneath the Tyrant's care-encircled brow.  
 While yet misfortune frowned, thus late I  
 sung,  
 While Grief's dark clouds in dim perspec-  
 tive hung,  
 While yet this stroke in Time's dark womb  
 concealed,  
 No curst attainment of foul disgrace revealed—  
 Disgraced by others' faults, and not his  
 own,  
 Ah! wilt thou now thy votary disown?  
 Or wilt thou rather with poetick fire,  
 Fly to his bosom, and his soul inspire?  
 Inspire his mind with conscious honour's  
 pride,  
 The sneers of folly, and of fools deride.  
 Chace hence Misanthropy's unhallowed  
 train,  
 And give to blissful harmony the reign,  
 With tender care, thy every art employ,  
 And give his heart once more to beat with  
 joy.  
 Then shall thy aid with rapture be con-  
 fessed,  
 A soul relieved, and thou forever blessed.

LURCANIO.

The thought, which suggested the  
 following Impromptu, addressed to a  
 lady, who asked the authour, why  
 Cupid was always painted blind, is  
 borrowed from one of the modern  
 Italian poets; which, I cannot now re-  
 member; Nor, if I could, have I at  
 present, access to the volume; there-  
 fore cannot determine, whether it is  
 an imitation or translation, or whe-  
 ther the substance of the last line  
 only is borrowed. If such trifles are  
 not below your attention, accept it,  
 with the authour's assurance of res-  
 pect and esteem.

Can you then ask, why tis we find  
 The God of Love is painted blind?  
 Because, dear maid, the only eyes  
 Which blooming Cupid e'er could prize,  
 Those eyes of soft cerulean hue,  
 Nature reserved and gave to you.

LURCANIO.

## MERRIMENT.

A Sharper, who had pawned his  
 hat, going out of church in the mid-  
 dle of a crowd, snatched a man's hat  
 from under his arm. The poor fel-  
 low, feeling his hat gone, cried,  
 "They have stolen my hat." The  
 sharper, immediately putting the hat  
 on his head, and covering it with both  
 hands, exclaimed, "Have they! I  
 defy them to take *mine*."

## EPIGRAM.

*To a lady, who drew the Steel Pins from her  
 bonnet in a thunder storm.*

Cease, Eliza, thy locks to despoil,  
 Nor remove the bright steel from thy hair,  
 For fruitless and fond is thy toil,  
 Since Nature has made thee so fair.

While the rose on thy cheek shall remain,  
 And thy eye so bewitchingly shine,  
 Thy endeavour must still be in vain—  
 For *Attraction* will always be thine.

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# THE PORT FOLIO,

(NEW SERIES)

BY OLIVER OLDSCHOOL, ESQ.



Various, that the mind of desultory man, studious of change and pleased with novelty, may be indulged—Cowp.

Vol. V. Philadelphia, Saturday, January 23, 1808. No. 4.

## ORIGINAL PAPERS.

### MISCELLANY.

*For The Port Folio.*

#### THE LAY PREACHER.

“Blessed is he who readeth.”

WHENEVER I reflect upon my habitual attachment to books, I feel a new glow of gratitude towards that Power, who gave me a mind, thus disposed, and to those liberal friends, who have allowed the utmost latitude of indulgence to my propensity. Had I been born on a barbarous shore, denied the glorious privileges of education, and interdicted an approach to the rich provinces of Literature, I should have been the most miserable of mankind. With a temperament of sensibility, with the nerves of a valetudinarian, with an ardent thirst for knowledge, and very scanty means for its acquisition, with a mind often clouded with care, and depressed by

dejection, I should have resembled the shrinking vegetable of irritableness, and, like the mimosa of the gardens, doomed to be at once stupid and sensitive. The courses of Nature and Fortune having taken a different direction, Parental Benignity having furnished me with the Keys, and Discipline and Habit having conducted me through the Portico of Education, I have ever found, whether walking in the Vestibul of Science, or meditating in the Groves of Philosophy, or hearkening to historians and poets, or rambling with Rabelais, such excellent companions, that Life has been beguiled of more than half its irksomeness. In sickness, in sorrow, in the most doleful days of dejection, or in the most gloomy seasons in the calendar, study is the sweetest solace and the surest refuge, particularly when my reading is directed to that immortal book, whence the theme of this essay is taken. In an hour of adversity, when I have

G

caught up this precious volume, I have found, instantly, the balm of Gilead and the medicine for the mind. The darkness of Despair has been succeeded by the brightest rays of Cheerfulness, and in place of grim phantoms, I have found Comfort, Peace, and Serenity.

I hope that this style of speaking occasionally in the first person will be forgiven, even by the most fastidious reader, when he adverts to the custom of my predecessors. A periodical writer can hardly avoid this sort of egotism, and it is surely very harmless, when its employer muffles himself in the mantle of concealment, and in the guise, whether of a shrewd *Spectator* or a simple *Lay Preacher*, walks, unobtrusively, abroad. Mr. ADDISON and Monsieur MONTAIGNE perpetually indulge this habit; and, on a very careful inspection of many editions of their essays, I have always found, by certain infallible marks, that those speculations had been most diligently perused, which abound in little sketches of the manners, humours, and habits of their authour. We are naturally curious thus to peep through the keyhole of a study, to see a writer in his elbow-chair, and to listen to his story with the fondness and familiarity of friendship. Anonymous authours have a prescription from Parnassus to paint themselves; and when by a Tatler, a Spectator, or a Connoisseur nothing but good colours and modest tinting is employed, men look with mingled curiosity and complacency at the picture. In a speculation on the blessings, derived from a studious temper, if a miniature of a lover of books is introduced, provided it be a tolerable resemblance, and

viewed in a proper light, it will, by an easy association, lead the observer to reflect more intensely upon the value of literature.

The utility and delight of a taste for books are as demonstrable as any axiom of the severest Science. The most prosperous fortune is often harrassed by various vexations. The sturdiest son of Strength is sometimes the victim of Disease. Melancholy will sometimes involve the merriest in her shade, and the fairest month of the year will have its cloudy days. In these dreary seasons, from which no man may hope to escape, sensual delights will not fill scarcely a nook in the gloomy void of the troubled time. Brief as the lightning in the collied night, this sort of pleasure may flash before the giddy eyes, but then merely for a moment, and the twinkling radiance is still surrounded with the murkiest gloom. Eating, drinking, and sleeping; the song and the dance, the tabret and viol, the hurry of dissipation, the agitation of play, these resources, however husbanded, are inadequate to the claims of life. On the other hand, the studious and contemplative man has always a scheme of wisdom by which he can either endure or forget the sorrows of the heaviest day. Though he may be cursed with care, yet he is surely blessed when he readeth. Study is the *dulce lenimen laborum* of the Sabine bard. It is Sorrow's sweet assuager. By the aid of a book, he can transport himself to the vale of Tempe, or the gardens of Armida. He may visit Pliny at his villa, or Pope at Twickenham. He may meet Plato on the banks of Illysus, or Petrarch among the groves of Avignon. He may make philosophical experiments with

Bacon, or enjoy the eloquence of Bolingbroke. He may *speculate* with Addison, moralize with Johnson, read tragedies and comedies with Shakspeare, and be raptured by the rhetoric of Burke.

In many of the old romances, we are gravely informed, that the unfortunate knight in the dungeon of some giant, or fascinated by some witch or enchanter, while he sees nothing but hideousness and horror before him, if haply a fairy, or some other benignant being, impart a talisman of wondrous virtue, on a sudden our disconsolate prisoner finds himself in a magnificent palace, or a beautiful garden, in the bower of Beauty, or in the arms of Love. This wild fable, which abounds in the legends of knight-errantry, has always appeared to me very finely to shadow out the enchantment of study. A book produces a delightful abstraction from the cares and sorrows of this world. They may press upon us, but when we are engrossed by study we do not very acutely feel them. Nay, by the magick illusion of a fascinating authour we are transported from the couch of Anguish, or the gripe of Indigence to Milton's Paradise or the Elysium of Virgil.

For The Port Folio.

#### A TREATISE ON

#### ORIENTAL POETRY.

(Continued from page 44.)

The descriptions in the Shahnamah are always varied and perfectly well followed up, above all, those of battles which are as numerous as in the Iliad. Those of a more agreeable nature as of Gardens, Banquets, Thrones Palaces, Love, and Beauties, are no less admirable, and are painted by Ferdusi with all the richness and pride

of the Oriental Imagination. He often writes :

Ke deri bustaneh hemicheh gulest  
Teminech por ez lalih u sumbul est  
Huva Khoshcuvar u zemim por negâr  
Ne Kerm u ne serd u hemicheh behâr  
Nevazende bulbul bebâg enderune  
Kezarende ahu berag endertune.

"A garden, in which the rose perpetually flourishes, whose borders are filled with Tulips and Hyacinths: where the air is mild, the walks superbly ornamented: where one neither experiences immoderate heat, nor excessive cold; but where a perpetual spring reigns; where the Nightingales incessantly warble among the branches of trees evergreen: where the antelopes play on the hillocks."

The descriptions of the morning are very animated in this poem, and decorated with the greatest variety of shades.

When glorious day his shining splendour  
shewed,  
And shaded Earth with Pearls and Rubies  
strewn,  
When Sol displayed his gilded rays again,  
And scattered Camphor o'er the musky  
plain.

That is to say, spreads light upon the obscurity of the plains, for the Oriental Poets often make an allusion to the two opposed colours, by Camphor and Musk.

We will here add a description of a more majestic kind, taken also from the Shahnamah, and which will give an idea of the Persian similies.

Nekei kerd Barzev ber an deh suvâr  
Tchu achefté chirî ez beher checâr  
Bezed dest nepuchid derâi bezêr  
Meianra be bestech bezirîn kemêr  
Yeki Khodî iumî beser ber nehâd  
Seri terkechi tîrî ra ber keshad  
Behare ber afkendu berî Kestuvân  
Yeki bari manendi kûhî revan  
Ze keihali nize ze almasi tigue  
Beharê ber amed chu berende migue  
Tu kufî sepher est ya ruzî u tab  
U ya der beharan yeki rudi ab  
Derakhtrest kufî ez âhen bebâr  
Keshade du bazu chu shakhi tchenar.

"Barzev regarded the ten warriors who advanced; he was like a Lion wandering in search of his prey. He immediately clothed himself with his coat of mail



and girded his loins with a belt of gold.—He placed upon his head a Turkish casque, and filled his quiver with arrows. Now he remained suspended to the trappings of his courser, and immediately he was fixed firm and upright in his saddle like a moving mountain. When, with his long javelin, and his sabre sparkling like the diamond, he advanced even as a cloud, which arises, one might have said, it is the firmament which shines, or it is the day which glitters, or it is a river which runs in the spring. When he stretched forth his two arms like the branches of the Plane tree, one might have cried, it is a tree laden with steel.”

We also find in Ferdusi, very tender descriptions, and as beautiful as affecting, as that of Frankis the daughter of Afrasiab, when she discovers the conspiracy which had been planned against her beloved Siavechi.

“She tore the Hyacinths of her hair with an inexpressible grief, and bruised her tender bosom in her despair. She scattered the mask of her tresses upon the ivory hill of her beautiful breast, and bathed the Tulips of her cheeks with the streams which ran from her eyes. Her tears gushed out like a fountain when she thought upon the cruel design of Afrasiab.”

With regard to the expressions and numbers of this poem, it is evident that their beauties can only be felt by those, who understand the original. We will then only remark, that they are bold and animated, throughout the whole work, and in some passages elevated and sublime in the highest degree.

The Persian poet resembles Homer in some other peculiarities, as in the frequent repetition of the same lines and the same epithets. The light-footed Achilles and Agamemnon, the King of men, are not more frequently found in the Iliad, than the Lion-hearted Rostem, and Caikosrev, the King of the world, in the Shahnamah.

There are many other poems of Ferdusi, as the amours of Chosrev and Chirine : the death of Rustem ; the life of Beharan ; the reign of Anouchirvan ; the conquests of Iscander ; which works are written with all the fire of an Eastern imagination, and all the harmony of the Persian numbers.

### SECTION III.

#### *Of their Love Poetry and Odes.*

We have now come to that kind of Poetry in which the Asiaticks principally excel. Love has so great a share in the Arabian Poems, that upon whatever subject they may be, they are always interspersed with the complaints of lovers and the descriptions of beloved beauties.

The Arabian nation divides its time between warlike expeditions, and the mild occupations of the pastoral life. They transport their tents from place to place : and when the camels and other beasts have consumed the pasture of one situation they leave it to return thither when the grass shall again have grown up. In this species of encampment the tribes which find themselves near each other, familiarly exchange intercourse, and the youth of both sexes form attachments, which are, for the most part, unfortunate, the change of residence and the difference of principle causing perpetual separations.

Hence proceed the Arabian poems beginning almost always with the complaints of a lover upon the departure of his mistress ; his friends are represented in them as endeavouring to console him, but he refuses all consolation ; he describes the beauty of his dear Maia, or Solima, or Zeine, or Azza ; he announces the design which he has to go and see her in the new dwelling place of her tribe, should he find the passages defended by Lions or guarded by watchful Archers. Then he introduces the description of his Camel or Horse, and comes by degrees to his principal subject. We will find few Arabian Poems without this species of exordium, whether they have, as an object, the military virtues, or grief, praise, or censure, or, in fine, love alone. The seven poems which were written in letters of gold and preserved in the Temple of Mecca, are in this style.\* The authour of the

\* These seven Poems clearly transcribed with explanatory notes, are among Pocock's manuscripts at Oxford, No. 134.

first of the seven, was a young Arabian Prince named Ameriolkeis, who was no less celebrated by the fire and fertility of his imagination, than by the misfortunes with which his life was interwoven. He begins thus :

*Kiffa nebki mi 'dhirai habibi wamenzili  
Besikti 'llawi beinâ ddahuli fahoumeli.*

“ Stay ; let us give some tears to the remembrance of the dwelling place of our beloved, in the sandy valleys which are between Dahul and Houmel.”

He afterwards regrets the tents he has left, and is afflicted with the absence of his lover. His companions strive to allay his grief in relating to him an unlucky accident, which had formerly separated him from beloved objects; he replies :

“ My grief was then not less than at present : for, when those whom I loved were on the eve of their departure, when their sighs embalmed the air with the sweet breath of musk, like the Zephyrs of the evening which bring the odour of Pinks, agitated by the most ardent passion, my eyes o'erflowed with tears ; they trickled down my neck, and bathed my girdle in their course.”

His friends finding that they had not taken the right method to dissipate his grief made use of another.— They exhorted him to remember the happy days which he had passed with his beloved, and told him, he ought to expect some portion of pain after so much felicity. This discourse gives him occasion to relate the adventures of his youth, among which he gives the following recital with all the richness and harmony of the Arabian language.

“ I loved a beautiful maiden, who was held secretly confined in a deep retreat : nevertheless I enjoyed her charms without fear.

I flew to her through a crowd of guards, ardent to tear my life from me.

The names of the seven poets are Amralkeis, Tarafa, Zoheir, Lebid, Antara, Amru, and Hareth. In the same collection, No. 174, there is a manuscript containing above forty other poems, which had the honour of being suspended in the temple of Mecca : this volume is an inestimable treasure of ancient Arabick Literature.

When the Pleiades shone in the Firmament like the borders of a blue Garment enriched with gold, I entered her apartment ; I found her upon her bed, where she reposed, despoiled of her robes, and having nothing on but the cloak in which she slept.

She said to me, Ah ! do not deceive me ! do not entice me into the path way of error !

I arose ; I carried her away with me, and she effaced the traces of our steps with the train of her superb robe.

And when we had passed beyond the habitation of the tribes, she stopped at the shelter of a winding hill.

I drew her softly towards me by her lovely tresses and she fell upon my breast ; nothing could equal the beauty of her slender figure ; her breast was as smooth as a polished mirror.

She turned towards me her charming countenance, and discovered to me her beautiful cheeks ; she looked around her with the soft affright of a Hind alarmed for her young Fauns.

Her neck was like that of an Antelope, white, strait, and adorned with precious ornaments.

Her hair, which flowed upon her shoulders, was black as jet, and entwined like the branches of a palm tree. The ringlets of this elegant hair had a thousand various forms, some were skillfully tied, others agreeably scattered.

Her waist was like a fine cord, and her leg like the stem of the Palm tree, moistened with the rain.

The odour of musk was spread upon the bed which she composed, and she slept until the morning, wrapped up in her cloak of soft texture.

She distributed her gifts with her fingers charming and slender as the crimson worms of the sandy hill, or as the stalk of the tree Echel.

Her beauty dispersed the shades of the night, like the light of the lamp of the Dervis retired into his cell.

The most chaste of men would certainly have been inflamed with love at the sight of so rare a beauty, in the age of pleasure, and with a robe of such grandeur.

And whose face resembled the egg of an Ostrich preserved in a clear brook, which the traveller has not disturbed by the impression of his steps.

The insensible, alone, defend their hearts against Love, mine will never alienate itself from the charms of my beloved.”

Among the other descriptions of this Poem, those of the authour's passage across the Desert, of his horse,

of his hunting, and of a storm, are admirable. This work of Amriolkeis furnishes a perfect model of the Arabian Eclogue, as indeed this is the name that we may properly give to this kind of poems.

(To be continued.)

For The Port Folio.

### LAW REPORT.

Philad. County, Com. Pleas, Jan. 11, 1808.

Day	}	Action on the case to Sept.
v.		term, 1805.
Jarvis.	}	Plff. declares for goods sold
		and quantum valebant.

A Jury being called and duly impanelled, the Plaintiff's counsel proceeded to open his case.

It appeared that the parties were both printsellers; the plaintiff residing in Philadelphia, the defendant in New-York: that in ———, the plaintiff having published a large number of engravings of President "Jefferson" proposed an exchange with the defendant, for Heath's engravings of "Washington:" that the "Jeffersons" were INTENDED TO MATCH the "Washingtons!" and the subscription for each was the same, \$5 25 a piece; with a customary allowance of 25 per cent. to the trade: that the defendant, consenting to the exchange, the plaintiff had in good faith sent him 50 "Jeffersons," expecting to receive 50 "Washingtons" in return; that some time having elapsed, and the "Washingtons" not arriving, the plaintiff pressed the defendant to perform his contract: but Jarvis replied, that it was unreasonable to require it; for that "Jefferson" himself had already lost so much of his popularity, and was sinking so rapidly, that his likenesses (which, of course, were depreciated with the original), had already fallen to almost nothing; and, as there was no chance of his ever being re-elected, there was no probability of their ever rising: that the "Washingtons," on the contrary, were al-

ways saleable, and never fluctuated in value, but were likely to rise in public estimation; and satisfying himself with this excuse for the breach of his contract, he obstinately persisted in refusing to give more than 25 "Washingtons," for the 50 "Jeffersons:" that the 25 "Washingtons" had been received; and this action was brought for the value of the remaining 25 "Jeffersons," agreeably to the terms of the contract.

The defendant's counsel denied the contract set up on the other side, although he admitted the receipt of the 50 "Jeffersons." He lamented that the absence of his client prevented him from fully demonstrating the injustice and extravagance of this pretended contract, by proving that, whatever the artist might have intended, the "Jeffersons" never were considered matches for the "Washingtons," by persons of the least taste or judgment: that although a few of the "Jeffersons" were put off, at the subscription price, soon after publication, and had a tolerably brisk sale, the moment they were submitted to the test of criticism, and were compared with the "Washingtons," they were condemned by the unbiassed judgment of the public, and fell, as he was able to prove by a deposition, which he held in his hand (but which being *ex parte*, he was not permitted to read) to 12 and 13 cents a-piece, by wholesale, and at that price were a dull article; and that to him it appeared monstrous that when the plaintiff had found a ready sale, and received a full price for the 25 "WASHINGTONS," exceeding the value of all the "JEFFERSONS" that were ever turned from his plate, he should at this time come forward, and demand the same price for his "Jeffersons," which began to depreciate before they were dry from the press, and were now of less value than waste paper.

The plaintiff's counsel insisted *totis viribus* upon his contract. He did not pretend to deny the terrible depreciation of the "Jeffersons" but his

client was a Printseller, and did not mean to speculate upon the continuance of the popularity of his PRINT or its LIKENESS: his object was, to turn the one to good account, while the other was in publick favour, and if the defendant had made a bad bargain, he had himself alone to blame for it.

It appeared in the course of the evidence, that the plaintiff had offered to receive "HAMILTONS," in lieu of the "WASHINGTONS," but the defendant declined giving either of them, for the "JEFFERSONS," alleging that the "HAMILTONS," like the "WASHINGTONS," were of increasing value, and daily rising in publick estimation.

The judge charged the jury, that all they had to look to, was the contract between the parties, which was fully proved: that they had nothing to do with the relative value of the prints, however proper it might have been for the consideration of the parties when they contracted; and that the rapid depreciation of the "JEFFERSONS," since the contract, the only defence set up, amounted to no justification of the breach of it.

Verdict for the plaintiff. Damages \$118, 12.

*For The Port Folio.*

## MEMOIRS OF ANACREON.

CHAP. VII.

*Continued from page 28.*

We returned to the city, and refreshed ourselves in a bath; after which we dined together. Anthes, whether from mortification or reflection, I know not, had lost all his gaiety. The Poet endeavoured to rouse him from the lethargy into which he seemed to have fallen, by a song, which he gave us, accompanied by his harp:

Awake to life, my dulcet shell,  
To Phæbus all thy sighs shall swell;\*

\* This hymn to Apollo is supposed not to have been written by Anacreon, and it certainly is rather a sublimer flight than

And though no glorious prize be thine,  
No Pythian wreath around thee twine,  
Yet every hour is glory's hour  
To him who gathers wisdom's flower!  
Then wake thee from thy magick slum-

bers,  
Breathe to the soft and Phrygian numbers,  
Which, as my trembling lips repeat,  
Thy chords shall echo back as sweet.  
The cygnet thus, with fading notes,  
As down Cayster's stream he floats,  
Plays with his snowy plumage fair  
Upon the wanton murmuring air,  
Which amorously lingers round,  
And sighs responsive sound for sound!  
Muse of the Lyre! illumine my dream,  
Thy Phæbus is my fancy's theme;  
And hallowed is the harp I bear,  
And hallowed is the wreath I wear,  
Hallowed by him, the god of lays,  
Who modulates the choral maze!  
I sing the love which Daphne twined  
Around the godhead's yielding mind;  
I sing the blushing Daphne's flight  
From this ethereal youth of light;  
And how the tender, timid maid  
Flew panting to the kindly shade,  
Resigned a form too tempting fair,  
And grew a verdant laurel there,  
Whose leaves, with sympathetick thrill,  
In terror seemed to tremble still!  
The god pursued with winged desire,  
And when his hopes were all on fire,  
And when he thought to hear the sigh,  
With which enamoured virgins die,  
He only heard the pensive air  
Whispering amid her leafy hair!  
But, oh my soul! no more—no more!  
Enthusiast, whither do I soar?  
This sweetly maddening dream of soul  
Has hurried me beyond the goal.  
Why should I sing the mighty darts  
Which fly to wound celestial hearts,  
When sure the lay, with sweeter tone,  
Can tell the darts that wound my own?  
Still be Anacreon, still inspire  
The descant of the Teian lyre:  
Still let the nectared numbers float,  
Distilling love in every note!  
And when the youth, whose burning soul  
Has felt the Paphian star's control,  
When he the liquid lays shall hear,

the Teian wing is accustomed to soar. But we ought not to judge from this diversity of style, in a poet of whom time has preserved such partial relics. If we knew Horace but as a satyrist, should we easily believe there could dwell such animation in his lyre? Suidas says that our poet wrote hymns, and this perhaps is one of them. We can perceive in what an altered and imperfect state his works are at present, when we find a scholiast upon Horace citing an ode from the third book of Anacreon. M.

His heart will flutter to his ear,  
And drinking there of song divine,  
Banquet on intellectual wine!

By this means, Anacreon gradually relaxed the severity of his brow, and taught him the happy art of relieving the labours of the closet, by the joys of musick and wine.

After the expiration of a few days, when I went again to visit Myrilla, I learnt, from a slave, that she was extremely ill. The grief into which I was plunged by this intelligence, was inexpressibly great. What anguish tore my bosom, when I reflected, that those eyes might never regain their lustre! how my veins throbb'd, when I ventured to hope that I might again behold her smile! I repaired to my favourite bower on the banks of Ilyssus, and the powers of love and fancy there combined to produce an ode to the goddess who presides over the health of mortals, the ever youthful daughter of Esculapius:

#### THE INVOCATION.

Hygeia, rosy dimpled maid,  
Come—I claim thy healing aid,  
And bring thy mild enchanting smile;  
Oh, quickly come, our grief beguile.  
Lo! on the bed of fell disease,  
Myrilla, formed all hearts to please,  
Is racked by vile and vexing pains;  
Oh! come, I woo thee in my strains;  
Restore her eyes their humid blue;  
Give to her cheeks their wonted hue;  
Reanimate her form divine,  
And let her smiles with lustre shine;  
Ravive again her cheerful voice,  
And we, who mourn, shall soon rejoice.  
Oh! hasten nymph, and with thee bring  
All the joys that from thee spring.

Lo! here I linger by this stream,  
Musing o'er hope's delusive dream,  
Here I waste my mournful days,  
While around the soft breeze plays,  
I strive to sooth my troubled mind,  
But I, alas! no peace can find.

Here Myrilla oft did stray,  
By the moon-light's pallid ray:  
And as we mark'd the setting beam  
Playing on the placid stream,  
While Hope essay'd my heart to cheer  
With words of love I won her ear.  
But now no more I love the scene,  
For here no more the maid is seen;

In vain I seek the well-known shade,  
And hopeless wander through the glade.

Then grant, Oh nymph of healing pow'r,  
Thy aid to cheer the gloomy hour,  
This boon thou'lt surely not refuse,  
When courted by a youthful muse.  
A votive wreath of flowers I bring,  
To thee I strike the plausive string:  
Through every clime, o'er every main,  
Thy name shall echo in my strain.

Then come, Hygeia, dimpled maid,  
Come and bring thy healing aid;  
Haste, oh! nymph, and with thee bring  
All the joys that from thee spring.

END OF CHAP. vii.

(To be continued.)

For The Port Folio.

#### CLASSICAL LEARNING.

(Continued from page 21.)

But however ridiculous reasoning appears, when injudiciously carried beyond its proper limits, it is of excellent use in its proper sphere, for eliciting the connexion of secondary truths with first principles, it is then truly the glory of man, and the distinguishing prerogative of his nature, when it knows its own place, and acts in subordination to that intuitive perception of primary truths which Nature has given us as the foundation of all science. By the judicious use of reasoning the world is freed from superstition and credulity, ancient errors have disappeared, and mankind are put in a way of discovering the laws of nature, distinguishing truth from error, and attaining the knowledge of their duty and interest. It is sufficient that those truths which are not so clear as to carry their own evidence along with them, should be shown to have a necessary connexion with first principles, but those truths which have originally as much evidence as the clearest demonstration could confer on them, have certainly no need to be demonstrated.

Now in the writings of the ancients we meet with many bright examples of that good sense and sound judgment which does honour to human nature, and reflects disgrace on many pretended philosophers of the present age. These men, faithful to nature, readily confessed its dictates, and endeavoured to reason soundly from them. Far from the pertness of modern philosophers, they knew and lamented the defects of nature, while they did justice to its original dignity, and admired the venerable ruins of its ancient grandeur. The ancients it is true, had their absurdities,

and their unreasonable and impertinent philosophers, as well as we. But the ruins of time have kindly relieved us from the far greatest part of them, and in those who remain, along with native good sense and cultivated taste, we discover only the errors of the times wherein they lived and those personal vices and weaknesses from which human nature in no age has been entirely exempted.

In considering the works of the ancients as models of good sense, true taste, and sound judgment, we may find occasion to wonder at the agreement we find among them, and to ask why so many different opinions on the most important subjects have prevailed among men, when we find that the original maxims of wisdom and science have so uniformly manifested themselves to the minds of men in very distant ages and countries. It is astonishing how many just notions of the Divine Being, his attributes, nature, laws and government, are to be found in their writings; enough surely to make us wonder why our modern infidels, who pretend to philosophy and good taste, should pay no regard to the many sublime truths contained in the classicks, merely because they are also to be found in the Bible.

Another benefit arising from the study of the classicks, is that they exhibit for the most part, very just notions of human nature. Being studious of beautiful and elegant composition, as well as justness of sentiment, they endeavoured to adapt their works to the feelings of men. The modern infidel philosophers suppose man to be a mere reasoning animal and therefore require a reason even for our assent to the testimony of our senses, and sometimes suppose man to be without passions altogether, whence their doctrines are absurd, and the rules they lay down for philosophizing impracticable; as it is not in our power to divest ourselves of any part of our nature. But such descriptions of human nature, as are found in the Classicks, exhibit Man as endued with senses, imagination, passions, and intuitive faculties, as well as reason, for which their works will continue to please, when those of our modern scepticks are buried in oblivion.

Whatever is unnatural, is not pleasing; and for this reason, it would be impossible to compose a work on sceptical principles, that should be agreeable to the feelings and experience of mankind. Lucretius, though a determined Epicurean, was sensible of this, and therefore, in order to make his poem pleasing and natural, was obliged to digress, into the popular belief, contrary to the principles he wanted to establish. He was sensible, that a world without a Governour, a fortuitous congeries of atoms, jumbled together by the hand of Chance, would

not be a very pleasing picture to the human imagination; and that even the invocation of deities that he disbelieved, would appear a less shocking absurdity to the human understanding. Mr. Pope's *Essay on Man*, although it is more natural and pleasing than the work of Lucretius, in so far as it allows a Supreme Governour of the Universe, yet as it excludes a particular Providence, leaves a very gloomy impression on the mind.

The works of the poets, orators, and historians of antiquity are addressed to the heart and imagination, as well as to the reason of men, which is the reason why they are so generally pleasing, and have obtained the approbation of so many ages. The novelty of sceptical philosophy may please some cold speculative men, who have almost lost their natural feelings, by the indulgence of intemperance, or gratify the pride of others, who desire to be distinguished from the vulgar, but it can never become pleasing to mankind in general, as it degrades human nature to a level with the brutes, and presents no object to our imagination or passions, that is in the least worthy of them.

The due cultivation of our intuitive faculties is so far from being any impediment to the exercise of reason, that it affords it the greatest assistance. Right reasoning is the act of a sound and discerning mind, that distinctly perceives the nature, properties, place, and importance of those objects, about which it is employed. That sense of order then, and that distinctness of perception, which is acquired by perusing the works of genius, employed in describing the most interesting parts of human nature, must be of the greatest use to philosophick investigation.

As all philosophick reasoning rests on certain primary truths, or first principles, which must be assumed without demonstration, in order to deduce other truths from them, the study of simple and unadulterated nature, as described in the writings of the ancients, must strengthen and exercise our intuitive capacities, and enable us to relish the study of true philosophy, which, by fair and orderly deduction, may make Truth as agreeable to our understandings, as the beauties of Nature are to our perceptive faculties.

It is likewise to be considered, that some of the Classicall authours are likewise eminent philosophers. Cicero, who first treated these subjects in the Latin language, and who had made himself master of all the learning of Greece, was conversant both with the Peripatetick and Stoick Philosophy, though he unfortunately preferred the Academick to both of them. In his philosophical works, we find the most profound subjects of philosophy treated in

the form of dialogue, after the manner of Plato, which though a disadvantage in our apprehension as moderns, was yet highly agreeable to his own countrymen, who were admirers of Plato's method, and loved to see arguments adduced on either side of every question.

Grammar and Criticism, which are necessary in the study of the Classics, are likewise very useful exercises of our faculties, and preparative to the study of Philosophy, if not themselves parts of Philosophy. A moderate skill in these arts cannot be obtained, without the exercise of a sound judgment, and their usefulness in all philosophical discussions, is very evident. When the terms of a question are improper or ambiguous, or the question inaccurately stated, disputes may arise without end, which terminate ultimately in verbal ambiguity. But to prevent these, nothing can be more proper, than just conception and proper expression, which are best learned from Grammar and Criticism.

Whatever enlarges our ideas, and increases our knowledge of human nature, must be of singular use in philosophy, which has nature in general for its object. The study of Classical Learning exercises and improves all the faculties of the human soul and not only exhibits to us the most respectable characters of antiquity, but their favourite studies, their choice thoughts, and sublime conceptions. No person of true taste can read the works of the Classics with attention, without catching something of that spirit and elevation of sentiment, for which they have been long celebrated. Just description, natural and proper conception and expression are no less necessary in Philosophy than in Rhetoric; and of these the Classics have been long acknowledged as the most perfect models.

Although Philosophy is no longer cultivated in the way of hypothesis, and we must trace the cause of phenomena, instead of guessing at them, as formerly, yet the knowledge of the ancients, who first turned their thoughts to these subjects, must be of the greatest service. Their parts were not inferior to those of the moderns, and although our advantages, by lapse of time, improvement of arts, and accumulation of discoveries, are greater than theirs, yet it cannot be an unprofitable study, to retrace their inquiries, and accompany them, so far as they were able to penetrate into the nature of things, that we may be better prepared to relish more modern discoveries. Our modern pretenders to philosophy assure us, that the ancients were weak and subject to prejudices; but it is not fit that we should take this on their authority, especially as the most of them have been but

little conversant in their writings. In the more masculine age of Literature, it was common, not only to read the Classick authors previous to the study of Philosophy, but to peruse the works of Aristotle and Plato, in their own language; and the Latin tongue was so familiar to students, that their lectures in Philosophy, as well as their exercises and disputes, were wholly in Latin. But as the effeminacy of modern times permits but little time, and less ease for study, than formerly, we must comply with established custom, though we cannot help regretting the want of the diligence of former times.

The knowledge of Ancient History unfolds to our view the gradual progress of knowledge, of refinement, the succession of empires, the civilization of barbarous nations, and the ruin of Greece, the mother of the Arts, by the destructive arms of Rome. The improvements and learning of Greece, would probably have been lost to the world, if she had not contrived to inspire her fierce conquerors with the love of them. *Græcia capta, &c.* But the Roman liberty was too shortlived after the destruction of that of Greece, to allow them to make any great progress in letters; and the military and restless genius of that Republick rarely afforded any pause of tranquillity, for cherishing the arts of peace. The age of Augustus was but a transient blaze, preluding to the gradual extinction of knowledge that succeeded. From the ruin of the Republick, Eloquence degenerated into Panegyrick, Philosophy into Epicurism and Atheism; and all the arts of life were directed only to the amusement of the Tyrant of the day.

(To be continued.)

## VARIETY.

In the rough blast heaves the billow,  
In the light air waves the willow;  
Every thing of moving kind  
VARIES with the veering wind:  
What have I to do with thee,  
Dull, unjoyous Constancy?

Sombre tale, and satire witty,  
Sprightly glee, and drolful ditty,  
Measur'd sighs, and roundelay,  
Welcome all! but do not stay.  
What have I to do with thee,  
Dull, unjoyous Constancy?

## EVENING.

O soothing hour, when glowing day,  
Low in the western wave declines,  
And village murmurs die away,  
And bright the Vesper planet shines;  
I love to hear the gales of Even,  
Breathing along the new-leaf'd copse,

And feel the freshening dew of Heav'n,  
Fall silently in limpid drops.

For like a friend's consoling sighs,  
That breeze of night, to me appears,  
And, as soft dew from Pity's eyes,  
Descend those pure celestial tears.

Alas ! for those who long have borne,  
Like me, a heart by Sorrow riven,  
Who, but the plaintive winds, will mourn ?  
What tears will fall but those of Heav'n ?

The following happy imitation of VIRGIL,  
we copy with alacrity, from that valuable  
Journal, The Repository.

DR PARK,

The inundation of amatory jingle,  
by which we are daily in danger of  
being drowned, would almost make  
one believe, that the Parnassian flood-  
gates had pulled up, and that Cupid  
had tumbled in, and was hurried  
along by the rapid current of the wa-  
ter.

I have attempted an Academick  
Eclogue, in imitation, for the most  
part, of the first Pastoral of Pope ; for  
the scene of which I have taken the  
College in our vicinity. As o the  
two principal characters ; by Daniel,  
we are to understand a plain rustick  
youth ; and by Dicky, one who is  
decking himself out in the plumage  
of fantastick words.

SUMMER,

AN ACADEMICK ECLOGUE.

LEVI. DANIEL. DICKY.

Soon as each class, from close confinement  
free,  
Pour'd forth from \* *Holden*, all elate with  
glee ;  
Daniel and Dick to Hollis-Hall retir'd,  
Both warm'd by love and both by wine in-  
spir'd.  
Now noon-day Phæbus shone on Hollis'  
side ;  
Thus Dicky spoke, and Daniel thus reply'd.

DICKY.

Seraphick sounds ! on you sonorous sprays  
Melodious locusts lift their lofty lays.  
Ecstatic notes ! list Daniel to the sound,  
And let it on your tympanum rebound.

\* *Hu. ten*—the chapel appointed to Reci-  
tations and private Lectures.

Why are we mute when Sol's meridian  
rays

Illume the plain, and locusts lift their lays ?

DANIEL.

Sing then, since here, our task perform'd,  
we sit,

† While Peter turns his slow-revolving spit,  
But Levi comes, well skill'd to judge, and  
he

Shall hear the contest and the prize de-  
cree.

These boots I'll stake, which, four long  
summers past,

Have yet the strength four summers more  
to last.

DICKY.

My boots I dare not stake ; these boots have  
run

In long succession down from sire to son ;  
But what you'll own your proffer'd pledge  
transcends,

That cloak I'll stake, which from the wall  
depends,

Of lucid blue, before with velvet lin'd,

‡ And what is that with velvet trimm'd be-  
hind ?

I hung it there, methinks, three months  
ago,

When brumal Boreas ceas'd his blast to  
blow.

LEVI.

Sing then in turns, while Echo fills the plains,  
For reas'ners argue in alternate strains ;  
Daniel begin your lay, but briefly sing,  
For soon I ween the Commons-bell will  
ring.

DANIEL.

Inspire me Phæbus, in my Betty's praise,  
And on thine altar shall my Horace blaze,  
O ! let me show in sweetly sounding song,  
To Betty's eyes what heav'nly charms be-  
long.

DICKY.

Grant me O love, in softly flowing verse,  
My charming Molly's graces to rehearse ;  
For her the prize to gain and in return  
A new *Majora* to thy name shall burn.

DANIEL.

Not all the Nymphs that o'er the woodland  
rove

Can beauteous Betty from my thoughts re-  
move :

When last I left her, in my trunk she laid  
Two cakes divine, her lily fingers made ;

† Peter—African Professor of the Culi-  
nary Arts.

‡ The beautifully simplicity of the shep-  
herd in Virgil, where, forgetting the term  
Zodiusck, he says, "*et quis fuit alter*" &c. is  
here elegantly exemplified by an instance  
of still more beautiful simplicity.



Two glitt'ring needles and four balls of  
yarn,  
Of diff'rent dies, my sev'ral hose to darn.

DICKY.

Molly, before all other maids, I love,  
Who haunt the river's bank or shady grove:  
When last vacation o'er, I hither sped,  
Thou didst tears the fair profusely shed;  
From her lips mellifluous accents fell,  
How well dear Dicky, ah! a long fare-  
well."

DANIEL.

There are, who dread a Hebrew lecture  
most;  
To some no evil's like an honour lost;  
Some think suspension is the greatest ill;  
While others think a fine is greater still;  
Suspension, Hebrew, Fine, nor loss of *part*,  
Like Betty's frown can ever rend my heart.

DICKY.

To some their joy supreme Vacation brings;  
To others Sleep when early pray'r bell  
rings;  
Some in a Detur place their chief delight;  
While some in drinking choose to spend  
the night;  
Vacation, Detur, Sleep, nor midnight bowl,  
Like Molly's smile could e'er enchant my  
soul.

DANIEL.

Say Dicky, say, in what glad soil appears  
A cheese immense, the wondrous work of  
years;  
On whose vast rind or flocks and herds  
may rove,  
Or numerous hosts in martial order move;  
Tell me but this, and freely I disclaim  
The prize, and yield it to thy Molly's name.

DICKY.

Rather declare, in what more happy clime,  
A marv'ous mountain rears its head sub-  
lime;  
Whose sides with salt, of purest white,  
o'erflow,  
Which far extending fills the vales below;  
Declare but this, the contest I resign,  
Betty unrivall'd ever shall be thine.

LEVI.

Cease to contend, for, Dicky, I decree  
The cloak to Daniel, and the boots to thee.  
"Blest swains! whose nymphs in ev'ry  
grace excel;  
Blest nymphs! whose swains those graces  
sing so well."  
Now quickly rise, to yonder Hall repair,  
The bell has rung, and dinner waits you  
there;  
The board with various dainties shall be  
crown'd,  
And viands breathe *Calebian* odours round.  
Exeunt Daniel and Dicky, preceded  
by Levi.

We are informed that the pen of  
Clarkson, which has so very ably and  
successfully depicted the guilt of the  
Slave Trade, has been employed in  
the vindication of that sect of Chris-  
tians, commonly called Quakers. It  
is said, that the work is executed with  
great simplicity, worthy of the cause  
he pleads; and that the Quakers will  
be indebted to him for introducing  
their good fame in the world, in a  
manner which will secure to it addi-  
tional respect.

The following, though an old story,  
is a good one, well told. We do not  
remember to have seen a more happy  
versification.

#### JACK AND THE DEACON.

Two sons of Neptune, Jack and Will,  
One Sunday morn were walking,  
On various subjects, this and that,  
With much sang froid were talking.

Perchance as near a house of pray'r  
They fearless urg'd their way,  
The Deacon of the church came out,  
In robes bedizen'd for the day.

He bow'd, and thus the tars address'd;  
"Good sirs, why pass ye thus your time?  
"Surely you'd better walk with me,  
"Sport on this day is no small crime."

"With all my heart," each tar reply'd  
And boldly with the man they ventur'd,  
Who kindly led them to the church,  
When on his course the Parson enter'd.

With prayer the solemn work begins;  
A song of Zion next succeeds;  
And here the Deacon, rising slow,  
Gravely proclaims the Psalm, and reads;

"With Hyson purge thy servant, Lord;"  
Then tun'd aloud his vocal nose,  
But luckless man, behold a tune  
That suited ill the verse he chose.

Thrice he assay'd to sound the line,  
And thrice he hemm'd to change his tone,  
But vain, alas! prov'd each attempt,  
The man now wish'd himself alone.

Jack mov'd to pity, saw his friend's distress,  
Nor could he long, his summon'd feelings  
curb,  
But rising from his seat, he loudly cry'd,  
Deacon, for God's sake, try some other  
HERA!!!

## THE POET AND THE GUINEA.

'Tis said a wild poetick ninny  
 Once in his travels found a guinea—  
 And, startled by so strange a sight,  
 For much he fear'd the thing would bite,  
 Inquir'd of every one that came  
 If he could tell the insect's name.  
 At length one, shrewder than the rest,  
 Thus to the Bard himself address'd :  
 " That insect with its yellow face,  
 Is deadly poison to thy race ;  
*Touch but its face, and soon it sends  
 A venom to the fingers' ends,*  
*That, mounting swiftly to the brain,*  
*Will give it such a yellow stain,*  
*A stain so filthy and impure,*  
*That nothing short of death can cure.*  
 And after, when you strive to chime  
 Your thoughts, as formerly, in rhyme,  
 The poison in the brain will chink,  
 And quite destroy the Muses' clink."  
 The Poet, frighten'd by the knave,  
 Forthwith releas'd his yellow slave,  
 And oft complain'd, in mournful strain,  
 He never saw his face again.

Our modern *elegantes* will recognize in the following beautiful lines an accurate portrait of themselves. But how will they be astonished to learn that this allegorical personage was intended as a personification of vice, as drawn by a learned English bishop.

The other maid seem'd ev'n of fairer hue,  
 But bold her mein, unguarded rov'd her eye ;  
 And her flush'd cheeks confess'd at nearer view,  
 The borrow'd blushes of an artful dye.  
 All soft and delicate, with airy swim,  
 Lightly she danc'd along ; *her robe betray'd,*  
*Through the clear texture, ev'ry tender limb,*  
 Heightening the charms it only seem'd to shade.  
 And as it flow'd adown so loose and thin,  
 Her stature show'd more tall, more snowy white her skin.  
 Oft as she walk'd, she view'd herself askance,  
 Ev'n on her shade a conscious look she threw,  
 Then all around her cast a careless glance,  
 To mark what gazing eyes her beauty drew.

The following moral and beautiful lines, on one of the greatest natural

curiosities in the United States, have a claim upon the attention of all those who take a delight in picturesque scenery, or in viewing the stupenduous works of nature. They are from the pen of the celebrated Thomas Moore. The Mohawk is a river of very considerable importance in the State of New-York. The Cohoez, or falls are three miles above its confluence with the Hudson. It is here 1000 feet wide, and precipitates its waters over a rock of about sixty feet high.

## LINES,

WRITTEN AT THE COHOEZ. OR FALLS  
 OF THE MOHAWK RIVER.\*

From rise of morn, till set of sun,  
 I've seen the mighty Mohawk run ;  
 And, as I mark'd the woods of pine  
 Along his mirror darkly shine,  
 Like tall and gloomy forms that pass  
 Before the wizard's midnight glass ;  
 And as I view'd the hurrying pace  
 With which he ran his turbid race,  
 Rushing alike untir'd and wild,  
 Thro' shades that frown'd, and flowers  
 that smil'd,  
 Flying by every green recess  
 That woo'd him to its calm caress,  
 Yet sometimes turning with the wind,  
 As if to leave one look behind !  
 Oh ! how I have thought, and thinking  
 sigh'd—  
 How like to thee, thou restless tide !  
 May be the lot, the life of him,  
 Who roams along thy water's brim ?  
 Through what alternate shades of wo,  
 And flowers of joy, my path may go !  
 How many a humble, still retreat,  
 May rise to court my weary feet,  
 While still pursuing, still unblest,  
 I wander on, nor dare to rest !  
 But urgent as the doom that calls  
 Thy water to its destined falls,  
 I see the worlds bewildering force  
 Hurry my heart's devoted course

\* There is a dreary and savage character in the country immediately about these falls, which is much more in harmony with the wildness of such a scene, than the cultivated lands in the neighbourhood of Niagara.

The fine rainbow which is continually forming and dissolving, as the spray rises into the light of the sun, is perhaps the most interesting beauty which these wonderful cataracts exhibit.

From lapse to lapse, till life be done,  
 And the last current cease to run!  
 Oh may my fall be bright as thine!  
 May heaven's forgiving rainbow shine  
 Upon the mist that circles me,  
 As soft, as now it hangs o'er thee.

### THE DOWNFALL OF PRUSSIA.

A DIRGE, ADAPTED TO THE MUSICK OF  
*"The Flowers of the Forest."*

Oh! wo to the traitor, that dark violator,  
 Who gave up the brave to the sword of  
 the foe!

Oh! curst be the naming of him whose  
 foul framing  
 Our land fill'd with ruin, our hearts fill'd  
 with wo!

See our brave soldiers dying!—our beaute-  
 ous Queen flying!

Our vet'rans betray'd! wounded, bleed-  
 ing, and bare!

Our fields once joy speaking, now with  
 gallant blood reeking!

Oh! death to the traitor who caus'd our  
 despair!

Towns, where labour once smiling, and  
 sweet peace beguiling,

In flames of destruction now redden the  
 air!

Soldiers' shouts wildly breaking! women  
 moaning and shrieking,

With horror and tears flee away in de-  
 spair!

The palace once ringing with dancing and  
 singing,

No more bears the footsteps of Beauty  
 and Mirth!

There the victor insulting, o'er the brave  
 dead exulting!

Nor content till the fall'n are sunk deep  
 in the earth!

Gone the home's gentle blessing, where  
 children caressing,

Round the table once sat, fond and smil-  
 ing and gay!

Now at the meal drooping, each head with  
 grief stooping,

Mourns the father now slain, and laid  
 cold in the clay!

Oh! wo to the traitor, that dark violator,  
 Who gave up the brave to the sword of  
 the foe!

Oh! curst be the naming of him whose  
 foul framing,

Our land fill'd with ruin, our hearts fill'd  
 with wo!

### THE DRAMA.

#### THEATRE, DRURY LANE.

The tragedy of Percy was repre-  
 sented at this theatre last night, for

the purpose principally of introduc-  
 ing Mrs. Whitlock (late Miss E.  
 Kemble) in the character of Elwina,  
 after an absence from the London  
 boards of nearly twenty years. What  
 impression she might have then  
 made must be now entirely lost, so  
 there is no room to compare her with  
 herself. It is generally known that  
 Mrs. Whitlock is a sister of Mrs. Sid-  
 dons; and even were it not, it is im-  
 possible to hear and behold her,  
 without being struck with a resem-  
 blance, in every respect so strong as  
 cannot well be any other than that of  
 sisters. To say that her powers of  
 theatrick representation equal those  
 of Mrs. Siddons, or that she is so  
 eminently gifted by nature, or culti-  
 vated by art to embody the inspira-  
 tions of the tragick muse, would  
 alarm Criticism and stagger Credibili-  
 ty. We are not prepared to say so;  
 but when we pronounce her talents  
 to be of the very first order, we do  
 them but justice, and can offend no  
 unbiassed critick, and least of any one,  
 Mrs. Siddons, to whose praise must  
 redound every commendation that is  
 bestowed on Mrs. Whitlock, who re-  
 sembles her sister almost as nearly  
 in talent and exertion as in figure  
 and in face. Mrs. W. certainly has  
 not the steadiness and majesty of  
 Mrs. Siddons; neither has her linea-  
 ments and person equal symmetry,  
 grace or rotundity. On the contrary,  
 she is very thin in the face, and  
 something awkward and ungainly  
 about her neck and general carriage.  
 But the interest she excites is too  
 powerful to allow attention to direct  
 itself to these minor physical defects.  
 Her eye is full and variously expres-  
 sive, and its glances are striking and  
 vivid, though emitted from a thinner  
 visage, and a paler complexion. In  
 these, as in the accents of her voice,  
 the similitude is so near, that it must  
 often agreeably deceive both the eye  
 and the ear. As, therefore, the pow-  
 ers and person of Mrs. Whitlock  
 bear so marked an affinity to those  
 of Mrs. Siddons, it is next to impos-  
 sible to avoid comparing them to-  
 gether. It must obtrude itself every

moment upon the most heedless observer. We shall, however, only generally observe, that their conception of a character seems to be equally correct; in the execution, where dignity is to be represented, or terror impressed, Mrs. Siddons stands unrivalled; where pity and the softer passions are to be infused, Mrs. Whitlock is not surpassed. We more familiarly sympathize in the feelings of the latter; by the grander bursts of the former we are terrified and over-awed. The acting of the one has more of general nature, that of the other more of occasional sublimity.

We may, therefore, in some measure apply to those two accomplished actresses, what the British Adrastus says of Dryden and Pope. We behold Mrs. Siddons with frequent astonishment; Mrs. Whitlock with perpetual delight. If we are to point out any passage of her last night's performance, it is not the more prominent ones of the piece, where every performer is ambitious of exertion, but those short and simple ones, where judgment and feeling are often most happily marked; of this description we shall for the present particularise but two—the one where Lord Raby asks—

"Should some rash man, regardless of thy fame,

And in defiance of thy marriage vows,  
Presume to plead a guilty passion for thee,  
What would't do?"

Elwina answered, with most impressive energy,

"What honour bids me do."

And again, when in her first interview with Percy, she hesitates to disclose her situation to him, and he impatiently exclaims, "Speak, say what art thou?" the pause that intervened, and the lowered tone in which she expressed the word "married," was given with a force and discrimination which was universally felt and universally applauded. Indeed the enthusiastick plaudits that accompanied her performance

throughout, were only surpassed by those of the audience at the fall of the curtain. We never saw Elliston, or H. Siddons more happily exert themselves; but the whole attention was absorbed by the novelty of the night, which drew an overflowing house at a very early hour.

## ORIGINAL POETRY.

*For The Port Folio.*

MR. OLDSCHOOL,

The favourable reception of my first production has induced me to make a second essay, which I send you, at the risk of having it thrown among the "*crudities* of literature;" and for the egotism I must plead a *Poetica Licentia*.

ADDRESSED TO MISS MARGARET F\*\*.

"Mirth, with thee I mean to live."

One Summer eve, by Cynthia's light,  
Attracted, I in merry plight,  
Sauntered to seek my favourite grove,  
Musing o'er former scenes of love:

And as by deepening thought enchain'd,  
My honeysuckle bower I gain'd,  
The nightingale's enchanting note  
Had lulled me to a sleep remote.

Methought, while Morpheus held his sway,  
And as in *partial death* I lay,  
A female rose whose gladsome air  
Drove from the soul's fair seat, dull Care.

Her step was as the zephyrs light,  
And in fantastick form bedight,  
A goblet her right hand compressed,  
Which sparkled bright as Phœbus' crest.

"Thou favoured youth," she smiling said,  
"Shalt win the heart of some fair maid,  
At Grief's low shrine bow not the knee,  
To Mirth a cheerful vot'ry be."

She said, and raised the goblet high,  
A lure to my delighted eye,  
"Behold," she cried, in wildest strain,  
"Let this with joy infuse each vein."

Eager I snatched the antique cruse,  
And quaffed, with wild delight, its juice,  
My thirsty soul each drop did drain,  
And to her hand returned it vain.

With transport now each scene I viewed,  
Each youthful freak now seemed renewed,  
The Goddess smiled, "by Fame renown'd  
May all thy future life be crown'd."

The magick words all fears disarm,  
O'er my light soul now spreads the charm,  
Now to my heart is joy instilled,  
And all my thoughts with pleasure filled.

And with the fair sex, Nature's pride,  
In cheery converse I'll abide,  
And pass the light and dulcet hours,  
In airy groves and shady bowers.

But when in "mazy dance" I seek  
To lead young Margaret, my cheek  
The fervour of my heart betrays,  
And shows the latent spark a blaze.

For us, fair Margaret, combine  
Their sweets the Rose and Eglantine,  
And in fantastick windings wreath,  
To form a shady grot beneath.

Whilst thou, sweet Margaret, art a Rose,  
The Queen of every flow'r that blows,  
Oh! let me be the Eglantine  
Which twines its sportive arms with thine.

STANLEY.

### ODE.

*For The Port Folio.*

Yes, Love thou ruler of the human heart,  
Yes, Tyrant offspring of the Paphian  
Queen,

'Tis thou alone, who by thy venom'd dart,  
Hast caused these pangs so exquisitely  
keen,

But why didst thou, oh Fate severe,  
Condemn this faithful heart to bear  
The sum of woes, the chief of ills,  
The pangs the hopeless lover feels?

Who mourns his lot with many a falling  
tear,

Who sighs his sorrows to the changing  
wind,

Changing as she, who once to him was  
kind,

But now who flies his love, and leaves him  
to despair?

Why doom to burn within my constant  
heart,

A passion kindled by Maria's charms?  
Bereft of hope, I see a rival blest,  
A rival happy in Maria's arms:

No more her fatal charms I'll view,  
That first enchant and then undo;  
I'll fly the lovely faithless maid,

My griefs I'll tell the silent shade,  
And to the lonely rocks my wailings pour;  
There will I dream of joys I cannot  
taste,

And in the dreary, wild, and pathless  
waste,

Find that tranquillity to me unknown be-  
fore!

And when my weary race of life is run,  
And every sting of recent woe is fled,  
When droops beneath the wave my set-  
ting sun,

And Fate lets fall her veil around my  
head;

If then Maria, cruel maid,  
Should tread the turf where low I'm  
laid,

Her falsehood will be all forgiv'n,  
My shade will feel the wished-for  
heaven,

If, conscious that my grave she's wander-  
ing near,

Some latent spark of love should still  
survive,

Some gentle sigh should wish me  
still alive,

And on my lifeless head should fall com-  
passion's tear.

S.

### EPIGRAM.

*ASPASIA.*

Aspasia, as the ancients have confessed,  
Wit, beauty, wisdom, and renown posses-  
sed;

But Venus *Improba* her homage claimed,  
And for a *naughty life* this fair was famed;  
The jarring tribes of Academick Greece  
To crowd her levees meet in silent peace;  
While from her lips some novel dogma  
flowed,

Conviction with her favours she bestowed,  
Her school the student owned of every  
age,

The beardless stripling, and the greybeard  
sage;

E'en Socrates, to gain instruction flew,  
His dear Xantippe doubtless out of view,  
Blest fair! who free from philosophick  
strife

Would analyze the dearest joys of life!  
Who could to love each pupil's mind invite,  
And theory and practice both unite!

The price of The Port Folio is Six Dollars per annum, to be paid in advance.

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# THE PORT FOLIO,

(NEW SERIES)

BY OLIVER OLDSCHOOL, ESQ.



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Various, that the mind of desultory man, studious of change and pleased with novelty, may be indulged—Cowp.

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## ORIGINAL PAPERS.

### MISCELLANY.

*For The Port Folio.*

#### A TREATISE ON ORIENTAL POETRY.

*(Continued from page 54.)*

IN the class of the Love odes of the Arabs, we ought to place the descriptions of feasts and pleasures, subjects upon which their poets often exercise themselves. The following is an example :

“ In the laughing season, when the young Roebuck bounds upon the hills, and the sweet breath of the fresh gale announces the reign of the rose, the rivulets murmur agreeably, and the branches bow themselves to adore him, who has re clothed them with their green robes. Then we assemble in a garden beauties capable of inflaming the Universe with love. The liberal clouds cover the plains with their liquid pearls and transparent chrystals, and spread their precious drops upon the fields decked with vegetable rubies. The shining teeth of these beautiful maidens sparkle like jasper. Their eyes are clear as the pure silver, and are never obscured by sleep. The odoriferous branches enrich us with their treasures. The birds perched in groves

of flowers delight us by their songs, and the air is embalmed with Musk. Oh ! charming Paradise ! in which my beloved shines like the full moon ! Oh ! what pleasures ! what enchantment ! It is here where eternity itself resides, at the height of felicity. The soft sound of kisses, voluptuous cooings, the tender sigh of Lovers, in this place alone strikes our ravished ears : all the united charms of Nature are the only objects which present themselves to our eyes, and the vivifying cup reanimates our senses oppressed with pleasure. Every thing enchants, every thing pleases around us. If the solitary Dervise could see this garden, he would immediately quit his retreat, he would without remorse break his former vows. Rise, my companion, fill the wine, sorrow ought not in this place to seize upon our hearts, a bumper of this divine liquor ought to cleanse them from all pain. Oh ! how much the wine, the verdure of these fields, these beautiful maidens have of sweetness. Do not obey the Censor, he is full of deception and carries the publick enemy in his breast. May all deceit be banished from this place.”

The Arabs also have a species of short odes, which much resemble the Persian odes ; they often consist of four lines like the European Sonnets, and it is probable that this kind of versification was brought from the East into Spain, and thence pass-

ed into Provence and Italy. That which we now give is found in the original of the Arabian Tales of the thousand and one nights, and it is replete with those comparisons and images, which ornament with so much beauty the canticles of Solomon.

“By the arched bows which guard her eyes, and by her eyes which dart enchanting arrows with their glances ;

By her delicate form, and by the cutting cimeter of her looks ; by the shining majesty of her deportment, and the dark shade of her hair ;

By her languishing eyes, which charm sleep, and give laws to the Empire of Love ;

By the ringlets of her black hair, which like Scorpions lanch into the heart, the arrows of despair ;

By the Roses and Lillies which bloom upon her cheeks, by the lively carnation of her smiling lips, and her teeth of dazzling pearls ;

By the odour of her musky hair, and by the streams of wine and honey which run from her lips when she speaks ;

By her neck like that of a Roebuck, by her stature equal to the Cypress, by her bosom swelled and rounded like a pomegranate ;

By the graces which accompany her steps, and by the lightness of her form,

By the silky softness of her bosom, the sweetness of her lips and all the beauties with which she is ornamented :

By the affability of her manners, the truth of her words, the nobility of her birth, and the greatness of her Fortune ;

By all these rare gifts, I swear, that the odour of Musk is less agreeable than that of her tresses, and that the breath of the Zephyrs, steals its perfume from her hair ;

That the meridian Sun is less resplendent than her cheek, that the new moon is less beautiful than her forehead.”

In some ancient collections made by Abu Teman Talebi, and by other authours, are many Love verses written occasionally, which are very neat and elegant, such as these four stanzas of Dhuel Remma upon an Antelope :

“Thou art recalled to my remembrance, Oh ! Maia, when the bounding Antelope outstrips my courser, and fixes upon me its large shining eyes.

Ap Antelope which inhabits the Sandy hills, whose skin is reddish, and who has a face like the Sun in its meridian.

It resembles Maia by its delicate form, by the beautiful roundness of its neck, by the lustre of its black eyes : but Maia shines with more splendour and with more charms ;

When it shows its ornaments of Ivory, they seem to wave like the branches of the tree Ochar, when agitated by a torrent rolling in the valley.”

We must now come to the Persians and the Turks, but there is little to say of these last, because the greater part of their odes are an imitation of the Persian, although it must be acknowledged that the Turks have verses of an original turn, and very elegant of which this is an example :

Kamer hemchere si di gabgabinung.  
Cheker hemchihre si di lablerinung.  
Gulini sumbulung kilmish perichân  
Asilmich ber kiline bing del u geân,  
Lebing den lalung olmichdi yeri senk,  
Dehaning den cheker kalmichde diltenk.

“The light of the Moon was equalled by the splendour of her countenance, and her lips were sweet as honey. The hyacinths of her tresses were scattered upon the Roses of her cheeks, and a thousand hearts were suspended to a single ringlet of her beautiful hair. The ruby, compared to her lips appeared only as a common stone, and her mouth took from sugar the prize of sweetness.”

The Persians, above all, excel in their Love odes of which we have already given a specimen in the first section. It is surprising how much the odes of Hafiz resemble the fragments which we have, of the Lyrical Poets of Greece. We may assert with truth, that this poet has all the agreeableness and vivacity of Anacreon, with the softness and charms of Sappho. In general this kind of poems celebrate love and pleasure, and are interspersed with reflections upon the instability of Fortune, and the vanity of human wishes ; they are called Gazels, and rarely contain less than five strophes each, or more than sixteen.

Although these Gazels or odes are worthy the curiosity of people of taste, it must be acknowledged that the ideas are often monotonous. The fertility of the language and the richness of the expressions, make this de-

fect disappear in the original, to which consequently it is impossible to render justice. After these considerations, and the assertion of those who pretend that poetry can never be well expressed by prose, the author of this treatise had at first given the ornament of Rhyme to these Gazels, but having then been forced to depart sometimes from an absolutely literal translation, he at last judged that the inconvenience attached to this circumstance would be obviated by adding at the end of the treatise the same odes in verse that were to be here given in prose. If this repetition should appear strange, it ought by no means to be attributed to vanity, but to the desire of giving an idea of what we can make of the Oriental Poetry, and thus to open a career which others can pursue much better. As it was difficult to make a choice in the excellent collection of the odes of Hafiz, we have taken those at random, in imitation of the Orientals, who to decide as well on the least as on the most considerable occasions, fortuitously open a book and leaving all to chance, hold themselves to that which first strikes their sight. We have taken notice\* of the confidence which these people have in this species of divination, when in the History of Nadir Shah† we have seen this

\* This treatise was subjoined to a history of Nadir Shah.

† Après que l'illustre guerrier se fut reposé des fatigues qu'il avoit soutenu pour se rendre maître d'Hamadan et de Kermanschah, il conçut un vif désir de prendre Tauris. Rempli de ce dessein, il essaya d'en decouvrir le succès, en consultant les poèmes du divin Hafiz ; et à l'ouverture du livre, le sort lui présenta une ode qui non seulement répondit à la présente situation des affaires mais dont la dernière strophe (que voici) étoit frappante :

"O Hafiz ! toi que Fars, toi qu'Irak admirèrent.

Quand de tes vers touchans les sons mélodieux,

T'armèrent d'un pouvoir divin, victorieux,  
Et ces fameux pays à la fois subjuguèrent ;  
Hâte-toi, viens cueillir les lauriers glorieux

prince, determine upon two famous sieges, by two verses of the same Hafiz of which we will join the entire ode to those we have just spoken of.

## ODE I.

"My bosom is filled with Roses ; I have wine in my head, my beloved yields to my desires. The monarch of the world is this day my slave.

Listen, do not bring flambeaux into our assembly, for the Moon of the cheeks of my Favourite is at its full in this banquet.

Do not burn perfumes in our banquetting chamber, for my soul finds no pleasure except in the embalmed odour of thy hair.

Do not speak of the savour of sugar and honey, for I desire only to taste the sweetness of thy lips.

In our apartments Wine is permitted, but, Oh ! Cypress, decked with the most beautiful shades ! without thee it is forbidden.

When thou art absent, and the weights of affliction oppress my heart, I always retire into the corner of my cell.

Why dost thou speak to me of reputation ! hold it not in estimation ; why dost thou tell me of my name ! what is that to me ?

My ear is constantly attentive to the melody of the Flute and the notes of the Harp ; my eyes are always fixed upon thy ruby lips, and upon the circulating cup.

We love good Wine with obstinacy, we are amorous, our eyes are lascivious, but throughout the city, where is he who is not subject to the same faults ?

Do not for these offences accuse us to the magistrate, he loves as well as we a bumper of this vivifying wine.

Do not seat thyself, Hafiz, without thy beloved at thy side, and wine in thy cup, for it is the season of the Rose and Jasmine, it is the feast of Spring.

## ODE II.

"Shiraz, I salute thee ! Oh city so deliciously situated ! may Heaven preserve thee from ruin !

*Qu'à Bagdad, qu'à Tauris, les cieux te réservèrent."*

Sur l'augure favorable de ces deux derniers vers, les bannières victorieuses furent déployées &c.

Hic. de Nad. Chah. Liv. ii, c. lix.

† This ode will be given in French Poetry at the end of the Treatise.



Oh Roenabad ! may the same Heaven defend thy spring, of which the clear waters give us the long life of Kedher !  
 In the walks of Giaferabad, and Mosellay the balmy Zephyr breathes perfumes.  
 Haste, fly to Shiraz, implore the favour of its inhabitants, who are endowed with the perfection of Angels.  
 Who has ever boasted of the Sugar of Egypt, to whom the soft maidens of Shiraz have not caused their folly to be known.  
 Light Zephyrs, what news dost thou bring me from this tender, lovely and sweet beauty ? In the name of Heaven, do not disturb my sleep, for I was happy in the enjoyment of her image.  
 If my beloved desires to shed thy blood, Oh ! my heart, grant it to her as freely as the milk of her mother.  
 Since thou fearest so much, Oh ! Hafiz, the hour of separation, why dost thou not return thanks to Heaven for the days of her presence."

## ODE III.

"Boy, bring the cups, and fill them with wine, fill all the cups with a sparkling wine.  
 Bring wine, the remedy against love. Wine cures the maladies of young and old.  
 The wine and the cup are the Sun and the Moon; bring the moon to serve as a circle to the Sun.  
 Pour the liquid flames, pour the wine sparkling like fire.  
 If the Rose withers, say gayly bring wine the colour of the rose.  
 If the melody of the Nightingale no longer is heard, let us listen to the music of the cups passing round.  
 Do not afflict thyself with the Alteration of Fortune, but be attentive to the harmony of the Lute.  
 I shall see the charming countenance of my beloved in my sleep: to hasten this moment give me another bumper of wine.  
 Although I be almost distracted, there is no other remedy for my frenzy, again pour me wine, that I may entirely lose the use of my senses.  
 Once more bring full cups to Hafiz, he is resolved to drink, whether it be to him permitted or forbidden."

## ODE IV.

"This day is a day of joy and pleasure, it is the festival of the spring; we shall obtain what our hearts desire; fortune is subject to our commands.  
 Listen, Oh ! moon, new spouse of the Heavens ! do not show thy brilliant cheeks in the east, for today we see the full

moon of the countenance of my beloved.

Why do we hear the Nightingale sigh at this hour of the morning ! he prepares his melody at the approach of the spring.

Say to the censor, no more give advice to playful youth : who seats himself this day without his beloved and without wine ?

See the Dervise, this day places himself in the corner of a tavern, who formerly had no dwelling except the Mosque.

Let it be loudly proclaimed, that today the eyes of Hafiz are fixed on the charms of his beloved and his lips upon his delicious cup."

## ODE V.

"Tell me, Zephyr of the morning, where is the dwelling of my beloved ? where is the resting place of that moon, who destroys her admirers ?

The night is dark, and the valley of Aiman is before me ; where is the moon of the hills ; who will conduct me to the presence of my beloved ?

All those who appear in the world soon lose their reason ; they go about asking in the banquetting halls ; where can we find a wise man ?

May he who understands the concealed sense of my expressions, rejoice ! we have many obscure sentences, but where is the man to whom we can confide our secrets ?

I have a thousand affairs to settle with every ringlet of thy hair. Oh ! where are we ? and where is the useless censor.

I have lost my senses : this chair of musk has captivated my heart. Oh ! where is she ?

The wine, the dance, roses, all is prepared, but life is imperfect without my beloved ; where is my beloved ?

Hafiz passes his time in the garden at shelter from the winds of Autumn ; but is there a rose without a thorn ?

## ODE VI.

"Oh how perfect is thy form ! how lovely is thy discourse ! thy attractions and sweetness enchant my soul.

Thy mind is as soft as the rose that is fresh, thy beauty is equal to that of the Cypress of the heavenly garden.

Thy spriteliness and wit are full of charms ; thy cheeks are even and ecstatic ; thy eyes and eyebrows are all that is most beautiful in the world ; the graces animate thy form and majestic shape.

Each flower of the rosy garden receives new ornaments from thy charms ; each

Zephyr takes the sweetness of its breath from thy hair as odoriferous as the Jasmine.

In the path of love we cannot avoid the torrent of anguish ; nevertheless thy friendship has rendered my pain agreeable.

Sometimes before thy eyes I die, and sometimes in contemplating the splendour of thy deportment, my ills become delicious.

Although in the desert of absence, there is danger on all sides, the fearful and languishing Hafiz travels in it agreeably, when he occupies himself in forming wishes for thy return.

## ODE VII.

"Come, I perceive, a soft Zephyr sporting on that countenance ; all hearts are wounded by that cheek.

The descriptions which are given us, of the virgins of Paradise are explained by that cheek.

The musk of China receives its odour from those ringlets of hair ; those tresses have stolen the sweetness of their perfume from that cheek.

The Pine is humbled with the grass, compared to that stature, the rose droops its head near that cheek.

The buds of the Jasmine envy that bosom ; the flowers of the Amaranth are jealous of that cheek.

The fires of the Sun are accrued from the rays of that countenance : the moon is arrested in the firmament by that cheek.

The streams of life flow from the delightful accents of Hafiz, as his blood flows from his heart at the sight of that cheek.

## ODE VIII.

"Ab, thy countenance, shining like the moon, is the fresh spring of beauty ; that beautiful spot on thy cheek, that lovely dimple, as the centre of the circle of beauty.

In thy languishing eyes are concealed the enchantments of magick ; among thy flowing ringlets is established the dwelling of beauty.

There is no moon which shines like thee in the firmament of Love ; there grows no pine like thee in the garden of beauty.

The hours of love are rendered sweet by thy charms : thy attractions reanimate the season of beauty.

From the snares of thy hair, and from the allurements of the beautiful spot upon thy cheek no heart can save itself, they all become like the deceived bird, the prey of beauty.

Nature has chosen thee from all mankind, and like an attentive nurse she cherishes and caresses thee in the lap of beauty.

The Tulip buds are agreeable and fresh, because they are watered by the springs of life upon the banks of beauty.

Hafiz is smitten with thy charms, and declares that thy cheek is the only place where he finds the palace of beauty.

## ODE IX.

"I love a beauty, who like the Rose is under the shade of a bower of hyacinths ; her cheeks are as clear as a brook : her ruby lips respire the sweetest breath.

When she spreads upon her cheeks the net of her beautiful hair, she says to the Zephyr, keep our secret.

Her cheeks are even and lovely. Oh ! Heavens, give her an eternal life, for her charms are eternal.

When I begin to be in love, I say, before I can find this pearl of my desires, perhaps I may find a sea without depth, or shall be at last overcome by waves.

Spill a drop of wine upon the earth ; such is at present the condition of the greatest heroes ; the power of Gemchid and Caikhosrev is no more than a vain fable.

Do not forbid me to contemplate thy stature so like the Cypress, I wish to seat myself at the head of thy fountain, for its waters run tranquilly.

If thou wishest to bind me in thy chains, bind me quickly ; for delays beget misfortune, and he who loves suffers much.

Deliver me from the anxious cares of absence, if thou desirest Heaven to preserve thee from the looks of malignity.

When the rose smiles upon thee, Oh ! Nightingale, do not be deceived ; for we ought not to rely on the rose, notwithstanding it enclose the beauty of the universe.

In the name of Heaven, help my revenge, orderer of the Banquet, for my fair one drinks wine with the rest, and is only reserved with me.

What heart escapes her glances ! she seats herself in ambush in a corner, and adapts her arrows to her bow.

What has happened to the court of my beloved, that the greatest Kings touch the threshold of it with their foreheads ? How forgive my fortune ? that amiable nymph whose beauty excites a tumult in the city, fills the heart of Hafiz with bitterness, although her mouth has so much sweetness.

## ODE X.

" Oh sweet Zephyr, if it happen to thee, to pass by the dwelling of the object which my heart loves, may thy breath bring me the odour of her perfumed hair ;

For with that breath my soul would be filled with voluptuousness, as receiving a message from that dear object.

But if thou art too weak to sustain such a weight, at least scatter upon my eyes the dust which thou gatherest from the threshold of her door.

I am confounded and remain immovably seated, in waiting its return. Ah ! when will my eyes be charmed by the sight of that lovely countenance !

My heart formerly high as the Pine, now trembles like the willow, through the ardent passion, kindled by the graces of the form and shape of my beloved.

Although my beloved has little regard for me, I would give the whole world for a single look of her beautiful eyes.

How happy would it be for my heart if it was delivered from the shackles of the cares of life, since it is destined to be the vassal and slave of its beloved !"

The poet Hafiz, has produced many other works, in which we find the same beauty of images, and the same charm of expression as in his odes, which are about 600 in number. The Baron Revizki sent to the authour the two first of the ten odes we have just given ; he had translated them into Latin with an elegance, worthy of a man of taste, whose most extensive acquaintance, as well with the Oriental as the European Literature gives him a distinguished rank among the learned of the age.

As the Eastern authours cannot but lose in the translation, perhaps the praises given them in this treatise will be found preposterous ; but let those who think so, give themselves the trouble to translate literally the works of Horace, Anacreon and Sappho, and they will no longer be offended at what shall have appeared cold and dry in some stanzas of these Persian odes or songs. We may say on this head, with Miguel de Cervantes ; he who pretends to judge of whatever poem it may be, in a literal translation, might as reasonably expect to find upon the reverse of Tapestry, the figures which it repre-

sents, in all their delicacy and splendour.

(To be continued.)

## CRITICISM.

For The Port Folio.

*An Elegy written in a country Church Yard—GRAY*

But most the musick of the plaintive moon,  
With lengthen'd note detains the listening ear ;

As lost in thought Thou wanderest all alone. ANON.

We have already expressed our intention to bring before our readers some of the principal comments that have been offered upon that famous *Elegy*, which stands so completely alone in English poetry as to be sufficiently described by that name itself. Of a poem universally admired, it cannot but be pleasing to examine the more remarkable beauties ; and it is useful to observe the imperfections. In one or two instances, it will even be found, that the meaning of the poet is a subject for misapprehension.

The critics, whom we shall quote on this occasion ; are Mason, Johnson, Scott, and Wakefield ; with others, who have written anonymously.

I. Mr. Mason supplies us with some portion of the history of this poem.

" I he most popular of all our authour's publications ; it ran through eleven editions in a very short space of time ; was finely translated into Latin by Messrs. Ansty and Roberts ; and in the same year another, though I think inferior version of it was published by Mr. Lloyd. He originally gave it only the simple title of *Stanzas, written in a Country Church-Yard*. I persuaded him first to call it an *Elegy*, because the subject authorized him so to do ; and the alternate measure, in which it was written, seemed peculiarly fit for that species of composition : I imagined too, that so capital a poem, written in this measure, would, as it were, appropriate it in future to wri-

tings of this sort; and the number of imitations which have since been made of it (even to satiety) seem to prove that my notion was well founded. In the first manuscript copy of this exquisite poem, I find the conclusion different from that which he afterwards composed; and though his after-thought was unquestionably the best, yet there is a pathetick melancholy in the four rejected stanzas, which highly claims preservation. I shall therefore give them as a variation in their proper place."

II. Mr. Wakefield expresses himself with his accustomed warmth of feeling.

"We are at length come to that famous production of Mr. Gray's genius, in the commendation of which it is not possible for praise to be too liberal, and to transcend the expectation of the reader. I suppose, that the whole world cannot show such a finished and pathetick poem, Pope's *Eloisa* alone excepted; which is not more original, though more fortunate in such a curious combination of incidents as could hardly be expected to concur in one subject.

The reasons of that universal approbation with which this *Elegy* has been received may be learned from the comprehensive encomium of Dr. Johnson: "It abounds with images which find a mirror in every breast; and with sentiments to which every bosom returns an echo."

III. The encomium of Dr. Johnson we shall quote at length. Adverse as this critick has shown himself to the reputation of every other production of Mr. Gray, he uses with respect to the *Elegy*, only the strongest language of approbation. "In the character of his *Elegy*, I rejoice to concur with the common reader; for by the common sense of readers, incorrupted with literary prejudices, after all the refinements of subtilty, and the dogmatism of learning, must be finally decided all claim of poetical honours. The *Churchyard* abounds with images, which find an echo in every mind,

and with sentiments to which every bosom returns an echo. The four stanzas, beginning *Yet even these bones*, are to me original: I have never seen the notions in any other place; yet he that reads them here, persuades himself that he has always felt them. Had Gray written often thus, it had been in vain to blame, and useless to praise him."

IV. 1, We shall proceed to single out the passages that are more peculiarly the subject of comment:

The curfew tolls the knell of parting day,  
The lowing herd winds slowly o'er the lea,  
The ploughman homeward plods his weary way,  
And leaves the world to darkness and to me.

Here Mr. Gray refers us to Dante, *Purgat*, l. 8.

——squilla di lontano  
Che piao 'l giorno pianger, che si muore.

Mr. Wakefield cites Milton, *Il penseroso*.

Oft on a plat of rising ground,  
I hear the far-off curfew sound,  
Over some wide-water'd shore,  
Swinging wild with sullen roar.

and adds—

"This is excellently descriptive; but there is a particular and superior beauty in Mr. Gray's knell—the funeral sound of the departed day. Young says, somewhere in his *Night Thoughts*,

"It is the knell of my departed hours."

Curfew, in Milton's manner, *couvre-feu*—seems to be the proper orthography of the word.

"This initial stanza is very judiciously delivered with much simplicity of sentiment and expression."

2. Save, that, from yonder ivy-mantled tow'r,  
The moping owl does to the moon complain,  
Of such as wandering near her secret bower,  
Molest her ancient solitary reign.

"If," says Mr. Wakefield, "one might venture to propose any alteration of such an admirable stanza, I

should prefer *silent bower*; as *secret* seems implied sufficiently in the *solitary* of the next verse."

We cannot admit the accuracy of this criticism. Surely, *secret* or *hidden* is something very distinct from *solitary*, and not necessarily to be implied in that expression. That the owl enjoys a *solitary reign* is one subject of observation, but that her *bower* or seat is *secret* is another, and one which naturally suggests itself to him who hears the cry, but cannot discover whence it proceeds. He might be tempted to believe, however, that the poet's idea was this, that the owl *complained to the moon* of *profanation* of her *consecrated bower*; using *secret* for *consecrated*. There appears to be an imitation of Shakspeare, in the *Midsummer Night's Dream*:

'Near to her close and *consecrated bower*.'

On the other hand, it is a more simple thought, that the owl complains only of *molestation* from such as wander near her *bower*, which bower cannot be better described than by the epithet *secret*, or *hidden*; nor worse than by that of *sil. nt.* at the very instant in which the owl is *complaining*, and where, in point of fact, she is far from being *silent*, even when no wanderer is near.

3. Beneath those rugged elms, that yew-tree's shade,  
Where heaves the turf, in many a mould'-ring heap,  
Each in his narrow cell forever laid,  
The rude forefathers of the hamlet sleep.  
The breezy call of incense-breathing morn,  
The swallow twitt'ring from its straw-built shed,  
The cock's shrill clarion, or the echoing horn,  
No more shall rouse them from their lowly bed.

If the first of these stanzas be one of the most faithful descriptive, the second is one of the most splendid in imagery, and harmonious in versification in the whole *Elegy*. The close connexion between language and painting can scarcely be more strongly illustrated than by the verse, *where*

*heaves the turf in many a mould'ring heap*: this is, however, a technical defect; for it contains *eleven* syllables.

For what follows, we are indebted to Mr. Wakefield.

"—— slumbers light,  
That fly the approach of morn."

"—— the time near the day called twilight; for at this time a breeze springs up. And so the poet:

"And river-breezes whisper morn's approach."

Which is from the *Odyssey*, v. 469.  
"—— the noise  
Of leaves and fuming rills, Aurora's fan."

Their lowly bed,

Some readers, keeping in mind the narrow cell abovementioned, have mistaken the *lowly bed*, in this verse, for the grave; as, if I rightly recollect, Lloyd has done in his Latin translation of the *Elegy*: a most puerile and ridiculous blunder!

Jam neque sole rediens, Zephyrive susur-  
rus odori,  
Nec que stramineo sub lare garrat aves;  
Nec galli strepitus, neque rauci murmura  
cornu  
Excitient humili mascula membra toro.

"This, and the three preceding stanzas," continues Mr. Wakefield, "are parodied with so much humour in *an Evening Contemplation in a College*, that they cannot fail to divert the reader:

"Now shine the spires beneath the paly  
moon,  
And through the cloister peace and si-  
lence reign,  
Save where some fiddler scrapes a drowsy  
tune,  
Or copious bowls inspire a jovial train."  
"Save that, in yonder cobweb mantled  
room,  
Where lies a student in profound repose,  
Oppress'd with ale, wide echoes round the  
room  
The droning musick of his vocal nose."  
"Within those walls where, through the  
glimm'ring shade,  
Appear the pamphlets in a mould'ring  
heap,  
Each in his narrow bed till morning laid,  
The peaceful fellows of the college  
sleep."

"The tinkling bell, proclaiming early pray'rs,  
The noisy servants ratt'ling o'er their head,  
The calls of business and domestick cares,  
Ne'er rouse these sleepers from their downy bed."

"I am sorry to add that the parody is, in part, what the original is altogether, *truth and nature*."

The mistake of Mr. Lloyd, we are by no means disposed to denominate a most puerile and ridiculous blunder; but, rather, to impute to the imperfection of the original. It was extremely injudicious in Mr. Gray, after describing the *dead* as *asleep* in the grave, immediately to abandon the *metaphor*, and speak of *sleep* in its natural sense. Another unfortunate particular, greatly contributes to the ambiguity, is the use of the epithet *lowly*, instead of *humble*; for the mind more readily refers *lowly* to the *grave*, than to the *cottager's bed*.

## THE DRAMA.

### THEATRE, DRURY LANE.

A new *Melo Drama*, in three acts, entitled *Tekeli; or The Siege of Montgat*, was produced last night.

The Scene is laid in Hungary.

Count *Tekeli* having been oppressed by the Emperor, is driven into the Castle of Montgat, whence he escapes to Turkey, in hopes of assistance from the Grand Seignior; he leaves the fortress in the care of Alexina, his wife, who withstands, for some months, all the attacks of the Imperialists; but at length her stores being nearly consumed, she is on the point of surrendering, when the piece opens, and Tekeli, attended by his friend Wolf, reach the forest near Montgat; here they are found, fatigued and nearly worn out, by Isidore and some peasants, who convey them to the mill of Keber, being disguised as peasants themselves; Conrad, the honest miller, receives them warmly, and promises them every

comfort; a detachment of guards arriving, Tekeli discovers himself to the Miller at the moment a great reward is offered for his head, when Conrad, retaining his promise, conceals the Prince. The whole second Act consists in stratagems, contrived by him and Wolf, to get Tekeli into the Castle, which, at length, they succeed in, and he is carried over the Torze in a sack. Count Caraffa, the Austrian General, arriving at the Mill soon after, Conrad discloses the whole to him; is arrested, and carried off. The third Act discovers Alexina on the point of surrendering; her Council assembled; an Austrian officer informs her that Tekeli is their prisoner; she remains undismayed, and a few moments assures her she was right. Tekeli's name resounds through the Castle, he clasps her to his heart, and gives orders to make sallies on the enemy; his appearance reanimates the troops, and the piece ends with a grand engagement of the Armies, and the defeat of Caraffa and the Imperialists. This, and the simple loves of *Isidore* and *Christine*, the villainy of a peasant, who wishes to give up the Prince, and some incidents during his concealment in the Mill, form the plot of the piece.

This piece is a translation by Mr. Hooe, jun. and adapted by him to the English stage. The interest is supported with much ingenuity through the whole performance. The musick is pretty, and well adapted to the action. A very sweet air was charmingly sung, in the first act, by Mrs. Bland, and loudly *encored*. Miss Duncan, in the third act, sang an air, accompanying herself on the harp with great taste and execution, and was rapturously *encored*. The scenery is picturesque and beautiful; and the authour is much indebted to Mr. Wroughton, Mr. Elliston, Mr. Decamp, and Miss Duncan, for their great exertions in his favour. The dialogue abounds with loyal and noble sentiments. We never saw a piece receive more unbounded applause; it was announced for a ~~second~~

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cond representation amidst repeated bravos; and, when it has received some compression, will have a long run. The house was extremely full, and contained much fashion. His Royal Highness the Duke of Cambridge, and Lord Henry Fitzgerald were present.

## LAW INTELLIGENCE.

### COURT OF KING'S BENCH, FEB. 13.

*Sittings at Nisi Prius, at Westminster, before LORD ELLENBOROUGH, C. J.*

#### DICKENS v. BURNAND.

Action of assumpsit, for stating that the defendant in consequence of a certain reward, agreed to repair a curricule, and put in a good sound pole. Breach, that he repaired the curricule so negligently, and put in so bad a pole that the pole broke, whereby one of the plaintiff's horses was injured and killed.

The plaintiff, captain Dickens, bought a curricule of the defendant, who is a coach-maker, and shortly after met with an accident, by which the pole was broken. He then went to the defendant, and said, as he had met such bad luck with it, he would dispose of the whole together. The defendant, however, told him not to be dissatisfied with his bargain, for he would put in a new pole, and that "there should be such a pole as he would warrant should be good timber, and it should not break again." He accordingly had orders to make one, and a fortnight afterwards sent it home. The plaintiff then set out on a journey to Ipswich races with a friend, who was driving him. They went at the rate of six miles an hour, and when they got to Rumford the gentleman who was driving pulled up, in order to take in a dog belonging to captain Dickens, which was running by the side of the curricule, when, on a sudden the pole broke near to the socket. Capt. Dickens leaped out, his friend remained in for a short time, trying to stop the

horses, but was at length thrown between their legs, fell into the road, and the curricule going on, at length the leg of one of the horses caught in the wheel; the fetlock was thrown out of the socket, and the horse killed. The value of the horse was fifty guineas, the price of a new pole was two guineas. The accident happened on the first day the pole was used, and all the witnesses agreed that it was a very rare accident for a pole to break in fair driving. It appeared in proof of the plaintiff's negligence, that although the wood of the pole was of a very good quality, yet it was cut across the grain in the part where it was broke off, and the job was put in hand only on the Thursday before it was sent home on the Sunday. The wood was purchased by a piece master, employed by the defendant, on Thursday, and wrought up on that night, painted, fitted with leather, and finished on the Saturday.

Lord ELLENBOROUGH thought that the pole should stand an ordinary wear, the warranty was sufficiently proved, and that considering the particular manner in which the defendant's attention was drawn to the subject, he should have seen to the business himself, and not have left it to his journeyman. Although the wood might be well seasoned, yet in an article of such importance, he should have expected the coach-maker to have kept the wood by him, to have been certain that it was so. Verdict for plaintiff—damages 54l. 12s.

*For The Port Folio.*

## CLASSICAL LEARNING.

*(Continued from page 58.)*

Some have imagined that learning can flourish only in free states; and certainly the enjoyment of liberty and the consciousness of that weight which every citizen has in the public scale, is favourable to that noble enthusiasm and dignity of sentiment that leads to the improvement of science: experience however, has shown that even under arbitrary monarchies, learning

may be cultivated to a considerable degree, especially when patronised by the prince or his courtiers. But sundry other circumstances, mostly unknown to us, are requisite for spreading a taste for knowledge, the want of which has occasioned its slow progress, even under visible circumstances of encouragement.

The invention of printing has contributed amazingly to the diffusion of knowledge, and rendered it much more general than it could have been in former ages. We can scarcely at this day conceive the labour with which the students of those times were obliged to transcribe the books they made use of, or the expense they were at in purchasing copies wrote by others. But as printing on the one hand has rendered knowledge more accessible and diffusive than formerly, it has on the other multiplied the number of books to an amazing degree, and by that means enlarged the labours of the student, so that the French philosopher had reason to complain, that it required more reading in modern times to make a wise man, than among the ancients would have served seven. But notwithstanding the facility with which printing multiplies the copies of books, the luxury of modern times has so enhanced their price, that a London edition of a new book, costs as dear as the expense of making a manuscript copy. The booksellers of Dublin have done much of late to diminish this grievance, and may we not hope that something of that kind may be done in America, if the liberal and mechanick arts be properly encouraged in this country?

The study of the classic, by striking the fancy and awakening the active powers of the mind, was a great mean of reviving learning in Europe during the latter part of the fifteenth, and the sixteenth century, as a proof of which we find that the earliest authours of every country have been poets. And the same elevation of mind, and activity of imagination that are so requisite in poetry, contribute no less towards forming the philosophick character. The travels of the ancient Grecian sages, the danger to which they exposed themselves, the time they spent in their studies, and the eagerness with which they applied to them, are so many incontestible proofs of the high esteem they felt for knowledge, and the elevated notion they had formed of the philosophick character. To what heights might not men of such activity have soared, had they possessed the advantages which are so little valued by many in the present age, merely because they are common, and accessible to many.

The knowledge of human nature is what we ought chiefly to have in view in every branch of study; and this is much promoted

by the study of classic authours. However various from sundry causes the theories of men have been, even with regard to their own nature, yet that nature itself remains always the same, and varies only in its appearances and modes of exhibition. The poets generally represent it in its purity, less stained with the disguise of art, and more free from the fetters of fashion, than it appears in our times. A celebrated critick has observed that if all the theories of the passions were extinct, the world would be at no loss, because the passions themselves still remain, and exhibit their true nature to an attentive observer, better than any laborious description of them that has been made hitherto. The same may be said of human nature in general. After all the theories, histories and speculations that have been made by learned men concerning it, we may obtain juster notions by studying nature itself, or as it is described in the writings of those authours, that have most early copied it, before its features have been so much altered by luxury and corruption.

The Epicurean philosopher imagined that the original state of man, the savage state, *cum propecerunt*, &c. and that subsequent refinements arose from accident or necessity. It is surprising that sundry modern philosophers have fallen into the same conceit. Charron and Montaigne among the French, and Mr. Hobbs among the English, led the way to this delusion, which is now become fashionable by the authority of great names. Surely those men wished to degrade human nature, by attributing to it, without evidence, so base an origin. It is true that all civilized nations are descended, more immediately or remotely, from barbarians, and the example of modern Greece, Egypt and the Lesser Asia, evinces that it is possible for a civilized people to become in a great measure barbarous, when they become the prey of barbarous nations by conquest, but we have no sort of proof that the first men were barbarians. The sacred history, which alone describes, or approaches to the origin of the world, represents them as early instructed by their Creator, and society improved even during the life of the first man, with the most necessary arts.

Conceptions of human nature formed merely from imagination, are not only false and absurd, but dangerous in a like proportion. All these theories agree in debasing the human character to the level of the beasts of the field, and blasting the hopes of immortality and eternal happiness, which constitute the true dignity of man. Some moralists, says a wise French philosopher, lay down the duties of life, without determining whether the soul is im-



mortal or not, though this doubtless must vastly alter the case.

For this reason, ancient and descriptive poetry, which exhibits human nature as it is, without attempting to deduce the causes of its various phenomena, or to build a system of philosophy on an imperfect view of them, ought to be considered as proper and necessary antidotes to the poison of modern infidel philosophy now unhappily so much in vogue. The infidels have indeed stole from the Scriptures all that is rational in their systems concerning the perfections of the Deity, and the duties of men, which they fondly attribute to the discoveries of their reason, but they have painted human nature in a manner very different from that in which it is represented in the Scriptures, or ancient classic writings. A modern infidel, whether of the school of Voltaire, Rousseau or Hume, is as incapable of subscribing the creed of the classicists, as of equalling their genius and abilities. The classicists are too faithful to nature, and too near the simple and incorrupt state of mankind, to favour those degrading notions of our nature which modern infidels have prostituted their powers to support, for the service of Vice and Materialism.

In youth our general taste of things, and our prevailing habits of thinking, are ordinarily formed. But how dangerous is it for youth to form their notions of human nature from novels, or infidel philosophers? the first indeed, however extravagant, are not so much out of nature as the others; and how much safer is it for them to learn human nature from those who from the nature of their performances could have no intention to deceive, and whose works recommend themselves to every incorrupt taste, than from those who have endeavoured professedly to found their literary fame upon the ruins of Truth and Decency, and to eradicate every principle of piety under colour of removing prejudices? we need not wonder at the disorders of those men's lives, who have sacrificed every rational sentiment to the demon of fashion, and imagined that they did honour to human nature by imagining that mankind are only a sort of improved quadrupeds.

Low notions of human nature, inspire mean and vicious principles, and extinguishes every generous effort of the mind. Social virtue must appear only a dream to those who limit our existence to the present state, and extinguish all hopes of future blessedness. The stoicks offended by forming too high notions of human capacity, and imagining that we might do what we pleased with ourselves, but their error was much more respectable and innocent, if we may so speak, than that of

modern infidels, who bound all our hopes by the present scene, and check every noble effort of the human mind.

The powers of the mind are improved by exercise, and the student must come with peculiar disadvantage to the abstract studies of philosophy, if he has not previously exercised his faculties on some other subjects. And on what can he exercise them with so much propriety, as on those writings which contain the most accurate pictures of nature, the truest history of mankind, and the maxims of primitive wisdom and virtue? the moral state of the mind, and its intellectual faculties, influence each other to a great degree. Those opinions, which, from our habits and inclinations we would wish to be true, will appear to the mind as clothed with additional evidence. To this source many errors of the moderns ought justly to be traced. And on the other hand, the enlargement of our knowledge and intellectual powers, as well as the rectitude and accuracy of our intuitive faculties, must discover new reasons of our duty, new beauties in virtue, and set the horrors and evil consequences of vice in a stronger light.

In the beginning of the reformation of religion in Europe, an opinion prevailed among the Roman Catholic Divines, that the matters then in controversy ought to be decided by the authority of the fathers of the christian church. Whatever may be in this, it might be asserted with more propriety that the controversy betwixt infidel and christian philosophers ought to be determined by the decision of the classic authors, whom both profess to hold in equal admiration. It might be easy to collect such a number of testimonies, doctrines, and maxims from heathen authors, as would stagger an intelligent infidel, and oblige him either to renounce his admiration of the classic writers, or embrace those doctrines which he affects to condemn as contrary to reason. But it is not probable that many of this tribe, who are so eager to revive the immoralities of the most abandoned heathens, would be moved by the authority of the wisest of them, when they discovered that they gave countenance to the doctrines of the christian faith.

When we meet with just and pious sentiments in the writings of the classicists, when we observe the reverence which the wisest of them paid to the Supreme Being, and the dependence which they believed all things had on his will, we may be convinced that it is not the strength of their genius, or their regard to reason, that makes so many men infidels, but rather pride, love of singularity, and sensual habits, that prompts them to seek a religion suitable to

their character, and indulgent to their appetites, and to form a Deity as like as possible to themselves; the prejudice of habit, it is to be believed, has had more share in the formation of certain modern systems of philosophy than strength of argument or a regard to reason. The belief of a just and holy God, and of a future state of rewards and punishments must appear less agreeable and consequently less credible to those who have no rewards to expect, but many reasons to dread the just vengeance of the righteous Governour of the world, while virtuous minds easily discern the force of those arguments that not only convince their reason, but promote their peace, and encourage them to hope for an eternity of happiness which crowns their enjoyments in prosperity and dispels the glooms of adversity and death.

(To be continued.)

## ECCENTRICK ADVERTISEMENTS.

*The 23d of August, 1806,*

Ever to be remembered, on account of the wonderful recovery of John R. Shaw, who was on that day blown up in a well.

About 9 o'clock, (as near as I can recollect) the blast went off, but it was a considerable time before the neighbours were apprised of my unhappy situation, and for the want of their assistance, I lay about an hour immersed in smoke, mud, and water, almost dead with the loss of blood, wounds, and broken bones. Both my arms were broken, my left in three places, as also my right leg broken, and my left hand mashed, (in such a manner as induced the Doctors to take off two of my fingers,) and about one hundred flesh wounds, which caused a general belief that I never should recover. But

The Lord has pitied me,  
And shined upon my face,  
That all the earth may see  
The wonders of his grace.

At the same time, Mr. Thomas M. Barney, who was standing over the well, was knocked down by the force of the explosion, and lay some time insensible; but received no serious injury.

A messenger was sent off to Mr. Sanders, my employer in Lexington,

who immediately despatched Doctors Fishback, Dudley and Warfield, who set my broken bones and dressed my wounds. After which I was safely conveyed to my own house, accompanied by a number of respectable citizens of Lexington, and its vicinity. On my arrival I was reexamined, and my skull found to be fractured about the size of a dollar, and a fresh operation was performed with all possible speed and sound judgment.—The faithfulness of my Surgeons, by day and night, will (I hope) prove an honour to all the Medical Society. The friendly visits, and generous contributions of the citizens, might be a pattern to all the world; and I hope those considerate gentlemen will be repaid an hundred fold, by the Great Rewarder of good actions.

JOHN R. SHAW.

In a few months I shall present to the publick, a narrative of 30 years of my life and travels—5 different times a soldier—3 times shipwrecked—12 months a prisoner of war—with the number of sieges and engagements in which I took part—4 times blown up, and my recovery—with a number of little anecdotes, which will cause the reader occasionally to laugh and cry.

JOHN R. SHAW.

*For The Port Folio.*

## THE LAY PREACHER.

"Commune with your own heart, and in your chamber, and be still."

Having, in my last speculation, attempted to describe some of the delights of Study, in this paper, it is proposed to consider the true use of Retirement. Between them there should be a perpetual alliance: nay, they are not only neighbouring and friendly powers, but they are family connexions. Amiable, interesting, and lovely Sisters! if your worthy admirer be attracted

by the riches of one, he will quickly be delighted with the pensiveness of the other. Study will give him all her books, and Retirement conduct him to all her bowers. In no ramble, will he experience more delight than when he roves through the healthful wood, or saunters through the tranquil cloister, with Retirement on his right hand, and Study on his left. Though their guise is exceedingly modest, though their conversation has no resemblance to loquacity, though their best attire is from no other wardrobe than that of sweet Simplicity, still they will always gain more regard from the wise, than all the pageants of the pompous, and all the plumage of the vain.

The Royal Psalmist, from whose divine odes, I have transcribed my text, was himself a memorable example of the utility of retirement, reflection, and self-communion. It will be remembered, that he was a warrior, a statesman, a man of business, and a man of the world. In these various characters, though he often acquitted himself excellently well, yet unfortunately, in some flagrant instances, we perceive how much he was tainted by the infection of the world. But when he shuts his eyes against the glare of Ambition, and the gaze of Beauty, when he ceases to touch the harp of Fascination, and forsakes the Cabinet and the Camp, then we recognize, at once, the scholar, the philosopher, and the poet. In the caves of Engedi, he is a mere soldier, in the palace of Saul, a servile musician, in the cave of Adullam, a skulking fugitive, and in the forest of Hareth, an unhappy exile. But when he tore himself away from the thralldom of care, the bustle of business, and the din of

Jerusalem, when he wandered away by the brook of the field, or the plains of the wilderness, when he retired to his chamber, and communed with his heart, then he formed those noble associations, and composed those exquisite performances, which will transmit his name, with renown, to the remotest posterity.

My Lord Bacon, Sir Walter Raleigh, Erasmus, Grotius, Mr. Addison, and Mr. Locke, together with a great multitude of illustrious men, have been deeply involved in the cares of publick business, as well as engrossed by the meditations of the closet. But for the fairest portion of their glorious fame, how much are they indebted to the latter! While the chancery decrees of Sir Francis Bacon moulder away in the hands of some Master of the Rolls, the experiments of his study, and the *Essays* of his wit, like certain exquisite paintings, grow brighter by Time. While we peruse, with still renewing pleasure, Raleigh's History of the World, his unlucky politics are scarcely regarded. Mr. Addison was Secretary of State, and Grotius an ambassador; but who inquires for the despatches of the one, or is interested by the negotiations of the other? The fame of Erasmus, constantly immersed in the turmoil of his times, and engrossed by cares, civil and ecclesiastick, would have perished with the names of those miserable monks, whom he has derided, or those imperious princes, whom he has courted. But by sometimes wisely withdrawing himself from the cabals of a court, and the polemicks of the Church, by meditating on horseback, and in his chamber, by avarice of time, by intenseness of application, and ardour of genius, he has filled *ten folios*, composed in

the purest Latinity, where an indolent reader can find nothing too prolix, and where a critical reader can discover nothing to reprehend. The foolish politicks of ADDISON are scarcely remembered, even by his faction. The character of LOCKE, as a man of business, is painted with no other pencils than those of ridicule, and the diplomacy of Grotius, and of Sir William Temple are *utterly contemned*; but their literary and philosophical works, the beauteous offspring of RETIREMENT and STUDY, WILL CONTINUE to charm,

'Till Time, like him of Gaza, in his wrath,  
Plucking the pillars that support the world,  
In Nature's ample ruins lies entombed,  
And midnight, universal midnight! reigns.

Though in the text we are admonished to commune with ourselves, in our *chamber*, yet it would be a very partial and narrow interpretation, if it were concluded that we could not meditate anywhere else. The secrecy of a closet, and the stillness of midnight, are, unquestionably, propitious to the powers of reflection. But other places, and other seasons may be selected for that salutary discipline, which the Psalmist recommends. It is a vulgar error to suppose, that retirement and contemplation are never to be found, except in a forest, or a desert, a cell, or a cloister. In the thronged mart, and in the blaze of day, he who has inured himself to habits of abstraction, may commune with himself, as though he was in his chamber. Proofs of this abound in many a page of the records of literature. Some of the fairest displays of self-knowledge, some of the finest results of meditation, some of the sweetest fruits of retirement owed their appearance not to the tranquillity of

sylvan groves. In many a metropolis, resounding with the din of Commerce, and crowded with the throng of Nations, *Contemplation has had her fill*. Though a sublime poet, in a fit of rural enthusiasm, has exclaimed,

Hide me from *Day's* garish eye,

yet it would be alike dangerous and delusive to believe, that we cannot speculate at noon, as well as at night. In short, the choice of time or place is not essential, but the formation of habits of *self-sequestration*, and the acquisition of the precious power of withdrawing the mind from all external objects.

As, in Dr. Johnson's phrase, I am often *wakefully disturbed*, at midnight, and as I have not wholly forgotten my boyish attachment to woods and meadows, I acknowledge that I often commune with myself, in my chamber; and, in genial seasons, by the banks of a romantick river, or in the recesses of a lonely forest. I have already speculated twice on the profit and pleasure producible by nocturnal hours, wisely employed, and rural rambles, judiciously directed. But for a period of no inconsiderable duration, I have often retired to rest at a *vulgar* hour, and have wholly exchanged the country for the city. Change of circumstances demanded new habits. Though but seldom I *wind slowly o'er the lea*; though the glimmering *landscape* but rarely fades before my sight; and my ears generally listen to other sounds than the *drowsy tinklings* of a shepherd's bell, yet it is my duty to reflect much, even in the midst of confusion. Accordingly, I commune with my own heart, in the crowd, and can be still, even in the street. I sermonize in the

suburbs, and find apt alliteration in an alley. I start a topick in High-street, and hunt it down as far as Southwark, or the Northern Liberties. I walk through the market-place, as I once wandered in a wood; and while one is talking of his farm, and another of his merchandize, I listen to the suggestions of Fancy, or invoke the *Cherub Contemplation*.

But, to return to a more rigorous exposition of the text, and consider it merely as an exhortation to the tranquil exercise of our mental powers, in the retirement of the closet, I do not know whether in the pages of any philosopher, I could find a better lesson of salutary discipline. It is favourable to the culture of intellectual, as well as moral habits. He, who accustoms himself to closet meditations, will not only purify his heart, but correct his judgment, form his taste, exercise his memory, and regulate his imagination. Moreover, he then has an admirable opportunity to view the world, at a due distance, to form a deliberate estimate of life, to calculate, with precision, the proportion of his own powers, combined with those of other men, and, having weighed himself as it were in the *balance of the sanctuary*, to find new causes for regret, and new reasons for reformation.

To multitudes, Solitude, Retirement, and Reflection appear in a form more horrid than the *weird sisters* in Shakspeare. The man of business, the man of pleasure, the votary of Vanity, and the victim of Lassitude all sedulously

shun those hours, which have been so nobly employed by Philosophers, Poets, Hermits, and Saints. But Dr. YOUNG, who has immortalized his self-communion, in one of the most original poems in our language, a poem not only of gorgeous metaphors, but of the most ardent piety, exclaims, with more than mortal enthusiasm,

O, lost to Virtue, lost to manly thought,  
Lost to THE NOBLEST SALLIES OF THE  
SOUL!  
Who think it Solitude to be alone,  
Communion sweet! communion large and  
high!  
Our Reason, guardian Angel, and our God!

For The Port Folio.

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BY OLIVER OLDSCHOOL, ESQ.



Various, that the mind of desultory man, studious of change and pleased with novelty, may be indulged.—Cowp.

Vol. V. Philadelphia, Saturday, February 6, 1808.

No. 6.

## ORIGINAL PAPERS.

*For The Port Folio.*

LETTERS FROM GENEVA AND FRANCE.

*Written during a residence of between two and three years in different parts of those countries, and addressed to a lady in Virginia.*

—quâ me quoque possim  
Tollere humo. VIR.

### TRAVELS—LETTER I.

Geneva, December 14th, 1803.

My dear E—,

IT is high time I should begin the account I promised you, of our travels, or my materials, which are every day increasing, would swell it to the size of a volume; for I have never suffered a day to pass, without inserting in my common place book, whatever occurred to me worth remarking, and it is from that I shall write to you, so that you will be able to judge of the impressions of the moment upon my mind, as if I had written to you at the moment.

You must remember, how long it is since I have talked of an excursion to France, and the satisfaction I expressed, when, from a variety of circumstances, I could flatter myself

that the time was at length arrived for putting my plan in execution: my heart beat however with agitation, when I was informed, that the captain we wished to go with, and who had been long expected, had at length arrived, and that it was necessary to come to a final decision; the gloomy shade, the damp air, and the musquitoes of H., and above all the dread of impending sickness at that season of the year, contributed extremely to the alacrity of our preparations, and it was with very great satisfaction, that at one o'clock on the 23d of July we found ourselves on board of the John and Francis, commanded by Captain J. Baas, then under weigh, with a light breeze from the South West: you may remember my informing you of the Captain's request to his passengers that they would consent to put into Newport for a day or two, and how fortunate I thought myself in the opportunity it would afford me of seeing my brother: but I was far from supposing that the land of Rhode-Island would present itself to us so soon; the wind was however so fair and it blew so fresh, that we made

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Block-Island early on the morning of the 26th, and had it not been that the breeze died away towards the evening, a change of place, which would have required at least five weeks by land, might have been effected in very little more than four times four-and-twenty hours.

After a stay of four days at Newport, we again embarked: the wind was as fair as our Captain could wish, all sails were hoisted, and in a very few hours we lost sight of the American shore: let me however, before I leave America in my narration, inform you that I found Newport improved since I had seen it; the harbour bespoke an appearance of business, and was enlivened by two Indiamen, a ship of war, and several merchant vessels; the long spoken of and long wished for Long Wharf, had been rebuilt, the streets no longer looked like grassy lanes; some houses had been repaired and painted, and the melancholy figures of decayed masters of vessels, wrapped up in their long cloaks, and looking like shadowy attendants upon the ghost of departed Commerce, were no more to be seen in groups: if to the smiles of returning prosperity, you add the comfort of good air, the charms of a beautiful situation, the society of intelligent obliging people, numbers of pretty faces, the concourse of strangers from different parts of the world, and a plenty, upon very easy terms, of every thing desirable, you will agree with me, that no place seems better adapted than Newport to such a retreat, as one might wish for at a certain time of life. Use, which reconciles men to all things, the ties of kindred, the wish, so natural to a parent, of establishing his children in the world, and a variety of other circumstances, flowing all of them from the goodness and wisdom of Providence, keep us ultimately attached to our several stations on the globe; were Reason alone, free from those useful and therefore necessary prejudices which cleave to the human heart, to be at-

tended to, half Carolina surely would remain uninhabited, and the pestiferous exhalations of our swamps be exchanged for the wholesome atmosphere of Rhode-Island.

During the little time we remained at Newport, many of our old acquaintances found us out, and appeared glad to see us, and I had an opportunity of forming in the person of Mr. Lequinio Kerblay a new acquaintance, which I think of with pleasure: the letters he gave me for his friends and correspondents in France, have been of essential service to us; this gentleman resides at Newport as commercial agent of France, the name of consul, being now destined for higher purposes, and consequently withdrawn from common use, as that of emperor was among the Romans; there is but little probability that this letter of mine will go down to posterity, but if it should, I hope Posterity will take my word for it, that Mr. Lequinio whom it will know as an author, was at the same time a man of warm affections, and of honourable sentiments. He may have been misled, he indeed certainly was, in the maze of publick affairs, when the reason of the whole nation seems for an interval to have been suspended, when abject fear, strangely combined with political enthusiasm, took place of every sentiment of justice and honour, and even of humanity; but he soothes himself, I presume, with the idea that his intentions were good, whilst he sighs no doubt in honest sincerity of heart over the horrors of what is irretrievably past.

We had sailed from Newport on the first day of August; on the 4th we crossed what the seamen call the tail of the great bank of Newfoundland, and on the 11th found ourselves by observation off Corvo, one of the Azores. Until now, the voyage had gone on, not only tolerably, but I might almost say, delightfully; I had converted the roundhouse on deck which was assigned to a part of our family, into a more comfortable ha-

bitation, than you would suppose possible from the dimensions; our books had been drawn out, we were now so reconciled to the motion of the vessel as to be able to read, though a little reading, as some one has observed, goes a great way at sea, and we thought ourselves fast approaching France; our fellow passengers meanwhile, seemed disposed to be pleased, the Captain was good humoured, liberal, and attentive, the vessel well found, and the crew alert, in high discipline, and happy. We now and then spoke a vessel from Europe, and whilst we ran from them with all sails spread, and sheltered from the sun under our awning, we could not but pity those, who, from all appearance, were so much less fortunate than ourselves. But a voyage by sea, is but an epitome of human life, the fairest hopes are sometimes succeeded by disappointment, and we feel ourselves under the control of a power, which acts from causes far beyond our comprehension: scarcely had we got as we supposed abreast of Corvo, than a North East wind rushed out upon us, as some monstrous giant is described in an old romance sallying out from his castle upon the way-worn traveller; our good vessel, however, was not to be so easily overcome, and during three weeks which ensued of boisterous weather, of hard gales, and of seas, which without going as high or descending as low, as the poets pretend, were still high enough to have alarmed a landsman, I do not recollect a moment of even transient uneasiness: there were two or three young people on board, besides those of our family, and all of them were rather amused at the temporary confusion, occasioned sometimes by the breaking of the sea upon the main deck, whilst cards, or chess, or whatever else amused the passengers went on undisturbed. With some desire to make mutual sacrifices for the general good in those who are fellow passengers, five or six weeks at sea may be very well and particu-

larly if the Captain is a goodnatured man; I have known some who ceased to be so as soon as they got off of soundings, who changed their manners with the wind, and laid aside their complaisance with their fair weather clothes, but this was far from being the case with ours, who was as civil to his passengers and as conversable in bad weather and with a head wind, as when every sail was spread; it was impossible to keep a more plentiful table, and his conversation, though he had never received the advantages of a liberal education, was amusing, sometimes even instructive, inasmuch as it contained views, and descriptions of human life, which were new to me, and always goodnatured: he had begun as a common seaman before the mast, had gone through the sad variety of wo which a seaman's life in unwholesome climates, and in time of war is exposed to, had once or twice been stripped of all he had acquired, but was now in honest possession as owner of the fine vessel which he commanded as captain, and owned half the cargo. In the course of the unfortunate part of his adventures, he had been confined on board the prison ship off the Jersey shore, that ship out of which such numbers were buried, and when so favoured, after seven months, as to be allowed to procure an exchange, he declared to me, (so powerful is the force of custom in some minds,) that it was with a sensation not altogether removed from regret, that he had seen himself rowed away from the side of the vessel. We were speaking one evening of a merchant, of his acquaintance in Charleston, as one who by industry and by integrity had raised himself in the world, who now lived comfortably in the enjoyment of all that he could wish, and with great hospitality. He had wandered it seems from a distant part of Europe to London, as to a place where money was to be easily made, and had for a long time struggled with difficulties and disappointment, when leaning one evening



against a post, at the corner of an obscure street, and ruminating on his sad fortune, he was addressed by a lame beggar, on whom he had sometimes bestowed charity, who, availing himself of the sort of equality, which there seemed to be in their fortune, exhorted him to hope for better times, and offered him, it was all he had, his advice, and the advice of a man of experience and influence to whom he promised to introduce him: the beggar had for some years it seems, served as boatswain on board of a ship, the captain of which was now a merchant of great respectability, who remembered him as a humble friend, and treated him with kindness; it was to this gentleman that the beggar introduced his benefactor, now become his *protogé*, nor was the introduction fruitless, for it led to an establishment in Carolina, where in a very few years he became partner in a commercial house and made his fortune. It was thus in various conversation that we would frequently pass an hour or two upon deck, when it blew hard of an evening and when the passengers, who occupied the cabin, were gone below. Of these, there were none from whom something might not be learned, and I do not think it possible for any set of people to have lived together more peacefully than we did.

Notwithstanding the perseverance of the wind, which hardly ever varied from the North East, we found ourselves gaining to the Eastward, and were not very far from the Bay of Biscay, when one morning a vessel was seen a head, lying to, as if waiting for us: she soon began to make sail, however, described a semicircle round us, as if to examine our strength, got in our wake, made for us, and though our vessel sailed remarkably fast was so near that we could discern her to be a lugger of fourteen guns and full of men; the Captain finding that they were determined to speak us, ordered the sails a-back, and we waited their approach. To perceive a black-sided armed ves-

sel rigged in a manner differently from any I had ever seen, for I had never seen a lugger before, bringing her broadside to bear so as to throw a shot a-head of us, and then ranging along side; with the dirty caps of their men, and the ends of muskets sticking up, and to hear no sound aboard of them, but that of a whistle, was a combination of circumstances which conjured up a number of disagreeable ideas in my mind, whilst I was compelled to affect tranquillity, in order to dispel, as far as possible, the fears of others. They had at first shown French colours, but were now under British, and we were waiting to see what colours they would show next, when we heard the word of command given in English and saw them put their boat out, and row aboard of us. We were now convinced that it was an English privateer, and though the sailors were of a worse appearance than I supposed the nation could have produced, yet the officers were well-looking, well-behaved men with even an affectation of politeness: a very short inquiry seemed to convince them that the ship and cargo were American, and they had the humanity to spare the trunks of the French passengers, whose distress at their approach had not been inconsiderable; "we make war upon you," said one of the officers to the poor Frenchmen, "but we are not robbers."

(To be continued.)

For The Port Folio.

## A TREATISE ON ORIENTAL POETRY.

(Continued from page 70.)

### SECTION IV.

Of their Elegies.

We find no Elegies in the Persian collections and very few in the Turkish. The second book of Hamassa, or a collection of Arabian Poems, consists in short Elegies, written with all the majesty of poetry. As we may

judge by the following, composed upon the death of a warrior, no less celebrated for his liberality than by his valour.

"Come, my companions, come to the Tomb of Maan, and say; may the clouds of morning bathe thee with their frequent showers.

But thou! Oh tomb of Maan, which wast only one of the cavities of the Earth, how art thou become the dwelling of Liberality?

And how. Oh tomb of Maan! dost thou enclose that Liberality which filled the Earth and the Sea?

Yes, thou hast received within thy bosom, Liberality herself, but she is dead, for if she lived thou couldst not contain her without bursting.

The memory of young Maan lives after him, as the field receives a new verdure after having been watered by a clear brook.

But alas! Maan is dead, Liberality has disappeared from the Earth; the beautiful flower of generosity is mercilessly mowed down!"

We find in an excellent Poem of Abu Arabachah a passage, which separated from the rest composes a very beautiful Elegy on the death of the sons of Tamerlane, as follows:

"Where are ye, young Heroes, whose countenances shone like the leaves of the Sacred book? where are they whose riches, learning, and virtues, rendered them so celebrated, who extinguished the moon of the heavens, and caused the waves of the ocean to be ashamed? The fatal gusts of destruction, have driven them away, as the western wind disperses the sand. Where are those amiable Princes, the light and the joy of all hearts, who after the veil which concealed them was lifted, shone like the Sun issuing from a cloud? Where are those large-eyed Antelopes, those Roebucks like the Nymphs of Paradise, whom beauty had wrapped up in the flowered robe of contentment, who were the eyes of the world and the light of its eyes, who were the borders of the gardens, and the flowers of those borders? when they were enlivened with pleasure and darted amorous looks; when their years were blooming and decked with the freshness of gilded buds; then it was that Death, that fatal cup-bearer poured the wine of destruction into their cups, and with his overflowing rivers, inundated the garden of their lives. They left their sumptuous palaces to bury themselves in the narrow tombs, presenting the bitter beverage of separation to their com-

panions, who overcame with grief, tore their hair and beat their breasts. Ah! if the prayers of the afflicted tribes could have any influence over death, he would have restored them these objects of their sorrowful complaints! But now they inhabit the pits of the earth, and their beauty is no more: the worms devour them; the tooth of decay gnaws them, they dissolve by degrees in the bowels of the earth; they will remain there until that moment when they shall retake a new life. Those whom Love or Friendship had attached to them come each day to visit their tombs; they weep, they lament, they groan over the stones heaped upon their Sepulchres: they stain their cheeks with the dust which the showers have moistened; in vain they call those dear Princes, they receive no answer except the echo of the empty rock; today they visit the tombs of their companions, tomorrow some one will visit their own; such are the decrees and arrangements of Providence."

## SECTION V.

### *Of their moral Poems.*

The Eastern Nations have always been renowned for the excellent method, they follow in their pieces of morality in ingeniously blending the agreeable with the instructive. Their Poems are filled with noble sentiments such as the following:

"Ask him who reproaches me, with my change of fortune; can Fate abase him who has not been elevated? dost thou not see the reeds float upon the surface of the sea, whilst the pearls remain at the bottom? see, the wind which blows on all sides only destroys the high trees. Of all the branches of the groves the traveller only breaks those which are loaded with fruit. There are Stars without number in the firmament, but the Sun and Moon alone experience Eclipses."

We will add to this example the verses upon the utility of travelling, which are mentioned in the Arabian Tales.

"Travel, and thou wilt find new pleasures which will replace those which thou lovest. Change thy dwelling place, for there are pleasures in changing. I know nothing more agreeable, or more desirable than to travel; leave thy habitation and depart. Dost thou not see the water which is without motion, stagnant, and that it is not sweet and clear, except whilst it flows and follows its course. If the sun remain-

ed always fixed in the same part of the Heavens, the human race would be fatigued with his benevolent rays. If the moon did not conceal herself under the clouds, she would not agreeably strike the sight by her unforeseen splendour. The Lion would not know how to tear his prey in pieces if he did not issue from his den. The arrow would not reach the mark if it did not leave the bow. Gold in the mines is no more estimated than straw, and the Aloes wood is no more than a common wood in the soil in which it grows."

There are many other works in all the Asiatick Languages upon moral subjects, of which the most esteemed are the *Pendnamch* of Attar, and the excellent works of Sadi.

(*To be continued.*)

*For The Port Folio.*

### EPISTOLARY.

*Original letter from the celebrated Dr. Beattie, to Dr. C. Nisbet, late principal of Carlisle College, Pennsylvania.*

Peterhead, 2d July, 1792.

Dear Sir,

I cannot tell you how much I am gratified by your very kind remembrance of me, and how much I have been entertained by your two excellent letters. Be assured, that, though a dilatory writer, I am not conscious of any diminution in my affection for you; that I often think of you; and that, when I meet with any of our common friends, I often speak of you in terms which you would not dislike. For reasons that will occur to yourself, I cannot give a particular detail of the reflections suggested by the very interesting information with which you have favoured me: I shall only say, that it coincides exactly with the conjectures I had formed, and the intelligence I have received from some others; and that my principles on the subjects in question are the same with yours. You are pleased to speak favourably of the first volume of *Elements of Moral Science*; the second is now in the hands of the printer: I will endeavour to send you both. What I have said, in the second, on the slavery of the negroes, and on the principles of politics, will not please every body:

but I have honestly given the sentiments which I have been teaching and pondering for thirty years and upwards: and they are sentiments, in which, the more I see and hear of this changeable world, I am the more confirmed. I need not give you any of the publick news of this country: you will see all that in the newspapers. Our national prosperity is just now greater than I have ever known it; and nothing is wanting to make us a very happy people, but a right sense of that prosperity, and gratitude to that good Providence who bestows it. But we are evil and unthankful; and too many of us are not only discontented, but turbulent. Both in religion and in politicks we are pestered with foolish theories; the effect of levity and ignorance. If we would read more Greek and Latin, and less French, more histories and fewer novels, and if we would speak less, and think more, it would be a good thing for us. The theories of the present time often put me in mind of that old sophist (you will remember his name though I do not) who took it upon him to give Hannibal a lecture on the military art. The harangue was much admired by the authour, and such of his audience as knew nothing of practical tactics: the Carthaginian bluntly said, that he never before had met with a blockhead, so ignorant and so conceited.

You will be glad to hear, that my sister and her son and daughter are in their usual health: my brother-in-law, now in his 86th year, though he has been confined to bed these five years, eats well, and sleeps well, and is perfectly easy, contented, and happy. Socinianism flourishes mightily at Montrose: the ———, who are all become authours, are the great apostles of that church. Our old friend ——— died last winter of a fever. His son, who is in a very thriving way, offered to supply him with as much gin and porter as he could swallow; but the heroick Charles wandered from alehouse to alehouse, and tumbled to the end of the chapter.

Of myself I have nothing good to say. That old vertigo in my head (as you have often told me) will never leave me till I am dead. But I have so many other complaints that I cannot expect to be long here. About eighteen months ago, I was visited with an affliction, which, though I am entirely resigned to the will of Providence, has broken my heart. My son (whom you will remember) died at that time of a consumption. His illness lasted a year, during which I was always with him. He had every advantage that could be derived from affectionate attendants and able physicians, and every thing was procured for him that the faculty recommended; but all was vain. The King appointed him my assistant in the college five years ago, and an able assistant he was. Indeed, to all, who were well acquainted with him, he was the object of admiration and delight. The inscription which I wrote for his tombstone contains his character in brief, and I assure you without any exaggeration. It is in these words:

JACOBO HAY BEATTIE, Jacobi filio:  
Philosoph. in Acad. Marischal. Professori.

Adolescenti,  
Ea modestia,

Ea suavitate morum,  
Ea benevolentia erga omnes,  
Ea erga Deum pietate,  
Ut humanum nihil supra.

In bonis literis,

In theologia,

In omni philosophia;

Exercitissimo,

Poetaz insuper,

Rebus in levioribus faceto,

In grandioribus sublimi.

Qui placidam animam efflavit XIX,

Novemb. MDCCXC,

Annos habens XXII, diesque XIII.

Pater mœrens hoc marmor posuit.

I have collected and arranged as many of his papers, as will justify every particular of this character; and intend, for the use of my friends, to print sixty or a hundred copies, one of which will be sent to you. It will be either one pretty large volume, or two small ones, and, if I live, will be put to the press next winter. The epitaph touches upon

the more important parts only of his character, but I will take the liberty to inform you further, that he was an able chymist, botanist, anatomist, profoundly skilled in the theory of musick, an excellent performer on the violin, and organ, an elegant drawer, a master of Greek and Latin, a proficient in the French tongue, an admirable publick speaker, expert in fishing, fowling, and fencing, and such a mechanick, that two years before his death he superintended the building of a very good organ for himself. In wit and humour he was not inferiour to you; and though his piety, modesty, and delicacy, were exemplary, he retained, even when he came to be a man, all the cheerfulness and playfulness of a boy. His poems are partly English and partly Latin; for he composed with equal ease in both languages. He foresaw his death long before it came, and met it with true Christian meekness and resignation. All this may seem extraordinary; but it is all literally true, as many persons now alive can testify.

I send this under cover to my friend the Bishop of London who will frank it as far as his privilege extends, that is, I suppose to Falmouth.

With best wishes to Mrs. Nisbet, and your family, I ever am,

dear sir, your affectionate  
humble servt.

J. BEATTIE.

Rev. Dr. Nisbet,  
Principal of Carlisle College,  
Pennsylvania.

*The Pennsylvania Academy*

#### OF THE FINE ARTS.

The Academy of Fine Arts has received an important aid in the loan of sixteen pictures for the term of one year; those works, the property of Robert Fulton, are in the most exquisite style of painting, and are now exhibited at the academy where publick curiosity and a fine taste may be gratified.

The first picture thirteen feet long by ten high, the figures as large as life painted by our immortal countryman West. It represents King Lear in the storm and at the entrance of the hovel. This work is in the most heroick and poetick style of composition, the grandeur which is displayed in the figure of the grey-headed old man; his distress, approaching to madness, contrasted with the calmness and kind attentions of his friends Gloucester and Kent; the silly indifference of the fool, and the sullen melancholy of Mad Tom, are admirably conceived; the drawing and drapery of this picture have never been surpassed by any artist; the colouring is very fine, the clair obscure well observed, the burst of lightning and glare of torch light, through the storm of rain and gloom of night produce an *effect*, a *tout ensemble* which cannot be described and must be seen to be sensibly felt and understood.

The companion to this picture is of the same size and is also painted by Mr. West. It is taken from a scene in Hamlet, representing Ophelia before the king and queen, who seated on the throne, appear struck with conscious guilt; the beautiful Ophelia is one of the most elegant figures we have ever seen, she is robed in white, her flaxen locks hang in loose disorder over her forehead and down to her waist; with her left hand extended she carelessly strews around her the rue and thyme; while her eyes exhibit a wandering of mind and a delirious indecision. Yet she is mild and gentle, rage makes no part of her character, in her we contemplate the most beautiful and interesting of her sex, whose sensibility has bereaved an elegant mind of reason; and we feel inclined so sympathize in all her sorrows.

In these works, the Lear possesses the boldness, grandeur and dignity of a mind accustomed to command, &c. The Ophelia has all the softness and delicacy of execution which is necessary to the female character.

These two paintings are in the true style of classick composition, and while they excite the highest respect for the talents of the artist, they reflect great honour on the genius of our country, they are of themselves a basis for forming a good taste in our new school of art.

The third picture is painted by Mr. West's eldest son Raphael, and is the only one which he ever executed of the size. It is from the play "As you like it," representing Orlando and Oliver in the forest. This picture has something very original—it approaches to the style of Salvator Rosa, is well imagined, finely drawn and boldly executed. On examining it we have lament that the world is not in possession of more of the works of this gentleman, for his genius is certainly of the highest order.

The next are the Columbiad Paintings, eleven in number, taken from different scenes in that elegant and patriotick poem of Joel Barlow, lately published in this city. They are each thirteen and an half inches long, by ten and an half inches wide, painted by Smirke, and in a style of delicacy and high finish, which has not been seen in this country; the compositions are sublime and poetick, the colouring rich, the tonings warm and harmonious; these works relating chiefly to the history of our country are extremely interesting and may be considered as gems in the art.

Added to these is a portrait of Mr. and Mrs. West in one picture, painted by Mr. West—also a portrait of Mr. Fulton, painted by Mr. West; they are executed in a masterly style

The *Angel appearing to the shepherds* by Pynaker is a most charming work for effect and transparency.

The *Troubadour*, playing on the violin, by Skalkin, is good.

The slaughtered bullock by Ostade, a very curious piece of still life.

The Flemish boors by Brower.

Portrait of an old man by Ravin-tine, curious for its high finish.

Adam and Eve, and the death of Abel is by an Italian artist, whose name we cannot announce at present.

The Earl of Stanhope and a portrait of Joel Barlow, Esq. by Robert Fulton, Esq.

In addition to the above are a number of fine paintings belonging to Mr. Lichleightner, and on sale.

For The Port Folio.

## CLASSICAL LEARNING.

(Continued from page 77.)

### A SHORT ACCOUNT AND CHARACTER

of the

### PRINCIPAL CLASSICK AUTHOURS.

Homer, the father of Poetry, and the most ancient heathen authour extant, was born before the use of letters was generally known in Greece. The obscurity of his condition, and the wandering life he led has rendered the place of his birth very uncertain, though the fame of his works made seven famous cities contend for him, each claiming him as their countryman. Smyrna, Rhodes, Colophon, Salamis, Chios, Argos and Athens, at once pretending to this honour. Though possessed of the highest reputation and authority after his death, he seems to have been little noticed in his lifetime, from the great uncertainty of the place where he lived and died. Such has been the fate of poets, and of many others who have deserved well of human society, though neglected and unknown in their lifetime, the world has done justice to their merits when dead. *Virtutem incolumem olimus*, &c. Great as Homer's fame has long been, few particulars of his life are preserved or even invented. Even in the age of Herodotus, the most ancient Historian of Greece, who wrote a book on the life and country of Homer, little that concerned him could be gleaned from records or tradition. The people of Smyrna, a Greek city in lesser Asia, pretend that he received his education, if not his birth, in their city, and preserved long, with particular veneration, a building which they named *Homercum*, or the School of Homer. Some authours reject the claims of all the contending cities, and maintain that Homer was a Babylonian. Whatever be in this conjecture, it seems pretty certain that Homer's fame was earlier heard of in Asia, than in any part of Greece, and that his poems were sung by the rhapsodists in the Greek cities there, till Lycurgus col-

lected them and brought them into Greece. Were we to judge of former ages by our own, we would reckon it almost impossible that such voluminous works as the Iliad and the Odyssey could be preserved in the frail memories of men, and communicated through several ages by tradition only, but when we consider the industry of early ages, and the sacred regard they paid to poetry, when we reflect that the rhapsodists were a particular class of men who had no other business than getting by heart and repeating verses, and that all the learning of rude ages consisted in poetry and was conveyed by tradition, we need not think it incredible that so large compositions as those of Homer were preserved in that manner.—Some contend that Homer must have known letters, because in one of the hymns attributed to him, he is described as meditating his verses, holding his book on his knees: but not to mention that Homer past the greatest part of his life in the state of blindness, and consequently could make no use of a book either for writing or reading, it is much more probable that the Hymn in question is the production of a later age, as we find nothing of Homer's fire in it, than that he knew letters, who has never once mentioned them in any part of his works, the *Σαρπητὸν Λύγρον* of Bellerophon, mentioned in the Iliad, appears rather to have been a piece of hieroglyphick or allegorical painting, rather than a combination of alphabetical characters, similar to the embroidered representation of the Trojan war, which he tells us that Helen delineated in her web, or the histories of the middle age, represented in tapestry. But we are more concerned with Homer as a poet than as a man. Though apparently destitute of the most effectual means of perpetuating his name, he has raised himself a monument more durable than the storied urn and animated bust. The Trojan war, the most ancient publick event almost that ancient tradition notices, supplied him most happily with a subject. The fame of that singular event, and the reputation of the heroes engaged in it, were probably fresh in the memories of men in Homer's time, though it is generally believed that he was not born till 130 years after its conclusion. On the ground-work of this story he has erected an edifice that has been already so fortunate as to possess the applause of thirty successive centuries of years. The vastness of Homer's genius, his comprehensive mind, the soft and pliable nature of the language in which he wrote, the popular traditions of the gods with which he has adorned his poems, and the immense knowledge of human nature displayed in them, combine to raise our admiration of a man, who, for aught we know, had no predecessor

from whom he could borrow, and who has had so few rivals, even in so great a lapse of time and improvement of science. It seems something strange that poetry should have come into the world perfect, though all other sciences rose from imperfect and weak elements, and were improved and enlarged by length of time. Aristotle appears evidently to have formed his rules of poetry and canons of criticism, merely from the practice of Homer, and considers other poets as perfect only in so far as they resembled him. The age in which Homer lived, appears to have been very rude and simple in its manners, and even, his heroes appear to have been but a few removes from the savage state; yet he has contrived to adorn them with all the virtues compatible with that state. Magnanimity, generosity, the attachment to kindred, and subjection to order are represented as equally belonging to Greeks and Trojans, though it is easy to discern that the first were in a state of much higher civilization than the latter. Yet much of the savage state is discernible. They slaughtered their prisoners in cold blood, and offered them as sacrifices at the tombs of their heroes. Achilles drags the body of Hector thrice round the walls of Troy, and the whole Grecian army wantonly wound and insult the dead body of a man whom they had so much dreaded when alive.—The religion of Homer is generally commendable, though he adopted the belief of a multiplicity of deities, which he is erroneously supposed to have feigned, yet his Father of gods and men, possesses a decided superiority and controls the others in the language and manner of a Sovereign. The conflict of human passions which cost the life of so many heroes, is represented only as the fulfilment of the counsels of Jupiter. He is represented as loving justice, and punishing injustice, even in those whom he was most disposed to favour, and to behold and overrule all the transactions of men. Homer's Heroes always profess reverence to the gods and submission to their will, though they seem sometimes to upbraid them. They set about their most solemn and publick actions with prayer, or acknowledge the Deity before their meals, by sacrifices and libations. They profess to despise falsehood and dissimulation, though Ulysses is honoured for his wiles and deceit. Government and subordination are uniformly respected, and Achilles did not think proper to resist the authority of Agamemnon even when highly provoked by his injustice. Ulysses declares for monarchical government, which prevailed in Greece many ages after the time of Homer. The liberty of Greece was achieved by the death of their tyrants, who no longer possessed the virtues of their predecessors.

The speeches which Homer attributes to his heroes, are extremely animated, proper, and suitable to their character, age and situation. The loquaciousness of Nestor and Priam, the vehemence of Achilles, the pride of Agamemnon, the deliberate and dignified valour of Hector and Sarpedon, the cunning of Ulysses, the roughness of Ajax, the boldness of Diomedes, and the insolence of Thersites are most graphically and distinctly described. Even Paris, under all his effeminacy and taste for pleasure, so fatal to his country and kindred, preserves notwithstanding the dignity of a hero, and appears in the field, though his valour appears to be tempered by timidity and circumspection. In fine, Homer introduces his readers to the acquaintance of his heroes, and sets them before us as acting with strict propriety and suitableness to their several characters, but while the heroes follow their several attachments, and contend with hostile passions, every event is represented as happening by the intervention of the gods. The plague is brought into the Grecian camp by the arrows of Apollo, in revenge for the insult done by Agamemnon to his priest Chryses. Venus rescues Paris, and Apollo, Æneas, from the danger of death. Neptune and Apollo destroy the ditch and wall of the Grecian camp, which had been made without acknowledging the gods. Minerva destroys Ajax the son of Oileus, who had profaned her temple, she likewise turns aside the darts that were aimed at her favourites. Thetis consults the honour of her son Achilles, provides him with armour, and at last warns him of his unavoidable and approaching fate. Jupiter protects his son Sarpedon, and Venus, Æneas, in the hour of danger. The greatest regard is shown to dreams, omens, oracles, and prophecies, which were supposed to be indications of the will of the gods. Mankind have always been so fond of prying into futurity, that in every age they have endeavoured to persuade themselves that the knowledge of it was attainable. Yet a pernicious dream is sent by Jove to deceive Agamemnon, which is a proof that the ancients had an idea of malevolent spirits. Homer introduced or invented what is called epick or heroick poetry, and the rules and definition of it has been taken from his works. Instead of relating the war of Troy, from the beginning, in the manner of historians, though there were no historians then, the action of the Iliad begins only about six weeks before the death of Hector, with which it closes. The beginning and former transactions of the war being afterwards introduced in form of narration. Instead of relating the whole of the war, he proposes only to relate what evils the anger of Achilles did to the Greeks, *Iratus quantum, &c.*

For does he relate the taking of Troy, but lets us know that it was to happen soon after Hector's death. And his plan has been considered as the standard of epick poetry since his time. The return of Ulysses is the theme of the *Odyssey*, but though that was the work of years, Homer begins his narrative and action, a short time before his return, and introduces the anterior events in the narrations given to Telemachus by Nestor and Menelaus, and that of Ulysses himself to Alcinoüs. The *Iliad* has been thought superior to the *Odyssey*, perhaps because men as well as boys, are fonder of war and battles, than of the less noisy occurrences of peace. Longinus assents to this opinion, and imagines that Homer composed the *Odyssey* in his old age, which he owns however, in his manner of speaking, to be the old age of Homer. In both poems he displays the most accurate acquaintance with human nature, and whether he recites the speeches of Jupiter to the assembly of the gods, or that of Eumæus the swine-herd, to Ulysses in the disguise of a beggar, every thing is strictly in character, and every person speaks according to their rank, and situation in life, as well as suitably to the occasion of their speaking. The poet himself is scarcely seen, as the muse is supposed in compliance with the invocation, to relate the story, and the heroes speak for themselves. Homer mentions himself only once in all his works, though not by name, but took care that his work should bear such marks of genius, and greatness of sentiment that mankind should inquire and remember his name without his telling it. Virgil, on the contrary, has inserted his name, in his 4th Georgick, though seemingly in passing, as if afraid that it should be forgotten, a proof that on this occasion the vanity of the poet got the better of the modesty of the man. Herodotus and Thucydides, the most ancient Greek historians, introduce their names and country in the beginning of their narration, and make the title the first paragraph of their histories. Homer appears equally great in every part of his work, and whether he relates the consultation of the gods, the events of war, or the arts of peace, whether he describes the works of Nature or those of art, he is always at home and equal to his subject. The repetitions in Homer, may to some, be disgusting; but when considered without the prejudices of modern times, appear to be an exact imitation of nature. A faithful messenger will relate his message in the very words in which he receives it, and such are all Homer's messengers, rarely taking the liberty of abridging or adding anything to it. As to those lines that occur so often, they may be considered as mere expletives or indications of the change of persons, and it would

have been ridiculous for Homer to have invented as many modes of introduction, as there were speeches in the course of his works. The description of the ritual of sacrifice occurs commonly in the same words, but when we consider that the form was fixed by ancient and general custom, and the action considered as the most sacred, and not of human institution, we ought not to be surprised that it is always narrated in the same words. Homer's description of visible objects may seem astonishing in a blind man, but besides that it is probable that Homer lost his sight in middle life, after his ideas were formed and his knowledge increased. Our own times afford an instance, a poet too, Dr. Blacklock whose descriptions of visible objects, though he was blind from his infancy, may induce us to believe what is related of Homer. His similes are exceeding exact, and though sometimes redundant in number, yet never in circumstances. The genius and taste of a poet are manifested by the choice of his similes, the time of their introduction, and by seizing the chief circumstances of the thing described, instead of enumerating them all. It is in this respect that poetry principally resembles painting, where by a few strokes happily chosen and correctly drawn, a likeness is happily hit off without attending to minute circumstances. Homer excelled in describing human nature, and enters with the greatest propriety into the spirit and passions of his heroes. He makes them always say what they ought, and never too little or too much for their character and situation. He professes the belief of a future state of rewards and punishments, and in the vision of Ulysses in the *Odyssey*, describes the mansion and state of the dead according to the popular belief of that age. It is observed that he succeeds much better in describing the state of punishments, than that of rewards, and that Homer's Elysium is not a place of happiness, as Achilles tells Ulysses in the shades, that he would rather choose to be the servant of a poor man on earth, than reign over all the ghosts in Elysium. But it is no wonder that Homer should have been unhappy in this respect, as Virgil, who lived in a much more enlightened age, represents his heroes as following the same employments in Elysium, which they were known to have followed on earth; namely military exercises, running, driving chariots, breaking horses, hunting, &c. So that a great critic observes, that Virgil's description of Elysium is borrowed from the Campus Martius of Rome, where the Roman youth exercised themselves and their horses on holidays. But we ought not to wonder that the exercises of happy souls, which Divine Revelation describes mostly by negatives and general expressions,



should have been so unhappily imagined by heathen poets. We may rather learn a lesson from their descriptions, which they certainly did not design by them, viz. that that character and those habits which are formed in this life, will last forever; and that those whose affections are set only on earthly and trifling things in the present life, will pine for the want of them forever in the future state, which should enhance to us the value of a good education, and an early taste for those pleasures that depend not on the present world.

(To be continued.)

For The Port Folio.

### THE LAY PREACHER.

"Also the Lord gave Job twice as much as he had before. Then came there unto him all his brethren, and his sisters, and all they that had been of his acquaintance before, and did eat bread with him in his house: and they bemoaned him and comforted him over all the evils that the Lord had brought upon him: every man also gave him a piece of money, and every one an ear-ring of gold."

Of all the Dramatick poems, with which readers of taste and sensibility have been delighted and instructed, the book of Job is unquestionably the most pathetick, sublime, and beautiful. The dialogue is in the noblest style of composition, and the interlocutors are all remarkable for character, manners, and sentiment. The fable is extremely artful and well supported, and the moral such as must challenge the approbation of every virtuous mind. He who is habitually negligent of his bible, or indifferent to the charms of the Oriental muse, will hardly be persuaded, that the Book of Job abounds with entertainment as well as instruction. But the fact is indisputable and the politest scholars and the most rigorous criticks have dwelt with a rapture, which they felt, upon the beauties of this incomparable performance.

The personage, whose name gives a title to the work, is represented as an Eastern Nobleman of

consummate wisdom, ardent piety, and unbounded wealth. He is neither insolent in prosperity, nor abject in adversity. His character is emphatically described as *perfect*. Studious of the Divine favour, and blind to all the blandishments of vice, he walked so uprightly in a noble and undeviating course of rectitude that he was universally regarded as the standard of integrity. He was perfectly pure from every taint of avarice, voluptuousness, hypocrisy, vanity, and ambition: He is neither ostentatious, envious, nor revengeful. His hospitality was princely, his justice exemplary, and his charities innumerable. He is a tender parent, a generous master, a constant friend, and a benevolent man. He was a father to the poor, the champion of the oppressed, the advocate of innocence, the guardian of orphans, and a physician to the lame and blind. In short, to use his own brilliant and energetick expression, he put on righteousness and it clothed him. His judgment was as a robe and a diadem. He caused the widow's heart to sing for joy, and the poor man was warmed with the fleece of his sheep.

But neither a prosperous fortune, nor a magnificent expenditure, nor a blameless life are a sure protection against the vicissitudes of Nature, the ravages of Disease, or the visitation of Melancholy. While Job was thus basking in the meridian of Happiness, while he enjoyed favour with God, and popularity among men; while his palaces glittered with the gold of Ophir, the precious Onyx, and the Sapphire; Coral and Pearls, the ruddiest of rubies, and the Topaz of Ethiopia, a terrible visitation is impending. The genius of Misfortune appears before his distract-

ed eyes in the most horrible form that *Fables yet have feigned, or Fear conceived*. In one hour, his wealth vanished, his servants were slain, and his children consumed. To add to this gloomy catalogue of woes, his body is not only tormented with the scourge of Sickness, but his mind is clouded with all the darkness of Despair.

In this mournful reverse of circumstances, one, who took but a hasty glance at Human Nature, and who partially looked only at one side, would naturally conclude, that Job would be immediately surrounded by crowds, impatient to testify their opinion of his value, and their sorrow and solace for his sufferings. As he was a man of genius, wisdom, and eloquence; as he had been a character of so much distinction, that he was the companion of Princes, and the oracle of the people, as he was a Nobleman, a Judge, an Orator, and a Statesman, he had the strongest claim upon the gratitude of some, the friendship of others and the compassion of all. Let us now count this army of auxiliaries coming to the support of suffering virtue. We shall not laboriously task our arithmetick. Of that swarm, which once buzzed in his courts, and hovered in his palaces, who quaffed the richest of his wines, and anointed themselves in rivers of his oil, only *three* individuals remain, and this scanty group, so far from pouring balm on his tortured mind, assail him in the angriest terms of reproach and controversy; and, in a spirit of captious sophistry, which would disgrace the most illiberal of mankind, cavil at every chapter of his life. Instead of being run after by admiring thousands, instead of witnessing a multitude banquetting at his table, instead

of being surrounded with obsequious guests, and fawning dependents, he finds himself on a sudden in the dismal company of Solitude and Contempt. The same gust of adversity, which had made a wreck of his fortune and his peace, had blown away all his friends, connexions and companions too, and on a raging ocean he finds himself joyless, and alone, and on the very gulf of Despair.

Like April skies, life is coquettish, capricious, and changeable. Prosperity and Adversity often succeed each other, like the vicissitudes of day and night. The unhappy sufferer, whom we have just left in an abyss of misfortunes, suddenly emerges, by the favour of Divine Providence, and his last days are fairer than the first. Having exercised a patience unparallelled, and displayed a *conscience void of offence*, his integrity is justly and graciously requited by a most magnificent reward. His fortune was doubled, and his family favoured. Honours and gifts await him. But is it necessary for me to record, with the minuteness of an annalist, this *second* epoch in this good man's history? Is it not already indicated, as it were with a pen of diamond, by the circumstance in the text? Is it not clear, as noontide beams, that our patient hero must have regained his rank in society, and become "a prosperous gentleman," before his brethren and his sisters, and all they that had been of his acquaintance *before*, would come and eat bread with him, and bemoan him, and comfort him? During the gloomy season of his sufferings, we do not hear one syllable of these sunshine friends. Lover and friend were not put far away, but kept far away. No brother, nor sister, nor old acquaint-

tance, nor grateful friend, nor pampered guest, nor faithful servant, ever dreamed of visiting Job in poverty and affliction. Suddenly Fortune smiles, and who then more smiling than the servile and paritistical followers of Fortune? The indigent Job is alone, the affluent Job is overwhelmed with the civilities of crowds. Not only his family friends and domestick retainers are officious in their visits, but every man gave him a piece of money, and every one an earring of gold. As Jaques in the play finely remarks

— They made a testament  
As worldlings do, giving their sum of more  
To that, which had too much:—

There was a time, when Job sat down among the ashes, that, so far from receiving money gratuitously, he could not have borrowed a piece of silver, no not on usury. But when his coffers and caskets are once more replenished, all the gold of the Orientals is showered upon him.

Having incidentally alluded to a passage in the immortal SHAKESPEARE, I cannot refrain from recommending to my classical readers, the perusal, in connexion with my text, of that admirable drama, Timon of Athens. The story of that prodigal nobleman, compared with that of the patient Job, deserted by his friends, at his utmost need, and courted by them, during a reverse of fortune, will present such a picture of human nature, as neither Hobbes nor Mandeville would hope to emulate with the hardest pencils and the darkest colouring.

For The Port Folio.

### BIOGRAPHY.

In several numbers of this paper, we have insisted, at considerable length, upon the delight, that a great majority of our rea-

ders of an inquisitive humour and delicate taste, always experience, in perusing the lives of distinguished men. At no very remote distance of time, we stipulated with the publick that Biography should form a regular article in this Journal. It imports us to pay our vows. Indeed, an article so agreeable to the humour of the Editor, as well as interesting to the curiosity of his friends, should not have been postponed, for a week, if we could have readily found a choice of valuable articles, sufficiently portable for this miscellany. But ADDISON could not hate long speeches more heartily, than the publick detest prolixity, in a paper of the complexion of The Port Folio. On inspecting many recent publications, and consulting many Biographical Dictionaries, we found ourselves embarrassed too often with the copiousness of our materials, and began almost to despair of discovering these little medallions of character, for which the French are so famous, and which are so finely calculated, to pursue the allusion, for the narrow room which we can assign them. At length, we have found a collection of lives written in a terse style and abounding with anecdote. To add to our satisfaction it is upon the model of Granger's admirable work, and comprizes one of the most interesting epochs of literature, we mean the Augustan age of England, in which flourished an ADDISON, a SWIFT, and a BOLINGBROKE. Our authority is of a very recent date, and we are indebted for these pleasing articles to the industry of a worthy clergyman, and respectable authour, the domestick chaplain to the Earl of Leicester.

We commence this gallery of portraits with a sketch of the romantick character of the versatile Earl of Peterborough, of whom SWIFT so justly sung:

Mordanto FILLS THE TRUMP OF FAME.

Charles Mordaunt, third Earl of Peterborough, and first of Monmouth, was one of the strangest compounds that Nature, in her most sportive moments, ever produced. Of great ancestry, a peer by creation as well as, afterwards, by descent; yet in his youth, he seemed to disregard decency, and the greatest of all moral obligations. Justice, indeed, ought to have claimed him, as one who shed human blood. Graceful in his manners, elegant in his person, and a favourite with the Muses, he seemed emulous to mix only with the rough and then untutored brave tars of the ocean. Leaving the naval ser-

vice, he charmed a listening senate with his oratory. Disgusted with James II's government, he went to command part of the Dutch fleet, but William III brought him back to his native land; when we find him a *mi-litary* officer, yet assisting his majesty in the council. Under Ann he fought and conquered; and Spain would have been transferred from the Bourbon to the Austrian family, if Charles had as much attended to fighting as bull-feasting. Never was a general more brave or more skilful. An adept in the illusions of perspective, he imposed upon the enemy as to the numbers under his command; even his gallantries aided his plans. He astonished the proud Spaniards and the patient Germans; even the spritely French saw themselves excelled in courage, celerity, and stratagem. The parliament thanked him; but imitating his fickleness, withdrew their favour. Ever at home, his pen vindicated his sword; and, at the change of the queen's ministry, he blazed forth a knight of the garter; and as negotiator in all the Italian courts. Restless and alert on the continent or in England, he was ever on the wing: "he saw more kings and postillions than any man in Europe." This quarter of the globe seemed to him too confined for his pastimes. He asked a commission as captain-general of our forces in North America, but his enemy and rival Marlborough prevented his gaining it. Under George I and George II he became a conspicuous whig, and was continued by their majesties lord lieutenant of Northamptonshire, and made general of the marine forces of Great Britain; but, in these reigns he employed his time more as a wit than a politician. Caprice dictated and inclination followed. He was insufferably haughty, and loved popularity. The correspondent of Pope and Swift, and gifted in all that learning and genius could bestow, he yet delighted to hear himself declaim in a coffeehouse, where the stupid stare of astonishment was

all his reward. Living on the borders of parsimony, yet always in debt. They who blamed, could not help admiring him: even the cynick Swift, after remarking, that "though his lordship was at least sixty, he had more spirits than any young fellow in England," adds, "I love the hang-dog dearly." An avowed athiest, he gained the admiration of the friends of revealed religion. He was like no other human being; yet all human beings admired his sense, his wit, and his courage. As a single variety in the species, he was said to be without fear. "No," said his lordship, "I am not; but I never saw occasion to fear." He died of a flux, at Lisbon, October 25, 1735, aged 77. By Carey, daughter of Sir Alexander Frazier, of Dotes, in the county of Mearns in Scotland, he had John, Lord Mordaunt, father of Charles, the fourth earl of Peterborough; Henry, a distinguished sea-officer; and Henrietta, married to Alexander Gordon, second duke of Gordon. His lordship, when a widower, became deeply enamoured with the accomplished Anastasia Robinson,\* daughter of Mr. Robinson, a painter; who though an opera singer, a teacher of musick and the Italian language, to support an aged parent, rejected all his advances tending to an illicit connexion. This proud and singular man, dreading a total loss of the fair Anastasia, married her privately, and concealed the circumstance; till, in 1735, he publicly owned what most people knew before: he then proclaimed his marriage like no other husband. He went one evening to the rooms at Bath, where a servant was ordered distinctly and audibly to exclaim, "Lady Peterborough's carriage waits." Every lady of rank and fashion rose, and congratulated the declared countess.

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\* Mr. Robinson resided in or near Golden-square; he had studied his profession in Italy, and understanding the language, had taught it his daughter Anastasia when young, who learned it with great ease and correctness.

## TO READERS.

Next to periodical essays, and the biography of the learned, for which not only ourselves, but the great majority of our readers have a strong and just partiality, we have always admired tours and travels, not in Africa, nor among the naked barbarians of the west, but among those nations, who have distinguished themselves by the blandishments of life, by softness and civility of manners, by the pursuits of literature and the efforts of Genius and Art. Hence the mountains of Burgundy, the banks of the Seine, the lake of Lausanne, the vales of the Arno, and the shores of the Mediterranean, however described, will always fix the attention of inquisitive man. To this stock of useful and pleasing information we have it in our power to make a very copious, elegant, and interesting addition. An American gentleman of superiour talents, liberal education, and extensive views has favoured us with his manuscript travels through one of the most charming and civilized sections of the European continent. As these travels abound not only with vivid descriptions, but with amusing anecdotes, and judicious reflections, and as from the merit of the subject, as well as of the execution, the work deserves a conspicuous place in a Journal, whose object is to preserve some records of the literature of our country; we have determined to publish these letters regularly, and to permit them to occupy the first place in *The Port Folio*. During the first year of the establishment of this paper, we were favoured, by a man of genius, and a diplomatick character of rank, with his travels in Silesia. These, though descriptive of a quarter of Europe, comparatively obscure, were so favourably received by the American publick,

that no article in the Editor's power to furnish was read with more avidity. As soon as the series was completed an elegant edition was immediately published by a British bookseller, and a clear majority of unbiassed critics have pronounced their verdict in our Tourist's favour. On a careful inspection of the letters, which adorn our front pages, we have not a doubt that they too, will receive the honours of popularity at home, and of publication abroad.

For *The Port Folio*.

## SONG. AIR "VIVA TUTTA."

By the brook that's softly flowing,  
When the evening breeze is blowing,  
When the Sun has press'd his pillow,  
Deep beneath the distant billow,  
Then it's sweet alone to stray.

Thoughts of thee my maid entrancing,  
Absence every charm enhancing,  
Then I rove till break of day.

*There is much point in the following Epigram.*

A Cock, within a stable pent,  
Was strutting o'er a heap of dung,  
And still as round and round he went,  
The mettled courser stamp and flung.  
Bravo! quoth he, a decent noise,  
We make a tolerable pother;  
But let's take care my merry boys,  
We tread not upon one another.

## MERRIMENT.

A country gentleman being complimented on the appearance of his horses, and being told they were in excellent plight, said, "To be sure, how should it be otherwise? they eat such hay and oats, that the king himself never ate better."

A Bishop, congratulating a poor parson, said he lived in a very fine air: "Yes Sir," replied he, "I should think it so, if I could live upon it, as well as in it."

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# THE PORT FOLIO,

(NEW SERIES)

BY OLIVER OLDSCHOOL, ESQ.



Various, that the mind of desultory man, studious of change and pleased with novelty, may be indulged—Cowp.

Vol. V. Philadelphia, Saturday, February 13, 1808. No. 7.

## ORIGINAL PAPERS.

### TRAVELS.

#### LETTERS FROM GENEVA AND FRANCE.

*Written during a residence of between two and three years in different parts of those countries, and addressed to a lady in Virginia.*

—quâ me quoque possim  
Tollere humo. VIR.

Je dirai j'étais là, telle chose m'advint,  
Vous y croyriez être vous-mêmes.

LA FONTAINE.

(Continued from page 84.)

#### LETTER II.

Geneva.

My dear E—,

WE now fell in with vessels of the same description, almost every day, and though we were generally well treated, considering the sort of people their crews consisted of, yet it was never without painful sensations that we saw them approach; it was always under a press of sail, as if determined to run us down, until within short gun shot, and then with the men at their quarters and all those preparations for battle, which are so solemn, even when one knows there is to be no fighting. Fortunately for us, our voyage was made at the commencement of the contest between

the great rival powers of Europe, before the minds of individuals had been sharpened by opposition and disappointment, before they had been familiarized with scenes of distress, and while there yet remained somewhat of that imaginary glow of sentiment, which for a time, can gild the worst of passions in the breast of a privateer's man.

It seemed as if every other wind but the North East had been extinct, for after calms it still returned, and could not exhaust itself in a succession of gales; still, however, our good ship gained to the eastward, and on the morning of the twenty-fifth, the long-desired and much wished-for land appeared in sight, and I once more beheld the coast of Europe, after an absence of twenty-five years, after a long vicissitude of cares and joys over which my mind rapidly glanced, as I gazed from the deck on what appeared at a distance to be a cloud, but which the experience of the seamen taught them to be Cape Ortegal. In a few days, we had doubled the Cape and found ourselves in the Bay of Biscay, which, instead of that tremendous sea for which it is

distinguished, displayed the smoothness and tranquillity of some gentle lake: still, however, the wind was contrary, and we were obliged to make short tacks along the shore, in order to get ahead; so slow a progress would at any other time have disheartened us extremely, but we were now refreshed with the daily and almost constant sight of the land of Spain, connected as it was with ideas drawn from the history of the glories of Charles V, of the bigotry of Philip, and of the discovery of America. The high mountains in sight too, we knew to be those of the Austurias, where a gallant remnant of Christians had kept alive the flame of Royalty and of Religion, and you may well suppose that they appeared to us as no common mountains. The adventures of Don Quixote presented themselves to the imagination; and it was impossible not to think of Gil Blas, when we were almost in sight of Santilana, and of the province through which he was travelling, when he was frightened at Astorga into the hands of captain Rolando and his gang.

You will perceive, by looking at a chart, that we were by no means in the right direction for Bordeaux, and it was not, in fact, until the evening of the sixth day, after we got sight of land, when to a continuation of calms, during which a negro in his canoe might with ease have navigated this sea of storms and tempests, there succeeded a gentle breeze from the South West, that insensibly became stronger, and we had the delight of feeling ourselves wafted towards the entrance of the Gironde at the rate of seven miles an hour. I can hardly believe that Columbus and his Spaniards were more eager to behold the land on the second of October, 1492 than we now were. The impatience of all on board was visible, and the captain, who had more equality of demeanour, than most men I have known, was continually on the lookout, with all the anxiety of expectation. Tired of every now and then

mistaking a star for the lighthouse, I turned in, as the seamen call it, and shortly after heard the joyful cry of the Corduan right ahead. The Corduan is a lighthouse so called from the name of some builder at a former period; it is one hundred and seventy-five feet high, and stands on an isolated rock, immediately opposite to the mouth of the Gironde, and about six miles from the land, and nearly in the latitude of the northern extremity of Lake Champlain; the rest of the night was past in short tacks under easy sail, and at day break we had the pleasure to see the main land of France stretching to the right and left, and two pilot boats endeavouring under press of sail to reach us. The country appeared flat, with gentle hills rising at a distance, the pilot had all the appearance of an overseer upon S— descended from the ancient French settlers, and his boat was rigged as a lugger: prepared as I was to find the French language familiar to me, I nevertheless experienced somewhat of an agreeable surprize in perceiving that I understood the pilot as well as if I had arrived on the coast of Virginia, and that I could converse with him as easily; I am not certain even that I was not less struck with his accent, than I should have been with that of a James's River pilot.

In going over the bar, we approached the sandy extremity of the country to the south of the Gironde, which put us very much in mind of Sullivan's Island, except that the hillocks of sand are higher, and there appeared a steeple behind them: after several tacks we at length, with some difficulty, entered the river, and beheld the guardship lying at anchor in the midst of a fleet of coasters near the town of Royan: our hopes were, that we should experience no longer detention than commonly takes place at Fort Johnson, but some reports had unfortunately prevailed of a contagious disorder in America, and we were ordered by the officer of the guardship, who had

led us, as we passed, to come to an anchor off Verdun, a little village about two miles higher up the river: this was a great mortification, and you may judge how much it was increased on being told that we were to remain there four days, and that we were to have no intercourse with any vessel or with the shore; it was added, however, that the frigate's boat would receive our orders every morning, and bring us from the neighbouring town of Royan whatever necessities we might desire. Our poor captain, who in the course of sixteen years intercourse with Bordeaux, had never been made to perform quarantine before, and who had told us so frequently, with a sort of self-complacency, of the great politeness and attention of the French officers of government, was extremely mortified at the manner in which he was received, and would not avail himself of the frigate's boat; for a day, we too entered into his feelings: after that period however our fit of sullen abstinence passed off, and I prevailed on him to make a signal for the boat, which was soon along side, received our orders, and very expeditiously returned from Royan, with a cargo. I shall never forget: about twenty shillings sterling had procured us, as much as feasted all the passengers for three days with bread, butter and eggs, and I cannot express to you how delightful it was to see a person very dear to me, sitting on her bed with a basket of Muscat grapes in her lap: such an accession to our means of living diminished in no small degree the disagreeableness of remaining at anchor.

As the ship lay within a mile of the southern shore, which resembles the sea islands of South Carolina, our nearest prospect was not a very new one, but on the opposite side, at the distance of about four miles, there appeared the little town of Royan, famous, in a former age, for holding out against Louis XIII, and interesting as the place from which the greater part of the first French emi-

grants embarked, when the bigotry of Louis XIV compelled them to seek for shelter in America. There also appeared a delightful country of hills and vallies, thickly interspersed with towns and villages, with here and there a wood, and extensive plains of a deep green, which the pilot told us, to our great satisfaction, were the vineyards of the country.

(To be continued.)

### CRITICISM. •

For The Port Folio.

### AN ODE—for Musick.

But most the musick of the plaintive moon,  
With lengthened note, detains the list'ning  
ear,  
As lost in thought thou wanderest all alone.  
ANON.

The succeeding stanza, as it is remarked by Mr. Wakefield, is judiciously distributed into the same measure as that in which the great poet composed his sublime *Hymn on the Nativity*; except that the last verse, but one, in Mr. Gray's sonnet is longer, by two syllables, than the corresponding verse in his original.

But hark! the portals sound, and pacing  
forth,  
With solemn steps, and slow,  
High potentates, and dames of royal birth,  
And mitred fathers, that in long order  
go!

This sudden conversion of the subject is animated in the highest degree, and sets the object in full view, before us; and the stateliness of the measure keeps pace with the dignity of the subject.

The visionary procession of the worthies and benefactors of the University, which is here exhibited with so much solemnity, is extremely interesting, and a noble effort of our poet's imagination. In my opinion, nothing is so well calculated to engage the feelings, and to gratify the understanding, at the same time,



as this union of historical truth with poetick invention, which Mr. Gray has happily accomplished on other occasions.

8. Great Edward, with the lilies on his brow,  
From haughty Gallia torn, &c.

(Their tears, their little triumphs o'er,  
Their human passions now no more,  
Save Charity, that glows beyond the tomb),  
All that on Granta's fruitful plain,  
Rich streams of regal bounty poured, &c.

Mr. Wakefield comments, with much energy, on the exquisite passage, their tears, &c.

In these verses, all the graces of poetick diction are employed to their best end, the recommendation of a sublime morality. What an edifying lesson is here inculcated! What a severe reproof is here given, of those absurd and petty animosities, which embitter human life! How vain those *triumphs*, which will so soon be *over*! How unwise those resentments, which can only serve to increase our shame and aggravate our punishment hereafter.

—Their *human* passions,—

A fine expression: a common author might have said—their *HATEFUL passions*, or some other discriminate epithet of a similar signification: but Mr. Gray comprehends every thing in one word—their *HUMAN passions*. But these delicate beauties escape the gross sight of vulgar readers.

Mr. Pope has given us an example of this propriety, which the circumstances of the passage render still more beautiful than this instance of Mr. Gray.

“From the full choir, when loud Hosannas rise,  
And swell the pomp of dreadful sacrifice;  
Amid that scene, if some relenting eye  
Glance on the stone, where our cold relics lie,  
Devotion's self shall steal a thought from heav'n,  
One human tear shall drop and be forgiven.  
ELOISA.

What can imagination conceive more truly natural and pathetick! Amid all this pomp of religious celebration, when the rapt soul is absorbed in the contemplation of heavenly things, far above the thoughts and passions of mortality, a casual glance *unspheres* her in a moment, revives her accustomed passions, supplants these spiritual meditations, and calls forth one tear of humanity, to lament the fate of these unhappy lovers.

9. Sweet is the breath of vernal show'r,  
The bee's collected treasure sweet,  
Sweet, Musick's melting fall; but sweeter yet  
The still small voice of Gratitude.

These four verses are exquisitely beautiful, and that artful repetition of the word has an admirable effect;—but the first praise of this kind is due to a speech of Eve, in *Paradise Lost*, which is harmony itself; and because English poetry has nothing more exquisite to produce, I shall give it at full length, for the gratification of the reader and myself.

“Sweet is the breath of Morn, her rising sweet,  
With charm of earliest birds: pleasant the Sun,  
When first on this delightful land he spreads  
His orient beams, on herb, tree, fruit, and flower,  
Glist'ning with dew: fragrant the fertile earth,  
After soft showers; and sweet the coming on  
Of grateful Evening mild; then silent Night,  
With this her solemn bird, and this fair Moon,  
And these, the gems of heav'n, her starry train.  
But neither breath of Morn, when she ascends,  
With charm of earliest birds, nor rising Sun  
On this delightful land; nor herb, fruit, flower,  
Glistening with dew, nor fragrance after showers;  
Nor grateful Evening mild; nor silent Night,  
With this her solemn bird, nor walk by Moon,  
Or glistening star-light, without thee is sweet.

Mr. Wakefield suggests, that Milton, in the above passage, might be under some obligations to Theocritus, v. 111, 76.

10. In the succeeding stanza, where Mr. Gray takes occasion to turn into a general compliment, his sense of the peculiar generosity, with which the Duke of Grafton had patronized him, he resorts to the images of worth in obscurity of those employed in his elegy:

Thy liberal heart, thy judging eye,  
The flower unheeded shall descry,  
And bid it round heaven's altar shed  
The fragrance of its blushing head:  
Shall raise from earth the latent gem,  
To glitter on the diadem.

"The coldness of impartial criticism," says Mr. Wakefield, "must remark, that the common verb *descry* is not well applied to both eye and heart; because, in one application, the sense is *literal*, in the other *metaphorical*. This impropriety of composition is very common in our best authours, and the purest writers of antiquity, but cannot be justified by any authority whatsoever."

11. The same private motives of gratitude dictated the opening lines of the concluding stanza:

Lo! Granta waits to lead her blooming band,  
Not obvious, not obtrusive: she  
No vulgar praise, no venal incense flings;  
Nor dares, with courtly tongue refined,  
Profane thy inborn royalty of mind:  
She reveres herself and thee.

The *inborn* royalty of mind alludes to the Duke's descent from the houses of Beaufort and Tudor.

"I must observe, that the weight of the rhyme is most injudiciously thrown upon such a paltry and feeble word as *she*."

She reveres herself and thee.——

Here we once more quote Mr. Wakefield, in his notes upon this ode, which we believe our readers will regard with us, as a most elegant and classical composition.

She reveres, &c.

'Most admirably expressed! and a most dexterous escape from a dangerous bypath to the high road of his subject! The idea was taken from that noble and refined precept of the moralists which we find in *Pythagoras's golden verses*:

—*παντα δὲ μάλιστ' ἀσχευέει σὺν ὅτῳ.*

—And, above all things, reverence thyself.

The poet has indeed acquitted himself on this occasion, so embarrassing to an independent spirit, with exquisite delicacy and decorum.

The *deep* follows just below; or the poet would have written—

Nor fear the *deep*, nor seek the shore—

which had been more accurate; for so his original:

"Rectius vives, Licini, neque altum  
Semper urgendo, neque dum procellas  
Cautus horrescis, nimium premendo  
Littus iniquum.

HOR.

We shall subjoin Mr. Mason's observations on, *Irregular Odes*, the animadversions of Mr. Wakefield upon which we have already presented.

'This Ode, to which on the title, I have given the epithet of *irregular*, is the only one of the kind which Mr. Gray ever wrote; and its being written occasionally, and for musick, is a sufficient apology for the defect. Exclusive of this defect, for a defect it certainly is, it appears to me, in point of lyrical arrangement and expression, to be equal to most of his other Odes, which have been written in our own language. Dryden's and Pope's on St. Cecilia's day, are the only ones which may properly be said to have lived. The reason is, that this mode of composition is so extremely easy, that it gives the writer an opening to every kind of poetical licentiousness; whereas, the regularly repeated stanza, and still more, the regular succession of strophe, antistrophe, and epode, put so strong a curb on the wayward imagination, that when she has once paced it, she seldom chooses

to submit to it a second time. 'Tis, therefore, greatly to be wished, in order to stifle in their birth a quantity of compositions which are, at the same time, wild and jejune, that regular Odes, and these only should be deemed legitimate among us.'

*For The Port Folio.*

### MISCELLANY.

We have not yet the honour of an acquaintance with the subject of the following brief, but elegant memoir, though we know that *good words go with his name*, and that *Report speaks goldenly of his profit*. We have often been assailed, though never but by prejudice or absurdity, with the idle charge of indifference or malevolence towards every thing that is American. No man respects the *genuine* genius and the cultivated talents of this country, more than the editor. A gentleman of mental power, and elegant manners, like the subject of the ensuing articles, who has seen the

*Mores hominum multorum et urbes,*

and who, as the *elegans formarum spectator*, has gazed at the Landscapes of Claude, and worshipped at the feet of the Venus de Medici, who has measured, with the eye of taste, the dome of St. Peter's, and surveyed with Classical enthusiasm, the ruins of the Capitol is to be ranked with any European Scholar, however eminent. Genius is of no country, and when to the enterprize and curiosity of an American, the gifts of nature, fortune, and art, are superadded, such a favoured individual, such an Anglo American is to all intents and purposes equivalent to an OXFORD SCHOLAR.

We announce with pleasure, the arrival at New-York, from Europe, after an absence of fifteen years from his native country, of Joseph Allen Smith, Esquire, brother of William Loughton Smith, Esquire. No American, we may safely say—few, if any Europeans have possessed such means and opportunities of visiting to advantage the various parts of the old world, as Mr. Allen Smith has enjoyed in his travels throughout the Continent of Europe, and more particularly in his extensive range through the vast Russian Empire, in Europe and Asia, in which he was accompanied by Russian Officers of rank,

specially sent for that purpose, by the Emperour Alexander, who lavished on our countryman, Mr. S. the most distinguished marks of his friendship and esteem. From St. Petersburg, where he resided a winter, Mr. S. travelled to Moscow, thence he descended the Volga, and the Don, to Astracan, visited the celebrated Mount Caucasus, the interesting borders of the Caspian and Euxine Seas, Georgia, Circassia and Tartary; accompanied the Russian army in its campaign against the revolted Georgians—was at the storming and capture of Ifflis, the capital of Persian Georgia—passed through the Crimea—visited the Turkish empire—the Islands of the Archipelago—explored the superb monuments of antiquity in Greece—passed a winter at Constantinople and returned by land to St. Petersburg.—Previous to this important and splendid tour, Mr. S. had passed several years in visiting Italy, whence he has enriched his native country with some beautiful productions of the Arts; Germany, France, Holland, England, Ireland, &c. and had the peculiar advantage of residing in Paris, at the most interesting epochs of the Revolution, during the reign of terror under Robespierre, and the reign of order under Bonaparte. It must be gratifying to Americans to know that wherever he went, by his elegance and urbanity of manners, and his extensive information, and manly sense, he immediately conciliated the friendship and respect of the most eminent personages, thereby enhancing the American character, and obtaining the means of still adding to his stock of information; from which causes, no man perhaps existing possesses so extensive and complete a knowledge as Mr. S. of the policy, views, and interests of the different cabinets of Europe.

With such means and advantages, it is ardently to be desired that this distinguished Traveller may be persuaded by his friends to publish the result of his researches and observa-

tions, with an account of the Russian Dominions in Europe and Asia, which will undoubtedly be the richest and most authentick source of information concerning that vast Empire, and one of the most useful and interesting works ever presented to the publick.

*For The Port Folio.*

### CLASSICAL LEARNING.

*A short account and character of the principal classick authours.*

*Continued from page 92.*

VIRGIL.

Although in this brief account of the Classicks we do not propose to consider always a Greek and a Roman in succession, as Plutarch has done in his parallels, yet the comparison that has been so often made betwixt Homer and Virgil, will excuse our passing immediately from Homer, to the Prince of the Latin poets.

Virgil was born in a more happy, and a more enlightened age, and had the unspeakable advantage of having Homer before him, by which, no doubt, he profited very much. The Romans, as Horace tells us, had paid little attention to Learning, till after the Punick War. Being constantly intent on military exercises, the Romans rather despised the inglorious and barren employment of Letters. Accius, Nævius. and Pacuvius, as well as Livius Andronicus, their first poet, do not seem to have been taken notice of by the leading men of their times. Ennius was patronised by Scipio Africanus, which was the first instance of patronage to a learned man in that republick. But the Romans having a variety of great examples before them, in the Greek authours, had barely the trouble of imitation. The field of invention was entirely preoccupied. Indeed they had to struggle with the asperity of their language, which had not been applied to a variety of subjects, and was much less pliable and copious than the Greek. Lucretius complains of the poverty of the language, in which he wrote. After Homer, none could claim the merit of an original, in heroick poetry. All that was left, was the felicity of imitation. The greatness of Homer's genius barred all hopes of surpassing him. Virgil could have profited little by the Latin poets, who preceded him. Catullus and Propertius were in the Elegiac line, which Virgil never entered. Lucretius treated of Natural Philosophy, and his language, for the most part, has a good deal of asperity. Yet Virgil has borrowed many whole lines from him. It would

seem, that Virgil's genius was awakened by misfortune. Having lost his lands in the neighbourhood of Mantua, by his adherence to the losing party, he was driven by necessity to the court of Augustus, where, having recommended himself to Mæcenæ, and, afterwards, to Augustus, not by his poetry, but by his skill in horses, he got his lands restored to him. His first Eclogue was prompted by gratitude, and contains an elegant compliment to Augustus, for his clemency, on that occasion, for which the poet treats him as a god. The beginning of the reign of Augustus, after his victory over Antony and Lepidus, was extremely bloody, and revived the horrors of Sylla's proscriptions. Mæcenæ and Agrippa, his chief friends, observing that he lived in perpetual terror of the fate of his uncle Julius Cæsar, and that he threatened to assassinate all the chiefs of the Roman people, for fear of being assassinated by them, advised him to make a show of clemency, which seems to have been opposite to his natural temper; and, seeing he had not succeeded by sanguinary measures, to make trial, at least, of the appearances of mercy and generosity, however fatal these had been to his adopted father. The expedient succeeded, and Augustus found his life much better secured by pardons, than it had been by assassinations, and bloody executions. He continued to use Mæcenæ and Agrippa, as his chief counsellors and ministers, to execute those peaceful measures, which their wisdom had suggested, and succeeded so well, that he was literally deified by the Romans, in his lifetime, and they became not only content, but proud of their slavery. It appears that Augustus was led by Mæcenæ and Agrippa, to patronize men of letters, as an art of popularity, which not only recommended him to his contemporaries, but has transmitted his name, with ill deserved honour, to posterity, and established his family, while any of them remained, on the throne of the empire. It is mostly from what he did in favours to Virgil and Horace, that he has been known to posterity, though his cruelty to Ovid has likewise contributed to the same end. That unmanly poet having been banished to Pontus, for a court intrigue, being unable to bear his misfortune, and longing for the luxuries of Rome, tried the force of flattery, which had succeeded so well with others, to obtain a recal of his sentence. But Augustus was inexorable, and poor Ovid died in exile.

Virgil has successfully imitated Theocritus in his Eclogues, excelled Hesiod in his Georgicks, and contended with Homer in his Æneid. His pastorals are elegant, chaste, and ingenious, and seem to have

been first written when the poet did not dream of any higher subject, but having tried his genius in this way, and finding encouragement, he proceeded to the Georgicks, which he inscribed to his patron Mæcenas, to whom he owed his pardon, his estate, and court favour.

Mæcenas was a strangely mixed character. To a taste for letters, and the sciences, if we may credit the testimony of flattering poets, and no small skill in policy, and government, he added the effeminacy of a modern Macaroni, or *Sçavoir vivre*. But we could not expect to hear of this from cotemporary poets, who were his admirers. He is, perhaps, the only man, who ever wished he had been a woman, and is said to have introduced young asses, as a fashionable and luxurious dish. An epigram attributed to him, which is still preserved, represents him, as so much in love with life, that he wished for its continuance in the most unfavourable circumstances. Perhaps it was owing to his persuasion, that both Horace and Virgil embraced the Epicurean Philosophy.

Virgil's Georgicks are highly finished; and the Episodes, Narratives and Descriptions, with which this work is diversified, are ingenibus, well-chosen, and properly introduced. Perhaps his mentioning his name at the end of the Georgicks, might be excused on the supposition, that at that time he had no thoughts of writing any thing further. Probably the publick approbation given to his Georgicks had encouraged him to think of the *Æneid*. The success of Lucretius was not in this way. Ennius, as appears by his fragments, still extant, was out of the question, and we have no remains of Varius, or Valgius, by which we can judge of their merit. Bavius and Mævius seem to have been but sorry rhymers, and Virgil, while he blasted their works, has preserved their names, which was probably more than they could have done for themselves.

Heroick Poetry was, therefore, new among the Romans in the time of Virgil, and perhaps he might not have thought of it, but for the encouragement which his first performances had received. It is a loss that the *Æneid* is unfinished, particularly the last six books. The author was so sensible of this, that at his death he ordered his executors to burn the whole of it—a request which they did not think proper to comply with, to the great joy of the literary world.

Virgil was remarkable for modesty, and appears to have been of a melancholy temper, which Lord Bacon considers as an inseparable attendant of a great genius. Though conscious of his own talents, and possessed of a sufficient quantity of poeti-

cal vanity, he did not discourage those of others. Horace tells us that he joined with Varius, in recommending him to the friendship of Mæcenas. He seems to have lived in the greatest friendship with Horace, as a testimony of which, an Epigram of the one and an Ode of the other still remain. Yet he was not incapable of resentment. The inhabitants of *Nota*, in Campania, having refused to grant him water from their aqueduct, for a country-house he possessed in that neighbourhood, he blotted the name of their city out of his work, to consign it to oblivion, as far as was in his power. We are assured, that these lines *Qualem dives arat Capua, at vicina Vesero ora jugo*, had *Nota* for *ora* in the first copies. Sweetness and simplicity are the great characters of Virgil's style, and as he lived in a more polished age than Homer, we are not to wonder that in some places he is more correct. The uniform majesty and grandeur of his expressions have been much admired by the critics, some of whom have preferred him to Homer, in this respect.

From the different subjects of Virgil's poems, and the epitaph he composed for himself, some have imagined that he meant to give us a complete poetical history of mankind, who are represented first as in the state of pastoral innocence and simplicity, afterwards more improved by the study and practice of agriculture, and lastly, in the pursuit of fame and empire by arms, and adorned by all the arts of life. Others, whose thoughts were turned towards oratory, consider the three divisions of his works as specimens of the three different kinds of style, the simple, the florid, and the sublime. Some have even imagined that he was a magician, which probably he never thought of himself, though he has described some of the rites of magic in his Eclogues, and in the fourth book of the *Æneid*. Though Virgil seems to have been no less happy than Homer in his descriptions of human nature, yet the critics complain, and not without reason, that he has drawn few characters. Though solicitous to adorn his hero with every virtue, religious, civil, military, and economical, except that and Dido, he has scarce drawn any character. The companions of the hero, are seen as it were at a distance, Achates, is almost a mute, and Ilioneus speaks only once or twice. The rest seem all of a piece, and exactly equal to one another. But perhaps this censure is carried too far. Although Virgil's characters are neither so numerous, nor so strongly marked as those of Homer, his work is by no means so destitute of them as may at first be imagined, though all his characters are mere still life in comparison of Homer's,

yet the piety and courage of Anchises, the friendship and complaisance of Anna, the blunt hospitality of Acestes, the sorrows of Andromache, the gravity of Latinus, the martial character of Turnus, the impiety of Mezentius, the rude majesty of Evander, the youthful spirit and courage of Ascanius and Pallas, and the heroic friendship of Nisus and Euryalus, are specimens that ascertain Virgil's acquaintance with human nature, and his capacity of discriminating characters. The nature of his subject did not admit of a number of illustrious personages, and the little heroes of the petty states of Italy could not be made very interesting, especially as they have not been described by other poets. Homer's personages derive grandeur not only from the fame which his poems have given them, but from their having been celebrated by other poets, and introduced into all the tragic writings of ancient Greece. If Homer is more strong and vehement in his style than Virgil, the latter is more tender and sentimental, though this difference is probably owing to the different ages in which they wrote. Virgil's description of Hell is much preferred to that of Homer, though the philosophy of Plato, and the progress of the human mind, in the long interval must have given Virgil no small advantage in this respect. It is generally imagined, that as Homer is supposed to have wrote the *Iliad*, to exhort the Grecian states to harmony and union, by describing the mischiefs that rose from the anger of Achilles, Virgil intended by his *Æneid* to reconcile the Romans to monarchical government. With regard to Virgil, the design is obvious. He was a favourite of Augustus, and had been raised to riches and reputation by his bounty, and the ornaments he bestows on *Æneas*, together with the fabulous descent of the Julian family, and the will of the gods, which he represents as on the side of his hero, led uniformly to that conclusion. The ductile temper of the Romans, wearied with civil wars, intimidated by proscriptions, enervated by luxury, and unmindful of their ancient dignity, completed their slavery. By the choice of his subject, Virgil seems to have proposed to imitate both the *Iliad* and *Odyssey*, and to comprise the peculiar beauties of both in one work; how far he has succeeded is the question. But perhaps his endeavour to blend the milder beauties of the *Odyssey* with the martial fury of the *Iliad* has occasioned that want of force which the critics complain of in sundry parts of his work. The indistinct features of some of his characters might have been altered, if his life had lasted long enough for that purpose. Some think that he intended to extend his work to twenty-four books in imi-

tation of Homer. But from the manner in which he has treated his subject it does not appear that he had any thoughts of this kind. The only remaining obstacle to the settlement of *Æneas* in Italy being removed by the death of Turnus, he certainly proposed to end his poem with that event, in imitation of Homer, who concludes the *Iliad* with the death of Hector. This leads us to consider a peculiarity of epick composition, namely, that neither the original causes of the main action nor its full issue and execution are comprehended in the narrative. Horace commends Homer—or rather joins in the commendation which Aristotle and other critics had bestowed on him, that he did not begin the narration of the Trojan war from the birth of Castor and Pollux, the judgment of Paris, or the rape of Helen. Those were known by common fame, and part of them are comprised in the posterior narrative. Perhaps Homer had equally good reason for not prosecuting the narration of the *Iliad* beyond the death of Hector. Had he proceeded, he behoved to have related the death of his favourite hero, which would have left a gloomy impression; whereas, at the death of Hector every thing on the side of the Greeks was promising, and nothing remained but to take and pillage the city of Priam, now that its great defender was no more. In like manner Virgil concluding his poem by the death of Turnus, leaves his hero in a respectable and commanding attitude, having vanquished all his enemies, and got the better of the anger of Neptune and Juno. The prophecy of the rise of the Roman Empire in the sixth book of the *Æneid*, has greatly the advantage of the parallel passage in Homer, and sets the hero in a much higher light. Achilles left only the lustre of a great name, and one son, who after having assisted in the destruction of Troy, was no more heard of. But Virgil's hero is represented as the father of a race of heroes, and the founder of a government which subdued the greatest part of the whole world. So happy was he in the choice of his subject. In many respects both poets deserve equal praise, and they shine respectively in their several departments. The advantage that Virgil possessed, in being posterior to Homer, and having him always in his view, makes it impossible to compare their several powers of invention. The affinity of the subject likewise obliged Virgil to tread in the steps of his predecessor. If he had designed to vary from his plan, and relate the marriage of *Æneas* and Lavinia, his poem would have had a more faint effect, and must have ended in a more languid manner than it does at present. Maffæus Vegius, an Italian marquis, had added a thirteenth

book, containing the rest of the narrative which Virgil had judiciously left imperfect. But Maffæus was no good judge of poetry, and his work makes as impertinent an addition to the *Æneid*, as Coluthus's rape of Helen, or Tryphiodorus's destruction of Troy make to the *Iliad* of Homer. These poets had wisely chosen the most eventful part of the narrative, which was most capable of ornament, and left the extremities to be supplied by others, whereas, their impertinent continuators would deprive them of every thing that distinguishes the epic narrative, and reduce them to the plain chronological order of historians. The knowledge of men and manners, and the excellent moral sentences to be found in their works is that which constitute the chief merit of both poets, though their genius has remained unrivalled by their severe countrymen. Homer's work effectually frightened every Greek from attempting heroic poetry, and the ill success of Lucan, Statius and Silius Italicus, sufficiently evinces that none of the Romans could come in competition with Virgil in that line. Both poets will be read with pleasure by all ages that are endued with taste and sound judgment. Great geniuses have always been rare, and after the field was occupied by two such poets as Homer and Virgil, little was left to succeeding poets, except the merit of imitation; the guilt of plagiarism, or the grin of malicious and unsuccessful criticism. It is not probable that Homer wrote the *Batrachomyomachia*, which would seem a parody on the *Iliad*, though the *Culex*, *Liris* and *Epigrams* of Virgil have never been questioned, and appear to be manifestly his. Can we suppose that Homer in his old age designed a satire on the littleness and impertinence of human pursuits, as he had ridiculed inactivity in his *Margites*. Milton found means to surpass both these celebrated poets, only by changing his ground, and boldly mounting to a higher sphere.

(*To be continued.*)

*For The Port Folio.*

## A TREATISE ON ORIENTAL POETRY.

(*Continued from page 86.*)

### SECTION VI.

*Of their Satires.*

The poems of Gerir and the fifth book of the *Hamassa*, are the only re-

markable satires in the Arabick : they greatly resemble the *Iambicks* of Archilochus, and the fragments we have of Hipponax : they breathe the fire of the most inveterate hatred, and the most violent resentment, as we may see in the following invective against a base commander.

"Be forever confounded, feeble and fearful chief ; may the dew of the morning never fall upon thy dwelling ; may the rain never water the habitations of thy tribe : may their hills never again be green ! thou hast covered thyself with shame as with a cloak, Oh ! Son of Bader ! and the evil effects which result from it, will be attached to thy steps. The arrows of infamy will pierce thee on all sides, thou wilt be a subject of derision in all assemblies."

The following Satire is put into the mouth of an Arabian Princess, irritated against Amarah, chief of a tribe, the neighbour of her own, and rival of her favorite Antarah, a celebrated Hero and Poet.

"Cease, Oh ! Amarah, cease to disturb our young Nymphs by thy vain sighs, cease to follow the daughters of beauty ;

For thou hast never tried the arms of the enemy, thou art without valour in the day of battle.

Desire not to see Abelah, fear to meet with her, her lover like the lion of the vallies.

To acquire her thy shining cimetar will not avail thee more than thy dart and trembling lance.

Abelah is a young hind, who has captivated the heart of a lion by her soft and languishing eyes.

Thou still persisted in thy vain love for her ; thou fillest all the places round about with thy complaints.

Do not approach her tent, tremble lest Antarah should there present thee the pure wine of death.

And do not cease to exult that he has not effaced the gay shades of thy cloak ;

As long as the young girls of our tribe make the vallies and the hills resound with the echoes of their laughter ;

And render thee the story of all companies, the publick sport of the morning and evening assemblies.

Thou comest to us in a silk cloak woven with divers colours, enriched with various ornaments,

But take care we do not let loose against thee a lion, the terror of the lions of the valley.

With what opprobrium wilt thou not be received, when thou shalt retire like a wolf who has lost his prey !

Abelah and her beautiful nymphs will have the pleasure to see thee wounded and shamefully driven away.

They will remain negligently reclined and will continue to mock thee in these words ;

Antarah is the first of heroes : the lion of the forest in valour, a copious sea of liberality.

But as for thee, thou art the most despicable of chiefs, and the most sordid of men.

We are like fresh-blown flowers : our odouriferous smell is that of the violet.

Abelah is seated in the midst of us, and by her stature resembles the tree which bears the precious balm ; her beauty is like the full moon or the splendid sun.

Thou wouldst employ violence to obtain her, but thou art as vile as the dog that barks.

Die then dishonoured or live insulted, we shall be equally satisfied, and thou shalt not escape the piercing darts of our reproaches."

We find few general Satires in Arabick which can be as justly compared to those of Juvenal and Horace as that of the famous poem of Tugrai, in which he declaims, in the most beautiful poetical concord, against the perfidy of the human race, and the little solidity of friends. The Satires of Rahi Bagdadien Turk are admirable.

Among the number of Satirical poems which we find in the Persian, one of the most striking is that of the great Ferdusi, against a king who drew upon himself his hatred in the manner we are about to relate.

Mahmud whose father Sebectighin had been a slave, had raised himself to the throne by his valour and splendid qualities. He understood that Ferdusi had formed a design of writing a poem, upon the ancient kings of Persia. The Sultan immediately sent for the poet, flattered him, approved of the plan of his work, and promised him a magnificent recompense when he should have finished it. They assert that Ferdusi laboured during thirty years at his Shahnamah : then filled with confidence he presented to his King an elegant co-

py. But Mahmud, had in this interval listened to the malicious insinuations of his Vizir, the enemy of Ferdusi, and deigned to pay him no attention.

This illustrious unfortunate, who during the composition of his work had totally neglected the care of his fortune, and who expected to be at least created an Emir, endeavoured to recal to Mahmud his promises by some little epigrams, which he took care to lay before him, among them is the following :

" They say that our King is a sea of Liberality without bounds : happy are those who find him so ! as for me, I have plunged into this sea and have not met a single pearl."

At last the poet finding that all his efforts were vain, and that he had nothing to hope from an ungrateful court, resolved to leave it, after having meditated a revenge as pleasant as bitter : the night before his departure he put into the hands of the King's favourite who had done him the ill office, a sealed paper, in telling him that it was a Fable, destined for the amusement of Mahmud, and begging him not to present it until by the embarrassment of some affairs of state, he should be more sorrowful and pen-sive than ordinary. In effect two or three days after, the Vizir having found his master in that situation of mind, gave him the writing which would (according to Ferdusi) restore him to his natural gayety ; the King broke it open and found in it the most sharp invectives against himself. The poet begins coolly ; he recounts the promises of Mahmud, he complains that he has violated them : at last he thus bursts forth :

" But what virtues can one expect from Mahmud, whose heart is closed upon liberality.

What ought we to hope from such a King, who has neither judgment, morals, nor religion ?

The son of a slave, although ornamented with a diadem, discovers in the end the baseness of his origin.

Plant in the garden of Paradise a tree whose fruit is bitter :



Cause the water from the sources of Eternity to spout there; water its roots with honey, and with the honeycomb; Its natural qualities will always return, and after so much care it will only produce bitter fruit.

Place under the celestial peacock the egg of a raven, formed in darkness;

When it shall be hatched, give to the little one, the seeds of figs produced by the fig tree of Eden:

Give it to drink the waters of Salsebil, and let the Angel Gabriel breathe upon it;

You will nevertheless lose your labour, and from the egg of a raven, you will have nothing but a raven.

Put a young viper upon a bed of roses: nourish it with the drops which fall from the fountain of Life;

Nevertheless it will never sweeten itself, and will infect you with its venom.

Take an owl in the forest, place it in the charming dwelling of your garden, suffer it during the night to perch upon the rose trees, and to recreate itself among the hyacinths;

When day shall display his shining wings; it will spread its own to return to its native forest.

Reflect upon these words of our Prophet; each thing returns to its source.

Pass by the shop of a perfumer, your garment will take the odour of the ambergris.

Go through the forge of a smith, and the vapour of the coal will soil your cloak.

Do not then be astonished at the evil actions that a man commits; can the night change its colour?

Do not expect any liberality from a base soul: can the visage of an Ethiopian become white?

It is much better to cast dust into your own eyes than to praise an avaricious King.

Oh King! if thou hadst been noble, and generous, if thou hadst walked in the pathway of virtue;

Thou wouldst not thus have overturned my fortune, thou wouldst have regarded me with a different eye.

Oh King Mahmud! destroyer of armies, if thou dost not fear me, fear at least the anger of Heaven.

Why hast thou inflamed my anger, dost not the blood-dropping sabre of my pen, make thee tremble?"

Ferdusi after having thus relieved his heart, took refuge at Bagdad, where the reigning Caliph granted him his protection, and he died some years afterwards in his country.

(To be continued.)

*For The Port Folio.*

## POLITE LITERATURE.

There is a sort of equality that may be very safely recommended; and not only levellers, but all men of sense will hold it necessary to the wellbeing of society, and quite agreeable to the nature of things. In civil society, duly constituted, the obscurest individual, upon being properly informed, will own that it is beneficial, and that its benefits, proportioned and suited to his condition, descend even to himself; and consequently, that his share of political power and happiness is secured to him by as valid a right as is that of any other citizen. Is he not then equal in the only sober sense of the word? Or suppose we ask him, what other equality he would have? Would he have the modesty to be silent, or plainly own that he wanted to dictate to the magistrate, and possess himself of the estates of the wealthy? But that honourable trust has been reposed in the former by the same authority that makes him lord of his hovel: and it is presumable that there is about the same difference of personal qualification that there is between his external condition and the theatre of publick life: and as to property, the difference has been made by a more persevering, or a more judicious industry; and if advantages gained this way amount to such an aristocracy as cannot be expiated without an Agrarian law, civil life, if it may be called civil life, will be a never-ending series of revolutions; for there will always be a sufficient number lazy enough to be poor, and unprincipled enough to plunder. But things must be done in form, and this plundering business must be done in the name of liberty and the publick good; and like Cataline and his worthy successors, they must fight desperately for their rights, although those very rights, in plain English, should be nothing but pillage and devastation. Hence the transition that history shows to be possible:

enough (I wish it may never be illustrated by the history of this country) from liberty and equality to the most lawless tyranny.

As to equality we know that nothing can be farther from the thoughts of those who bawl most about it; but as there is an analogy between the several arrangements of nature, it may be worth while to consider whether equality is such a test of perfection in those departments where nature has her way to the exclusion, alas! of all the improvements that might be suggested, by our modern philosophers and constitution-makers.

I do suppose that a man who has not been enlightened by the lessons of democracy, will think pretty nearly in the old way, and be content with such notions of things as people used to entertain before he was born; and that therefore he will not, like Alphonsus, quarrel with his maker for making the world as he has; he will think it nothing amiss that there should be high lands, and low lands, and all the inequalities of hill and dale. He will even be pleased with the sight, and after traversing a dead level for a day or two, he will demand a new scene with impatience; he will seize the first eminence, and imbibe sensible refreshment from the blue hills that skirt the horizon; and if he is in a mood for topicks of utility, he will perceive, without any research, that those very hills, whose grandeur would be oppressive to a democrattick imagination, not only ventilate the atmosphere, but pour out their humid treasures on every side, and distribute cleanliness and health in many a winding rivulet.

To what do we owe those reciprocal breezes that fan the face of the earth and feed the vital flame, but to the unequal action of the sun upon different regions? if the rarefaction were every where in the same degree, the mariner might take his canvas to market, and root himself to the soil; and not only the merchant, but every active contributor to the uses or pleasures of life, repose, if he could, in everlasting slumber:

for the earth would be enveloped in settled gloom, and every animal and vegetable operation pause in death-like silence: but as our political regenerators have not, that I know, assigned any share of their perfectability to the elements, I suppose nature will keep its course, and we shall continue to have seed-time and harvest, summer and winter as usual.

For my part I must own—pardon the weakness of a poor aristocrat—I must own that inequality often gives me pleasure. I like to see the oak lift his head majestically, and stretch his arms to show his strength and assert his superiority; and I do not find that the dog-wood, or the maple, or service-tree takes any offence, or flourishes with less complacency under his shadow than if they had no neighbours beyond their own size; and I appeal to any body that has not been initiated into certain mysteries, whether they do not, by reason of this disparity, constitute a more pleasing object to the spectator. Indeed I have sometimes indulged my superstition so far as to be pleased with certain inequalities in the human figure, and have fancied that the contrast of tall and short, and delicate and robust, blended in society, set it off; as a picture is beautified by an adjustment of different colours, or gradations of colour.

The understandings of men are very unequal, and their habits very different, and it would seem to me that the business of a community, which is necessarily various, required them to be so; and that the shoemaker, for instance, would do his country more good by *sticking to his last* than by legislating at the head of a mob. Disparity is the foundation of order; and it is to the regular composition of unequal parts, that we owe the beauty and strength of an harmonious whole. Allow the prismatick analysis of light and you have all the varieties of colour; otherwise its uniformity presents one universal blank, not more desirable than total darkness. Let society preserve those distinctions of character that nature

has ordained, and it will be what it ought to be; but resolve them into an indiscriminate mass and it will be a mob, not more desirable than—Tartarus.

But some patriot whispers me, "Spare your preaching, only wait a little, till we can *put the people up to it*, and you shall have distinction enough, and difference enough too. Don't you observe how we ride the rabble, and muster the clouds of civick ferment, like the Jupiter of the Gauls? To be sure after we have brought about a new order of things there will be some difficulty in determining who shall engross the honour of it, and snuff the incense of national adulation. But the chance is enough. Who that has a soul would decline so glorious an enterprize?"

M. L.

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*For The Port Folio.*

### THE LAY PREACHER.

"And all the guests that were with Adonijah were afraid, and rose up, and went every man his way."

The Bible abounds with the most faithful, as well as the finest pictures of the human heart. The vanity of man is never flattered by a specious but false representation. The traits of malevolence, selfishness, or ingratitude, are drawn with the same impartial fidelity, as those of the blooming Virtues, and the Christian Graces. The historical limners of Judea do not, to pursue the allusion, employ colours, mostly black, like those of Mandeville and Hobbes, nor a tinging altogether warm, like that of Addison, and my Lord Shaftsbury. Human nature is accurately and justly delineated by men, who were studious of nothing but the truth, whether derived from the selfish, or the social system.

Having alluded to the authour of the Fable of the Bees, and to the philosopher of Malmsbury, I must, in justice to these calumniated writers, remark that, although like most

theorists, they have urged their system too far, yet they have the honour to resemble several of the inspired penmen, in the exhibition of wholesome, though unpalatable truth. In my last paper, an incident in the history of the patriarch Job, furnished me with ample opportunity to remark upon the natural baseness, ingratitude, and levity of man. In the ensuing essay I shall analyze a parrallel passage, and, in the progress of my speculations, after having, by the aid of that strong light, produced by Nature, Reason, and the Scriptures, shown man as he is, I may throw out a hint what he ought to be. Having described the symptoms of the cancer, and the extent of the gangrene, we shall search for the knife and the caustick, careless of the real, or pretended terrours of the sufferer.

I must, however, premise that from a vast variety of circumstances, from education, temper and habit, I have always been *heartily* disposed to range myself on the side of Mr. Addison.

A flattering painter, who made it his care, To draw men as they ought to be, not as they are.

My sensibility prompts me, with every impulse, to act as far as possible in the spirit of his well natured school. My reason, reading, and reflection, teach me, that this is sometimes pernicious, that he, *who makes every one a denizen of his bosom*, and deems the great family of man as synonymous with a nest of doves, will be cajoled by some, and be crucified by others. To be wary, to be wise as a serpent, to be circumspect, to scrutinize motives and actions, to be on our guard against the approach of subtilty, to be armed at all points, to be self-dependent are precepts of a higher authority, than the pages of the Spectator and of Shaftsbury.

I am, moreover, of opinion that those declaimers, who insist with so much vehemence upon the dignity of human nature, and talk with so much rapture of universal benevo-

lence, however amiable their intent, are mischievous in the execution. They pamper our pride, they weave gaudy garlands for the brow of Vanity; and, by holding out a glaring flambeau of false light, they betray the youthful wanderer into the labyrinth of error, or the *howling waste* of Perdition.

Now it is very remarkable that the pages of inspiration often represent man in a style little qualified to gratify his self-complacency. His imagination, we are told, is habitually polluted, his heart desperately wicked, from his infancy, he is a wild ass's colt, and in judging of some of the most important questions in Reason, Religion, and Government, he is below the vilest of the brute creation. The prophet Isaiah, who seems, in no respect, to resemble a republican, who never dreams either of the perfectibility or the rights of man, who, living in the courts of princes, never heard of a stupid system of equality, and who, like every wise man, cherishes a contempt for the multitude, exclaims, in the tone of Truth, as well as in the purest idiom of Satire, that the *Ox* knoweth his owner, and the *Ass* his master's crib, but that Israel doth not know, and the *people* do not consider.

As, notwithstanding, the extreme laxity of our miserable institutions, the Bible is a book of some authority, among the favoured few, among the *elect* in this country, I feel a sensible pleasure in declaring, that on questions of government and polity, this venerable volume differs *toto cælo* from the ridiculous opinions of an immense mass of a deluded, ignorant, presumptuous, and fanatical people. In the Scriptures there is no reverence for the rabble. A herd of men, and a herd of swine are thought worthy of the same sty. The character of a demagogue is described in terms of the strongest detestation. The very idea of insubordination is ridiculed, and the insolence, levity, and distraction of a commonwealth are lashed with all the scourges of Severity.

But as we are now engaged upon an historical picture, we will not unfold too great a breadth of canvas, but content ourselves with sufficient for an outline of human nature, as we find it in times remote and in the court of a Jewish king.

In the melancholy season of David's declining years, when men were naturally impatient for a successor, Adonijah, a young prince of aspiring ambition, plausible pretensions, and elegant address, resolved to run the hazardous race of popularity. He provided the usual pageants, and was followed by the common crowd of retainers. He prepared chariots and horses and fifty men to run before him. Vain of his pretensions, and confident of success he *exalted* himself and was already, in imagination, a King. While he was thus dangerously aspiring to a throne not yet vacant, he resolved not to act without counsel and support. He conferred with able and experienced statesmen, who, studious of novelty and ambitious themselves, were ripe for a revolution. He bestowed largesses upon the people, he feasted the Princes, and his liberality, gracious manners, and lofty pretensions soon mustered an army of followers, who all *appeared* hearty in a cause of so much expectation.

But during these transactions, what seemed extremely plausible, beautiful, hopeful and magnanimous to some, was considered as downright treason and rebellion by others. Some of the oldest and most faithful courtiers of David took the alarm, kept aloof from Adonijah and his projects, apprized the reigning Prince of these designs against his crown and dignity, and reminded him, that Solomon was the heir apparent. The King immediately proclaims him as his successor. Solomon is publicly anointed, and with every circumstance of magnificence. He rides in state through the city. The joy of his new subjects is manifested in the usual style of noisy exultation. They *blew with Trumpets*, and *piped with pipes*, rejoiced with great joy, and shouted with so much

vehemence, *that the earth rent with the sound of them.*

While this important event, so sinister to the projects of the Pretender, was fully accomplishing, he was jovially occupied in a revel with the followers of his fortune. During the height of their merriment, and while flushed with wine and hope they were probably indulging in all the latitude of sanguine expectation, Adonijah and his guests heard this uproar from the city. Alarmed at the portentous sound, they fearfully inquired its import. A friend of the malecontents quickly apprizes them of the truth. I see the crest-fallen leader and his frightened followers. Each appalled individual thinks only of his own safety. Though Adonijah had been princely, and generous, and affable, and kind, though at great expense and trouble, he had made many sacrifices for their sake, though his table was furnished with all the covers of luxury, and was ruddy with the sweetest grapes, adieu to joy and hope, and fidelity and friendship. They did not drink a single health more to their King, nor pledge each other to the revolution in a bumper. For all the guests, that were with Adonijah were afraid, and rose up and went every man his way.

While one expected to be High Priest to this aspiring adventurer, and another to be his counsellor, and a third to be Captain of the host, we see with how much alacrity they repair to his table. How quickly did each guest take his leave the moment he heard the boding words of *God Save King Solomon!*

### ORIGINAL POETRY.

*For The Port Folio.*

WRITTEN AFTER READING DR. PERCY'S

"Oh Nanny, wilt thou gang wi' me."

*Addressed to her who understands it.*

Oh Dolly, wilt thou go from me,  
Nor sigh to leave this charming place;

Can rude log-huts have charms for thee,  
The bumpkin rough with unsheut face?  
No longer drest in muslins white,  
No longer bound thy coal-black hair;  
Say, canst thou quit this scene tonight  
Where thou art fairest of the fair?

Oh! Dolly, when thou'rt far away,  
Wilt thou not cast a wish behind?  
Say, canst thou learn to rake up hay,  
Nor shrink from working with some  
hind?

Oh! can that soft and gentle heart,  
Such rural hardships learn to bear?  
Say, canst thou from the ball-room part  
Where thou art fairest of the fair?

Oh! Dolly, canst thou homespun make,  
Or canst thou spin the greasy yarn?  
Or for thy husband at the wake,  
Canst thou his worsted stockings darn?  
Should whiskey make him reel and fall,  
Wouldst thou assume the nurse's care?  
Nor, sullen, those gay scenes recal  
Where thou wert fairest of the fair?

And when at home, dead drunk he's carried  
Wilt thou prepare the water gruel,  
Nor curse the day when thou wert married,  
And call thy tipsey husband cruel;  
And when he thus has wet his clay,  
Wilt thou not drop the tender tear;  
And wish thou wert with heart more gay,  
Where thou wert fairest of the fair?

SEDLEY.

*West River, 30th Jan. 1808.*

*For The Port Folio.*

*To Miss Arabella B——.*

A member of the blue-stocking club, who, in bathing at Brighton, mistook a sea-gull for a swan.

Dear Arabella, sure your classic mind  
Misdled your judgment, once so true,  
When you, on Brighton's shores, a Naiad  
kind,

Exposed your naked form to view.  
I know some wicked fellows have believed  
The bird in your mistake might share,  
But though a gull, he was not so deceived,  
To think that you a Leda were.

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# THE PORT FOLIO,

(NEW SERIES)

BY OLIVER OLDSCHOOL, ESQ.



Various, that the mind of desultory man, studious of change and pleased with novelty, may be indulged—Cowp.

Vol. V. Philadelphia, Saturday, February 20, 1808. No. 8.

## ORIGINAL PAPERS.

### TRAVELS.

#### LETTERS FROM GENEVA AND FRANCE.

*Written during a residence of between two and three years in different parts of those countries, and addressed to a lady in Virginia.*

—quâ me quoque possim  
Tollere humo. VIR.

Je dirai j'étais là, telle chose m'advint,  
Vous y croyiez être vous-mêmes.

LA FONTAINE.

(Continued from page 99.)

#### LETTER III.

Geneva.

My dear E—,

OUR hours now passed away more agreeably, but were still accompanied with expressions of impatience and disappointment, though the pilot assured us, that had it not been for the momentary changes of wind, which brought us in, we should not have been able to reach the river for ten days; the wind it seems, had reassumed its former station, and blew so hard as would have carried us out of the bay. The pilot was a man of sense, and gave me a great deal

of information, which was afterwards confirmed by my own observation, and other means of knowledge. The war had been very ruinous to the commerce of Bourdeaux, and was, therefore, by no means a popular thing, to the mercantile people: to his business it had been fatal, ours being the only vessel he had brought in for six weeks. Labour, he told me, was better paid than before the revolution, and the peasantry were now relieved from some disagreeable sources of oppression, but the articles of life were higher, taxes were greater, and the conscription, which kept all the young people in the grasp of the law, was tormenting. The monks and nuns were dispersed, their property sold, and the secular clergy were now as much too poor, as they had been too rich; but religion had not lost ground, the re-establishment of Sunday, as a day of worship, had given universal joy, and a procession had lately taken place, after an interval of many years, to the comfort of all devout people, and never had a procession been so attended, so much indeed were the hearts of people warmed by the rays

of returning piety, that it was become customary for the peasant in the collection of his little harvest, to put aside such a portion for the curate as was in great measure equivalent to the tithes of former times: the best meat was ten sols, and bread five sols a pound, and a day-labourer received, besides his maintenance, twenty-five sols a day, which is about an English shilling.

In the course of the third day of our detention, we had some intercourse with the guardship, and prevailed with the captain to remit one day of our quarantine, and you may conceive the alacrity, with which we made sail for Bourdeaux, on the morning of the third of September. The river soon became more narrow and we commanded an extensive view on both sides; on the right the land was still low, but thickly inhabited and abounding in vineyards, which produce the famous Medock wine, on the left there was an endless variety of all that bespeaks a flourishing population, and a well-understood agriculture; farmhouses, villages and churches were in clusters, and the fields were either still yellow from the harvest of grain, or green with vineyards; a ruined monastery, a dismantled castle, and the naked walls of a church, would present themselves, at times, as traces of the revolution, but they very rapidly passed away as if the whole scene before us, had been the effect of a magick lantern. Now and then would appear some very ancient fortress, which seemed to meet the description of Mrs. Radcliffe, that of Blaye in particular attracted our attention; and you may judge how near our vessel came to it, if you will but take the trouble of looking at that part of the map of France, which represents the course of the Gironde: proceeding

rapidly along, we came next abreast of the cliff where a species of soft stone is procured for the buildings of Bourdeaux, and were all of us made sensible of a very great degree of optical illusion: the idea we entertain of persons seen from the top of a steeple, or of houses as we approach the shore, or of vessels at a distance, is, in a great measure derived from our experience, correcting the operation of our senses; in this instance we were, from a long discontinuation of the exercise of it, unprovided with that self-operating experience, which might have corrected the appearance of objects: these seen through a very clear atmosphere and upon a back ground of dazzling whiteness, seemed as if within one hundred yards, though, in fact at the distance of a quarter of a mile, and consequently appeared most ludicrously small; men and women on horseback seemed like pigmies upon mice, and the large vessels, waiting there for stone, looked as they could have been drawn by a thread, like the fleet of Blefescu.

The river now became narrower, under the name of the Garonne, and it was very evident, by the number of well-built houses, that we were approaching fast to some large commercial town, and shortly after, on turning a point, there appeared a noble city upon the banks of the river, in the form of a half moon, diversified by the appearance of towers, steeples, and elevated buildings, with a double row of dismantled ships (sure evidence of the effects of war) in front, and a high commanding country of vineyards in the back ground. We had no sooner come to anchor, than the captain went on shore, to bespeak lodgings, and we had leisure for an hour or two to look about us; boats were rowing, in every direction, and several came aboard of us, with fruit, and with all that noisy importunity of service, so new to an American; at length, about half past eight, our captain hailed us from the shore, we landed, found a carriage and were

*Note.* I observed at the same time in several places along the shore, a very simple mode of taking fish by planting stakes in the water, over which they are carried by the tide, and within which they are left, as it recedes.

conducted along a populous and busy part of the city into a large and noble street, where the coachman stopped at the door of a hotel, and we were welcomed into an elegant apartment by a well-dressed, well-looking landlady, who having solicited our orders and directions, with an apparent enthusiasm of obligingness, made her courtesy and retired with an air hardly to be met with on your side of the Atlantick.

While a part of the family were taking a look at our accommodations, for the night, I walked out with F—— into the street, which I found lined on one side with large trees, and crowded with people, and could not in the recesses of my mind but acknowledge the goodness of that Providence which had so far enabled me to put in execution a design that I had so long formed. We soon returned to supper, which whatever it might have appeared to persons differently situated, was to us all splendour, luxury, and plenty, and then retired for the night, impatient for the ensuing day, that we might look about us, and survey the new scene into which we had so suddenly been transferred.

(To be continued.)

For The Port Folio.

## A TREATISE ON ORIENTAL POETRY.

(Concluded from page 108.)

### SECTION VII.

Of their Panegyricks.

It will again be Ferdusi who shall furnish here, the example of this kind of poetry. Although he is neither the first nor the last poet who has employed his talents to praise and dishonour the same person, perhaps we shall find enough, curious to see after such a satire, a panegyrick of the same authour on the same Mahmud, King of Persia.

“Under his reign, justice is so universal that the lamb and the wolf drink at the same brook.

From Cachemir even to the sea of China, all the nations confess his glory.

As soon as the infant has moistened his lips with the milk of his mother, he raises his head and pronounces the name of Mahmud.

At the banquet, Mahmud is a heaven of liberality, and a lion or a tiger in the day of battle.

When he walks in the garden of roses, wherever he treads lilies are produced beneath his feet.

His splendour makes the world resemble a grove in the spring; he sweetens the air, he embellishes the earth.

The dew of his generosity, in falling upon the earth, covers it every where with its extension, like the flowery bowers of Irem.

We see by this essay in what servile manner the Asiaticks praise and almost deify their monarchs. It is useless to extend, any farther, a subject of which we find examples enough in all the Oriental books.

In general, their works commence with the praises of the divinity; afterwards come those of their prophet, and then of their patrons, as we may see in the Bustan of Sadi, of which the first part is translated by Charadin.

The poems of Abulola are the finest and most animated of this kind in the Arabian language. They resemble the odes of Pindar, and the genius of the Arabian, appears the same as that of the Grecian poet. The first ode of Abulola, begins by some reflections upon the deceiving appearances of exterior objects; afterwards the poet relates his travels, and by a natural depression, brings it to the praise of Prince Said, (a word signifying happy).

“The young maidens ask us what we seek; we answer them, Said, and the name of this prince was a happy presage.

This hero follows his enemies upon his light courser, and he forms thick forests with his long lances.

His bows drawn by the archers, hasten to fix their arrows in the hearts of his enemies, and his sabres spring out of their scabbards against the necks of his adversaries.



His coursers cast themselves into the combat, and nothing can equal their swiftness.

After about twenty very fine verses Abulola passes to the recital of his adventures and his amours, he proceeds in censuring the tribe of Bediu, and opposes to its baseness the liberality and greatness of his own prince.

But in the tribe of Adi, is a prince, who does not wait favours to be demanded of him, he confers them without their being required.

The Pleiades fear his lance, and the Sun after having begun his course, would return to the east, that he may not expose himself to pass over his head.

His courser accomplishes the task, which is prescribed to him with an incomparable swiftness, and whilst he is forced across the field of battle, the blood he tramples upon, renders the hough of his foot like a red cornelian.

This horse has a higher origin than the courser Alwagih, he descends from a noble race.

Each lock of the hair of our young beauties, languishes to be the chain of his feet, and the sparkling gold desires to ornament his houghs.

Oh, Said ! when nature has need of refreshing showers, it is not from the clouds, but from thy hands, whence she expects the precious drops.

When the Zephyrs blow from the west, say to them, "go," and they will fly to the north.

I swear by Heaven, if thou wert enraged against the mountain Tabir, it would change its place.

If thy cimetar were amorous of the necks of thy enemies, it would soon enjoy the object of its desires.

When thy sabre is re clothed with its shining scabbard, it seems that it is covered with the stars of the night and that the moon serves it as a sandal.

Upon its blade we see two opposite elements ; water, when the rays of day play upon it, and fire, when it sparkles with fury.

Its two edges are too eloquent tongues which pronounce the unpremeditative harangue of death.

When the prince draws this sabre it shines like a celestial vapour in the desert, and bloody death trickles down its blade.

This sabre sounds every cuirass, and dissolves the other cimatars of whatever temper they may be.

It takes each coat of mail for a lake, and

languishes to quench its thirst, with the rings interlaced with the armour."

It will perhaps be a subject of curious speculation for some one when he understands, that this bold and sublime poet was blind from his infancy.

It would have been easy to give many other examples of the different kinds of Oriental poetry of which we have treated : but we shall have sufficiently accomplished the design which we had in view, if by what has been said of it, the reader is excited to the study of the Oriental languages, a study easier, more instructive, and more amusing than common prejudice can imagine.

For The Port Folio.

## BIOGRAPHY.

The biography of De Foe will call up in almost every mind the agreeable images, presented to childhood and youth, by that most useful of all romances, Robinson Crusoe. *Restless Daniel*, as he is happily named by Pope, possessed original genius, in a very eminent degree, but he degraded his fine talents, by whig virulence, and a vulgar diction. His *True Born Englishman* is a poem not without vigorous lines, and acrimonious satire, but the sentiments are not at all to our taste. His *Essay on Projects* is described as one of the most curious, if not the most valuable of his performances, but we have never been able to obtain a copy. D'Israeli mentions it in some of his charming volumes, and Dr. Franklin informs us in his life, that he had perused it with advantage. De Foe was an unbeliever, and it is a remarkable circumstance that most of his party, who profess an extraordinary zeal for civil and religious liberty, are as hostile to the genius of Christianity, as they are to regular government and the *stability of the times*.

De Foe, a man of talents, but of indifferent character, was the darling of the whig mob, and the contempt of men of genius, because he disgraced himself by every low artifice as a writer. He wrote poetry, and on politicks ; and was a plagiarist. But he could, and sometimes did write well : witness his "*Robinson Crusoe*," a book which has passed

through more editions than perhaps any other of the same description ever did, or will again. I have never known but one person of sense who disliked it—Rousseau, and after him all France applauded it. When Sir Thomas Robinson was in that kingdom, he was even asked, whether he was “Robinson Crusoe.” De Foe was born in London, and educated at Newington Green, and was bred a hosier; but he left his trade for the uncertain and dangerous profession of a virulent party writer, which became at length his leading occupation. His “History of the Plague;” of “Colonel Jack;” “New Voyages round the World, by a Company of Merchants;” “History of Moll Flanders;” “of Roxana;” “Memoirs of a Cavalier;” “Religious Courtship;” and even the “Life and Adventures of Robinson Crusoe.” seem only episodes in the drama of his political life. His “Shortest Way with the Dissenters,” a most scandalous publication, reflecting upon the national government, civil and religious, being decreed infamous by the House of Commons, he was prosecuted for it, found guilty, and sentenced to pay a fine, to imprisonment, and the pillory; and the guilty pamphlet to be burnt by the common hangman. Unabashed, he wrote “A Hymn to the Pillory.” To give a catalogue of all his writings would be to transcribe a long list, which, with a very copious account of himself, may be seen under his article, in the new edition of the “Biographia Britannica.” De Foe seems well to have understood the spirit and genius of commerce; but in politics, he was a republican; in religion, an infidel; in character, without a sufficient regard to moral obligation. He has been accused of having acted with cruelty and injustice towards poor Alexander Selkirk, the prototype of Robinson Crusoe, in not only withholding from him a share of the profits of that celebrated performance, but for superadding insult to dishonesty, by resisting his claim with opprobrious lan-

guage: but as this has not been proved, it ought not to be believed. Such was De Foe, a man, who, with a right turn of mind, might have gained the esteem of his contemporaries, and the approbation of posterity. Pope compares him to Prynne, a doggrel poet, and eternal political writer, of the 17th century; and the similarity is the more observable, as each had been displayed in a pillory, and each gloried in the disgrace. Pope says,

“She saw old Pryn, in restless Daniel shine;

“And Eusden eke out Blackmore’s endless line.\*

This extraordinary character died, April 26, 1731, in the parish of St. Giles, Cripplegate, leaving a widow and several children, of whom Norton is the only one whose name is at all known. One Joseph De Foe, indeed, who is said to have been a near descendent, was executed for a felony as late as 1771.

### CRITICISM.

*For The Port Folio.*

*An Elegy written in a Country Church Yard—GRAY.*

But most the musick of the plaintive moon,  
With lengthened note, detains the list’ning ear,

As lost in thought thou wanderest all alone.

ANON.

14. We have already observed that the passage, including the verses, *E’en in our ashes, live their wonted fires, &c.* has received vari-

\* In the first edition the line stood thus :

“She saw in Norton all his father shine,”

“Daniel De Foe had parts; but Norton De Foe was a wretched writer, and never attempted poetry.”

\* “Norton from Daniel and Ostræa sprung,  
Bless’d with his father’s front and mother’s tongue;

Hung silent down his never-blushing head:  
And all was hush’d, as Folly’s self lay dead.”

ous interpretations; and we now lay before our readers the sentiments of Mr. Mason, Mr. Wakefield, and an anonymous critick.

Mr. Mason writes himself as follows:

"Awake and faithful to her wonted fires."

'Thus it stood in the first and some following editions, and I think rather better; for the authority of Petrarch does not destroy the appearance of quaintness in the other: the thought, however, is rather obscure in both readings. He means to say, in plain prose—"That we wish to be remembered by our friends after our death, in the same manner as, when alive, we wish to be remembered by them in our absence:" this would be expressed clearer, if the metaphorical term, *fires*, was rejected, and the line ran thus:

Awake and faithful to her first desires.

I do not put this alteration down for the idle vanity of aiming to amend the passage, but purely to explain it.'

Mr. Wakefield criticises this passage:

"E'en in our ashes——"

'Mr. Mason expresses himself dissatisfied with this line, and prefers the reading of the first editions:

"Awake and faithful to her wonted fires."

Now, in the first place—*wonted fires*—thus unconnected, is but a very clumsy phrase; and, in the next place, what sort of an idea is being *faithful to a fire*? It is inconsistency and nonsense. And the line which he proposes by way of explanation is but insipid, though there is no incongruity in the *metaphor*.'

"Awake and faithful to her first desires."

But, whence arises his discontent with the verse as it now stands? there is, it seems, "an appearance of *quaintness*;" from the *antithesis* I presume, of *ashes* and *fires*. Now, this censure betrays great want of taste and judgment; for the allusion is extremely beautiful, and unexceptionally just. It is founded upon a very familiar appearance;—of a *fire*, seemingly

*extinct*, still latent and vigorous beneath the *ashes*—Horace says,

"——incedis per ignes  
"Suppositos cineri doloso."

You tread on *fire* beneath the *ashes* hid.

VIRGIL:

"——*cinerem* et sopitos suscitât ignes."

Awake the *ashes* and the sleeping *fires*.

But, says our ingenious editor, (who will excuse this freedom in behalf of his friend)—"He means to say, in plain prose, that we wish to be remembered by our friends after our death, in the same manner as when alive, we wish to be remembered by them in our absence."

'I suppose it were hardly possible to give a more meagre and inadequate account of the poet's meaning in this divine passage. Let the context speak his explanation for him.'

"Perhaps," says he, "the pride of greatness and the conceit of philosophy may fancy these humble swains to have been strangers to the common feelings and passions of humanity. No: even they wish some memorial of their existence, however rude, to be erected over them: still anxious to interest themselves, as far as possible, in those scenes and pleasures with which they have once been so fondly conversant. For, who ever resigned his existence without regret? who ever left his friends and kindred without a wish to continue longer with them? These anxious attachments stick to us to the last:

"These travel through, nor quit us when we die."

The *voice of nature* still *cries* from the *tomb*, in the language of the epitaph inscribed on it, which still endeavours to connect us with the living:—the *fires* of former affections and enjoyments are still *alive*, beneath our *ashes*. 'The reader, I hope, will look with indulgence upon this weak attempt to explain in flat prose one of the happiest and boldest flights that poetry has ever taken!'

An anonymous writer has attempted to illustrate the poet's meaning in the following words.

'After observing the desire which appears in the humblest stations to indulge the melancholy pleasures of erecting some frail memorial, with uncouth rhymes and shapeless sculptures decked, imploring the passing tribute of a sigh for departed friends, in the belief that the anticipation of this pious act is consolatory to the deceased themselves in their last moments, bursts into this beautiful interrogatory: "Who is there, what indifferent wretch ever existed, who, a prey to dull forgetfulness, left this pleasing anxious being, without casting a longing lingering look behind him?" "For," he adds, "on some fond breast the parting soul relies;" that is, some kind consoling friend is ever looked up to on those occasions, in whose soothing attentions, from whose pious tears, the closing eye derives comfort, and the pangs of dissolution are assuaged; the companion, the sharer of the sunshine of life, who now, in the last gloomy hour of its evening, promises to pay that last sad and simple tribute, which is to supply the place of fame and elegy. For, though sinking into the tomb, arrived at its very border, still is the voice of Nature heard, still are we alive to the feelings and sensibilities of humanity; in our very ashes still glow our former passions and affections.'

We believe that, in many minds, the charm of this sentiment consists in its congeniality with a favourite opinion of mankind, that, after death, we retain our wonted habits and feelings, and all our human attachments. Thus, Pope:

"Go, like the Indian, in another life,  
Expect thy dog, thy bottle, and thy wife.

And thus, Virgil:

—quæ gratia currûm

Armorumque fuit vivis, quæ cura nitentes  
Passere equos, eadem sequitur tellure  
repositos.

Those pleasing cares the heroes felt alive,  
For chariots, steeds, and arms, in death  
survive.

After quoting Mr. Mason and Mr. Wakefield, we shall now submit our own paraphrase of the stanzas, in which our understanding of their means will, we hope, appear.

These, far from the great and tumultuous, maintained in life's sequestered valley the noiseless tenour of their way,—but yet (the poet recurring to the scene and subject of their poem) some perishable memorial, erected to keep sacred even the bones of these, is found upon their grave, imploring the passing tribute of a sigh; and upon which, in place of fame and elegy, we read their name and years, and many a holy text, teaching righteousness and resignation, or inspiring hope. Nor is it unaccountable that the graves, even these, so governed as they were by sober wishes, should be distinguished by such memorials; for who, however modest in his desires, however indifferent to the grandeur of the world, ever left this world without indulging in thoughts concerning it, and directed to the future? Yes, the objects we leave behind us do engage our attention! And, among those objects is the memory of ourselves. We cannot consent to close the scene with a stupid disregard of the manner in which we depart, or of the thoughts that are to be entertained, or the words that are to be said, by those who are to survive us. We still wish, at that moment, as in all our life before, for love and respect: in a word, we are as anxious in behalf of our memory, when we shall be dead, as of our reputation, while living. In the moment of dissolution, we still desire the return of love from those who are dear to us; we still covet their kind offices: coolness and neglect can afflict us, even at that moment, when they might seem to be of no importance. In the same manner, we extend our views beyond death itself, and indulge in solitudes concerning our memory; a sense in which it is but a simple metaphor to say, that the voice of Nature (that is, the im-

pulse of our nature) *cries from the tomb*, and that we *live in our ashes*.

Our hearts are fastened to this world,  
By strong and endless ties.

YOUNG.

In the above paraphrase it will have appeared, that the two latter stanzas of the four, contain only an exposition of the principle on which *even these* have a *memorial*, however *frail*; *rhymes*, however *uncouth*, and *sculpture* however *shapeless*; why *even these* have a *memorial*, that implores the passing tribute of a sigh.

If, with the poet, we are disposed to pursue the inquiry, and account for our anxiety concerning our memory, and the love of those who love us, and whom we love while living, we ought, it would seem, to conclude, first, that our memory is an imaginary existence; that our life of tomorrow is no more; that the one therefore is substantial as the other, and as natural an object of solicitude: that death, though it secure our existence from want, and other vicissitudes, yet leaves it exposed to many of the accidents of life; as loss of esteem, &c. So that, in this view, a man never dies; his natural life ceases; but his moral life continues. He never receives his *quietus* in his great account with the world. Secondly, it is to be observed, that nothing but the prospect of perpetuity, in the love and respect we enjoy can give any value to these blessings. If they are sweet for an hour, it is only in the belief that they are eternal in their nature. If we thought those who love us could cease to love us, what should we think? Our anxiety, we may call it our jealousy, on this head, is therefore very reasonable.

IV. It has been objected to this elegy, that, as a composition, it is without a plan; a criticism which is replied to by Mr. Scott, of Amwell, in his Critical Essays, and with whose words we shall conclude this article.

The poet very graphically describes the process of a calm evening, in which he introduces himself wandering near a Country Church-

Yard. From the sight of the place, he takes occasion, by a few natural and simple, but important circumstances, to characterize the life of a peasant; and observes, that it need not be disdained by ambition or grandeur, whose most distinguished superiorities must all terminate in the grave. He then proceeds to intimate, that it was not from any natural inequality of abilities, but from want of acquired advantages, as riches, knowledge, &c. that the humble race, whose place of interment he was surveying, did not rank with the most celebrated of their contemporaries. The same impediments, however, which obstructed their course to greatness, he thinks also precluded their progress in vice; and consequently, that what was lost in one respect was gained in the other. From this reflection, he naturally proceeds to remark on that universality of regard to the deceased, which produces even for these humble villagers, a commemoration of their past existence. Then turning his attention to himself, he indulges the idea of his being commemorated in the same manner, and introduces an epitaph which he supposes to be employed on the occasion.

For The Port Folio.

### CLASSICAL LEARNING.

*A short account and character of the principal classick authours.*

*Continued from page 106.*

*Herodotus, Thucydides, Livy, Pláto, Xenophon, &c.*

Herodotus was a native of Halicarnassus, a Greek city in Asia, opposite the Isle of Rhodes. He was a great traveller, and went through many parts of Asia, Africa and Europe, and employed himself in collecting all the ancient traditions and reports concerning the transactions of past times, which he published in nine books, inscribed with the names of the nine muses, Cicero calls him the father of history, as he is the most ancient Pagan historian that we ever heard of. As no history had ever been

written in Greece; he recited his performance at the Olympick games, and received the highest applauses from his countrymen, who might justly say that his was the best history they had ever heard. Their listening to so voluminous a work, is a proof of their great patience as well as of their curiosity, and has no resemblance to modern times. It was the applauses given to Herodotus on this occasion, that engaged Thucydides, who was then present, to think of writing history. The work of Herodotus comprehends a period of 240 years, but he had little regard to the order of time, on account of the many changes of the scene of his narrative. His credit has been much questioned, and no wonder, as he seems to have set down every thing that was told him in all the countries through which he passed. No country is without its fables, and we need not be surprised at finding many in Herodotus, who took so much pains to collect them. Lucian is thought to have wrote that extravagant performance which he calls his True history, as a satire on Herodotus. He seems likewise to have had him in view in his treatise concerning the Syriac goddess, and his affecting the Ionick dialect in that work, renders this conjecture still more probable. Some have pled in excuse for Herodotus, that an historian ought candidly to relate whatever he finds recorded or reported, without interposing his own judgment. Robert Stephens of Paris, the celebrated Printer, has written a libellous apology for Herodotus, with a supplement containing the most incredible stories of later times. Herodotus is not suspected when he relates what he had seen himself, but when he relates what was told him by others, we must not blame him, but his informers, if we receive false and fabulous accounts. The style of Herodotus is easy and agreeable, though somewhat diffuse, and the Ionick Dialect, in which he writes, renders it much more liquid and mellifluous. Little as we can depend on many things in Herodotus's history, it is the best account we have of the ancient transactions of Egypt, Asia, and Greece.

Thucydides begins his history where that of Herodotus concludes. As the triumph of Miltiades would not suffer Themistocles to sleep, so the applauses bestowed on Herodotus excited the ambition of Thucydides to emulate him in historical writing. He relates the most remarkable events of the Peloponnesian war, during the space of forty years. He was present himself at many of the transactions he relates, and endeavoured to get the best possible information of others. As ambition of praise had been the motive of his writing, he was diligent to attain it. He is said to have formed his style from that of Pericles, which if true

would not perhaps give us so high an opinion of that great man's eloquence, as his cotemporaries certainly had. The style of Thucydides is harsh, and his periods long and complicated, yet in most places perspicuous. He freely inserts speeches in his history, which if not genuine, are at least suitable to the character of the speakers. The funeral sermon of Pericles, on those that had fallen in the war, if it is genuine, is the only remaining monument of that admired orator. The known diligence of Thucydides is a pledge of his veracity. His account of the Plague of Athens, has been much admired. Lucretius has given us a beautiful translation of it in the end of his work, and Dr. Sprat, Bishop of Rochester, has render it into English verse.

Titus Livius was born at Padua, in the reign of Augustus. He wrote a Roman history in 140 books, the far greatest part of which are now lost. There had been many historians, at least annalists, before his time, whom he had carefully perused, and frequently quotes. His diligence, ability, judgment, and eloquence, have given him a lasting and honourable name. By the loss of Sallust, he has become the only respectable historian of the early periods of the Roman commonwealth. Florus and Velleius Paterculus are to be considered as mere abridgers. Livy uniformly supports the dignity of an historian, and his style is justly reckoned a perfect model of that species of composition. Buchanan has imitated him with great success in his history of Scotland. Livy, as well as Herodotus, has been accused of relating many prodigies and incredible stories. Mr. Toland has made but a poor defence of him in his *Adeidæmon*. The general superstition of the Romans, and the influence that it had on the most important transactions, rendered it necessary to relate many things concerning it, and it was needless for the author to be constantly interposing his own opinion, or telling us at every turn how little he believed of the tradition of his countrymen. No doubt he had the same testimony for some of those facts which are reputed fabulous, as for the rest of his history, many of them being ingrossed in the publick records of the State. It does not seem possible to determine what was meant by that Pativinity, which Asinius Pollio, the friend of Virgil pretended to have discovered in Livy's History. Some have supposed it to be a certain peculiarity in his style, but that is not now discernible. Others more probably imagined that it meant an attachment to the party of Pompey in his contest with Cæsar, for which the Paduans were remarkable. Perhaps it might have become fashionable in the court

of Augustus, to speak unfavourably of those who espoused the cause of the ancient Republick.

Plato was a native of Athens, and a favourite disciple of Socrates. His eloquence was so much admired by his cotemporaries, that they thought that if the muses were to speak Greek, they would use the language of Plato. Though his fame is so great, he has in fact devoted the most of his works to the honour of his master; Socrates being the principal and decisive speaker in most of his dialogues. Perhaps he wrote in that form to qualify the taste of Socrates, who affected to despise the pomp and formality of teaching, and endeavoured to make his hearers discover the truth in every question, by themselves, by putting certain questions to them in an artful manner. Plato's apology of Socrates is a proof not only of his eloquence, but of his courage and friendship for his master, in whose favour it is hard to say what he might have done if he had not been refrained by his authority. The titles of Plato's Dialogues have no connexion with the subject, and express barely the name of one of the speakers, or of a friend to which it was first dedicated. When some of them were read to Socrates, he seemed surprised at many things he found attributed to himself, and said, "How many lies does the young man tell of me?" Plato travelled into Egypt and resided for some time in the court of Dionysius, the elder, tyrant of Sicily. His most famous work is a Draught of a perfect republican government: He could not obtain permission from Dionysius to endeavour to realise it in any part of his dominions, though he would have been content with a small island, to make the experiment. Tyrants do not love to see Liberty, even in miniature.

Xenophon likewise was an Athenian, a cotemporary and fellow scholar of Plato, under the celebrated Socrates. An early difference arose we know not how, between these great men, which seems to have continued through their whole life. Plato mentions Xenophon only once in all his works, and Xenophon never mentions Plato at all. They were opposite in their political principles, Xenophon being an admirer of monarchical government and Plato zealous for a republick. Perhaps their different opinions, like those of the greatest part of mankind, arose from the different circumstances in which they were placed. Plato had seen enough of tyranny in Sicily and Egypt, to make him detest monarchy, and having been sold for a slave by Dionysius, he probably retained a resentment at that authority that had been the cause of his misfortune. Xenophon on the contrary

was invited to Sardis by his friend Proxenus, who introduced him to the younger Cyrus, whose favour he soon gained, and accompanied him into Persia in his expedition against his brother Artaxerxes. Cyrus having lost his life in that expedition, and Xenophon having conducted that famous retreat of the ten thousand Greeks out of Persia, perhaps his being so long at the head of an army, might prejudice him in favour of monarchical government. He is said to have wrote his *Cyropædia* to introduce himself into the favour of Cyrus, the younger. He designed this work as the plan of a perfect arbitrary government, in opposition to Plato's republick. It may be said to be in a great measure a romance, the authour having adopted and perhaps feigned a number of fabulous circumstances and incidents to promote his main design, which was to give such an account of the elder Cyrus, as might be a proper model for the imitation of the younger. Perhaps it was to please the younger Cyrus that he did not relate the misfortunes and tragical death of the first Cyrus, as we find them in Justin, but represents him as dying in his bed in the greatest tranquillity, and giving a serious exhortation to his children. Though Xenophon's life was a very active one, his writings are pretty voluminous. Besides his *Cyropædia*, he wrote the *Memoirs of Socrates*, a Greek history in eight books, an *Essay on Horsemanship*, a discourse on monarchical government addressed to Hiero, an encomium on Agesilaus King of Sparta, the *Anabasis* or history of his famous retreat from Persia, and a discourse on hunting. Xenophon was called the *Attick bee* from the purity of his language and the sweetness of his style. His abilities in the military line were very great, yet do not seem to have given him the least vanity. He realized a pretty fortune in his military expeditions, but soon lost it by the violence of his enemies. He appears to have been a person of great virtue and uprightness, and had a reverent respect to the religion of his times. His measures, though always wise, were generally directed by dreams and omens and he was punctual in prayer and sacrificing. His troops always sung the *Pæan*, or Hymn to Apollo, in advancing to battle, and were almost always victorious.

Cornelius Tacitus wrote in the reign of Nerva. He was Governour of Gaul under Vespasian, and promoted to the consulship under Nerva. He wrote annals of the Roman affairs from the death of Augustus to that of Nero, and a history from Nero to Nerva, great part of both are long since lost, what remains has been long and justly admired. The style of Tacitus is sententious, rapid, and approaching to obscurity, his ob-

servations are just, natural and often satirical. He not only understood human nature, but was a great master in discovering the deep and artful disguises of professed politicians, for which his acquaintance with artificial and court manners had qualified him not a little. He seems to have been a skeptic in religion, but his morals were irreproachable. He figured as an orator as well as historian, and was the intimate friend of the younger Pliny, his temper seems to have been harsh and severe, occasioned perhaps by the tyranny he had suffered, and the fear in which he had lived. The characters he draws are mostly black and bloody, but his times did not afford many others. One of the Roman Emperours many ages after him, was proud of being descended from him, and took care to have his works preserved, a care which proved unsuccessful, by the negligence of succeeding ages. His life of his father-in-law Agricola, is considered a perfect pattern of biography, and does honour to the capacity and heart of the author. His account of the manners of the ancient Germans is a masterly one, and is justly considered as describing the natural manners of almost all nations in the first stages of civilization.

Trogus Pompeius, wrote a sort of universal history in the reign of Augustus, of which Justin, under the lower empire wrote an abridgment, which is all we have now left to comfort us for the loss of the original work, it being now lost. Justin's Latin appears to be of the declining age. He resembles Herodotus more than Thucydides, and records a number of improbable tales. His account of the Jews would argue great negligence, but it is surprising that that of Tacitus is no better. The Romans knew not much of the Greek history, and still less of that of Egypt and the East, and the curiosity of the Greeks themselves does not seem to have been much directed that way till after the time of Alexander, which made the improbable tales of Herodotus and Ctesias to be still received by many. It is not known from what authorities Trogus Pompeius collected those materials that have been preserved by Justin. The Romans knew little of Asia except their own conquests. The style of Justin is perspicuous and natural, but has very few ornaments. His narrative is often romantick, and sometimes licentious, and some things he relates are not to be found in any other author.

(To be continued.)

For The Port Folio.

## THE USEFUL ARTS.

Sometime we believe, in the year 1766, an enterprising individual by

the name of Owen, opened, what he denominated a Mineral Water Warehouse, which he attempted to make a fashionable *lounge*, by assuring the Nobility, Gentry, and the whole tribe of valetudinarians, that he would, by a chymical process, rival the waters of the most famous Springs on the continent, as well as in Great Britain. Whether from the rage of repairing to Pyrmont and Spa, and Bath and Buxton, or whether from some defect in his processes, we believe this project of Owen, though plausible, was never fully realized. About the year 1792, a Swiss adventurer, and a very ingenious chymist, by the name of Schweppe, manufactured these waters, by a process so scientifick and successful, that the artificial water, in many respects was demonstrated to be superiour to that from the fountain-head. Since that period, what is demonstrated Seltzer and Soda waters have become not only as common remedies in many alarming disorders, but as grateful morning beverage to those who are curious in their choice of fluids, or who, as it is incomparably better expressed by SHAKESPEARE, are *exquisite in their drinking*.

We remark with very great pleasure, that an establishment of this useful nature, has lately been made in this city. Soda, Seltzer, Pyrmont and Ballstown waters, are furnished at the manufactory at a reasonable rate, and appear to possess many valuable properties. Some of the most learned of our Physicians and Chymists, together with many private gentlemen, have borne open testimony to the efficacy and agreeableness of these waters, and we have not a doubt, that as soon as their peculiar properties become more generally known, that they will be often quaffed by the luxurious, the studious, the sedentary, and the hypochondriacal.

As information on this subject is much wanted and as it is a vulgar error to suppose that these waters are merely a nauseous medicine, we have from a very new and valuable work



by Sir JOHN SINCLAIR, entitled "The Code of Longevity," extracted the subsequent account of Mr. Schweppe's process. The testimony of the above ingenious physician who describes it is above all challenge, and Dr. Beddoes, whose profoundness as a Chymist, will hardly be denied, has declared that such are the invigorating effects of what he terms *Mineral Acid*, that it may be often very advantageously substituted for fermented or vinous liquors.

From unquestionable authority, we are assured that these waters are in London not only copiously supplied from the laboratory of the Chymist, but also from the bar of the tavern. The invalid, tormented by dyspepsia, or any of its distressing symptoms, is sure to find relief in this salutary beverage and the *bon vivant*, whose oppressed stomach is acid by libations of port over night, is effectually cured by a glass of Soda in the morning. At the most luxurious tables, Seltzer and Madeira are often mingled, and this union of Bacchus with the Naiads, is not less propitious to pleasure than to health. The celebrated Sir James Mackintosh, who was once as famous for his convivial, as he always is for his literary powers, tired or afraid of the *bewitching smiles of Burgundy*, has wholly relinquished the use of wine, and finds no abatement in his social or his studious powers while he drinks a purer stream from the bowl of Chymistry.

In the years 1795, that respectable Physician, Dr. Pearson, of Leicester square, London, drew up, at the desire of the authour, the following hints respecting water impregnated with fixed air, or the carbonick acid as manufactured by J. Schweppe, late of Geneva.

Three years ago, a person of the name of J. Schweppe, late of Geneva, called upon Dr. Pearson with a letter of introduction, to propose making those artificial mineral waters, which contain a larger proportion of carbonick acid, or fixed air.

On examining the waters prepared by this artist, the Doctor found that they contained a much larger proportion of carbonick acid than he had ever seen before. Mr. S. manufactures these preparations at an expense, which most persons will think reasonable, and in any quantity that may be required by the publick.

The advantages of water, so impregnated, are, That, at all times, in our country, may be prepared, a water, equal, or even superiour, in all respects, to Pyrmont, Spa, Paulon, and other springs, whose virtues depend solely on the quantity of carbonick acid air they contain.

2. A still greater advantage is, that by the means of water so highly impregnated, alkalies can be exhibited with much greater benefit than in any other way and in adequate quantities so as to be not only not disagreeable, but highly grateful both to the stomach and palate.

3. This preparation affords a most agreeable beverage either with, or without the alkaline salt, according to the palates.

4. Such a beverage must be highly useful in many diseases as it can now be prepared in a far superiour manner and at less expense than heretofore.

5. Such a beverage is highly salutary to the common way of living in this country, as when mixed with wine it is found, that a much smaller quantity of wine satisfies the stomach and palate, than wine does alone.

6. It is highly beneficial as a drink in the evening to take off the acid, apt to be produced in the stomach after wine and full meals, to dilute the fluids, when containing too much irritating matter, to carry off such stimulating matter and to strengthen the stomach. It is here supposed that the water contains alkali.

Upon the whole, when we consider the effects of water impregnated as it is by M. Schweppe, with carbonick acid, and with alkali, both as a medicine and an article of *salutary luxury*, it may be justly reckoned the

*greatest improvement in diet of the present age.*

To many persons, languishing under disease, the following information may be peculiarly acceptable though it cannot be expected that in every case the proposed remedies should answer.

*Seltzer Water* from its pleasant taste and medical virtues, has been long in very general use. It has been very much recommended by Physicians for its antiseptick powers, consequently for its utility in many of the Febrile and other diseases of large towns. It is a powerful antiscorbutick. In bilious complaints it is particularly useful by correcting the acrimony of that fluid and assisting the tone of the stomach and bowels, by which pain and irritation are obviated or removed. In nervous affections it is useful, by invigorating the general system, exalting the spirits and removing weakness. To the ill effects, whether nervous or bilious, which take place, as the debilitating consequence of hard living, it is peculiarly adapted. It is most refreshing and salutary after excess, in eating and drinking by allaying the feverish heat and thirst generally arising therefrom.

By gently stimulating the nerves of the stomach it increases digestion, prevents flatulencies, and promotes the secretions in general, particularly that of the kidneys.

With milk it is a very useful remedy in consumptions, making the milk sit easy on the stomach. In most of the stages of the catarrh, or common cold, either in the head or lungs it may be taken with great utility. With wine or syrup, it affords a most wholesome and agreeable beverage.

It is one of the safest as well as most cooling drinks for persons exhausted by much speaking, heated by dancing, or when quitting hot rooms, or crowded assemblies. It may be taken in the quantity of a common beer glass at a time.

*For The Port Folio.*

### LEVITY.

For the following original and elegant essay, we are indebted to the pen of a man of letters, with whom we were formerly in habits of the most friendly intercourse, and whose wit and genius

*Have kept us up so oft till one.*

We are delighted to hear from him again. He need not modestly doubt, for a moment, its worthiness of a place in *The Port Folio*. It would be gladly received and liberally commended by the Editor of any Journal, devoted to Polite Literature. We hope that this gentleman will correspond with us often, and we are the more anxious for his favours, because we know that he has Wit and Humour at command, qualities, for which, with a few illustrious exceptions, our writers are by no means signalized. Grave and sensible essays, acute disquisition and political argument, are not wanting, but the Americans, in general, appear to be of a character so saturnine and phlegmatick, that the laughing Powers are not worshipped in the pure spirit of classical devotion.

MR. OLDSCHOOL,

At the advent of the present year, which in astronomical technicals, is called Bisextile, I feel disposed to offer to the fair, and to my own sex my ideas upon a plan, which, if put in execution, and conducted with modesty and spirit, would be attended with private benefit, and publick utility, and, from its novelty, no small share of entertainment. Though this quaternion epoch has conferred, time immemorial, acknowledged rights upon the sex, and, though they might, by general assent, exercise them without a very wide obliquity from the sine of decorum, I have never yet read or heard of their assumption of that power with which every fourth or leap year invests them. Whether it be from the innate delicacy of the sex, and the fear of attracting, for the succeeding ternary of years, the ridicule of some of ours, provided their addresses should not have a successful issue, it is almost certain that history has no record of the consummation of a match, fearlessly commenced, in the face of the

world, by a lady. I do not mean, however, to convey an idea of my disbelief of certain proposals which may have been made by young and lovesick girls, who might fancy they were otherwise letting "concealment" pale "their damask cheek;" or of those made by maidens of maturer years, who, with one last, determined, desperate attempt, inspired by the long, cheerless *vista* of cold and comfortless celibacy, have made a kind of random attack without judgment or affection.

As I advance in the delineation of my plan, which, if not adopted by the fair, I trust, will be received by them with their usual benignity and candour, I feel not insensible of my inability to give it in that perfect form in which the projector ought to present it, if he may rationally hope for success.

At the commencement of the *ladies' year*, I would have all the *young gentlemen*, from the age of 25 to 40 years, and over (the term upwards to be left with the fair, *ad lib.*) not only to permit and graciously encourage any propositions of a tender kind from a female, but to consider the same as a sincere tribute to the charms of their persons, or the endowments of their minds. They should receive a compliment in company from an innamorata with a smile; and read a rebus or acrostick upon themselves with all possible self-complacency, and, when in their study, should secretly take their scissors, and cut and preserve the precious scrap at the bottom of a thread case, where it might easily be found, and as frequently read. Throughout this eventful year they should be constantly found and continue at home, after 8 o'clock in the evening, to receive the attentions of such of the fair as might think their merits worthy of notice. In brief, they should in all cases demean themselves as modest women would under similar circumstances.

For my fair *young countrywomen*, being by *confession* from 20 to 40 years of age, and over, giving to the gentlemen, in this respect, as I have to the ladies, their choice of *older* partners, I would also prescribe certain rules. Their age, as I observe, might be by *confession*, and I see no impropriety, nor apprehend any abuse of so eminent a privilege. If the asseveration of a blooming girl shall not be acknowledged of equal validity with the assertion of a fusty bachelor, in what an ungallant age do we live! To suppose, the right not to be ceded to them, the gorgeous trappings of Rosinante might as well be converted into a dirty harness for Dapple, and the splendid habiliments and elegant demeanour of Quixote into the frouzy habit and clumsy port of the squire. I trust that none of my male readers will uncourteously object to so rea-

sonable a grant as this, and which, if refused them, might have a manifest tendency to diminish the number of the gentlemen's admirers. Besides, who can have a better knowledge of their own age than themselves? They have it recorded by their parents, and shall not the oral exposition of such record be of equal authority with the registry of the parish clerk? To conduce to the interest of truth, however, I would have some little forfeiture, should there be discovered a deviation from it. Should a *young lady* of 40, in despite of the unflattered feature she discovers in her glass, of the crow claws which are visible in the corners of her eyes, the dimmed lustre of those two orbs from which once emanated warmth as well as light; notwithstanding the ashy paleness of her complexion, the vesicular cavities of her cheeks, and here and there a whitened hair rearing itself like a full blown lily on the dark surface of a smooth pond; should she, after so much counter testimony, and confronted also by the records of the clerk, declare she is only 20, she shall forfeit her privilege of paying attention to any male till the ensuing leap year. As it may appear neglectful of young ladies under 20 to be denied Bissextile favours, confronted, I would observe that till that age they need not be alarmed with any apprehension of a continuance of celibacy. Their personal charms are then in bloom, and add a grace and dignity to a cultivated understanding, and render more conspicuous the beauty and loveliness of a pure and ingenuous mind. There can therefore be little propriety in their *pursuit of game*, when they can command it to follow. With respect to the gentlemen, they shall be exempted from the tender and amorous importunities of the sex, till they shall have attained the age of twenty-five; for it may be presumed that various and weighty reasons might be alleged for their omission to form an earlier connexion. The disapprobation of a mercenary parent, failure in business, the faithless conduct of some fair one who had capriciously transferred her affections to some favoured rival, combine to fix the beginning of the bachelor's term as late as his twenty-fifth year.

After having proceeded thus far, and pondered upon the eligibility of my plan, which I flattered myself might be accomplished in my own time, being a bachelor of only about three and thirty, yet actuated by a kind of innate, characteristic diffidence, I threw down my pen, despairing that so great a revolution in the present state of civilized society, so fundamental a reverse of the customary forms and modes of social intercourse as the adoption of this untried experiment would occasion, could ever be produced by the feeble exertion

of a single individual, however ardent he might be in its promotion, or eloquent in its praise. In this state of mental lassitude, and viewing the difficulties of its introduction through the false medium of telescopic vision, at the close of a paroxysm of chagrin and mortification, I fell asleep over my paper, and when I awoke the following dream was fresh in my memory:

I thought I was in a splendid hall, more spacious and elegant than any in which I had ever been. It was evening, and the room was illuminated by several large chandeliers, which from the multangular surfaces of their moving and glass ornaments, "poured the day" into every part of the hall. A large number of semi-circular benches, lessening in just proportion as they approached the centre, and gradually rising as they retreated "from that centre" to the extreme seat which formed the periphery of the half circle, were vested with the most costly cloths, and bordered with the richest trimmings; the whole vying with the most sumptuous style of Eastern magnificence.

These seats were filled with unmarried females of various ages from 20 years upwards. The young, the old, the gay, the demure, the beautiful and the homely, had taken their situations promiscuously. To the gratification of my vanity, I was placed by the unanimous voices of my fair auditors in an elevated station opposite the centre, under a rich and elegant canopy of crimson velvet, whence I announced my project, descanted on the advantages which would attend its execution, both as respected, in a national point of view, the increase of the species, and also in a domestick light, the promotion of individual felicity. Their whole attention and occasional observations were directed to me. After a debate somewhat desultory and unimportant, my proposals were accepted by them. It must be understood by my readers that this meeting was so numerous as to give instantly by its edicts the tone to fashion universally, without attaching the stigma of ridicule, or affected singularity to a desuetude from however long an established custom.

In the course of this debate, one lady, whose charms were concealed under a long white veil, and whose age could not, of course be ascertained but by conjecture, observed, that she hoped there would never be an appeal from the declaration of any one, on the subject of age, to the registry of a parish clerk. She thought it quite improbable that such an event would ever take place; but she still thought there might be some *different penalty*, substituted which would meet the approbation of her sex. It was soon discovered, however, by the whispers and shy looks of some young-

er and mischievous hussies seated near her, that the lady might have actually claimed a seat in the hall, had she been—twenty years younger. A few significant tosses of the head, and graceful yet sudden agitations of her veil, indicating, too plainly for concealment, a consciousness of the subject of their provoking surmises, tended only to attract and confirm the suspicions of all.

One young lady, who was, by her years, barely admitted to membership, and beautiful as Hebe, spoke for near a quarter of an hour with much fervour, fluency, and feeling, on the propriety of altering from "20 to 40" to "from 18 to 40." Her object in this was for some time problematical, till the former lady, who had received much of her mortification from the voluble eloquence of this very maid, observed, with a contemptuous smile, "if smile that might be called which smile was none," that some people, who were *barely* twenty, were displeased if they could not palm themselves off for *even* eighteen; for her own part she should not wish to have the number specified by the *illustrious projector*, altered; as with respect to herself, she was ready to acknowledge, she should be just twenty-five on the 29th of February, instant.

One or two rich elderly maidens, flounced and furbelowed in a fanciful and grotesque manner; and whose visages it would puzzle the most able physiognotrace to follow, remarked, that the age of 25 in males, they opined, might be reduced to 22. The drift of the remark was, however, soon appreciated by the discerning, that one or two young athletic and forward officers, stationed in the vicinity of these devotees of Priapus had attracted their notice, and that their impatience, as well as the uncertainty of life, was too great to induce them to wait till the arrival of another leap year.

A sort of eulogium, on this new contemplated order of things in which were not a few animated compliments on the projector of it, was pronounced by a young milliner, who, in the course of it, evinced her belief in astrological lore, by thanking her *Stars*, that she could now *set her cap* at the men without reproach. As she proceeded in the flippancy of her remarks, she was so elevated by the conception of a suitable character to match with herself as, more than once, to mention "*gownmen*" and once a "*Saint in crape*" and twice a "*saint in lawn*."

A young female rustick, whose blooming countenance bespoke the roseate glow of health, and whose blushes were the earnest of a mind, the native abode of modesty, arose and briefly expressed her good opinion of the plan; but was apprehensive, that in the uncourtly part of the country in which she was a resident so extraordinary an innovation upon established forms, might

meet with powerful opponents or few followers. The delicacy of the remark of this "lovely young Lavinia" was not duly appreciated by the fair auditory; and I plainly heard a hissing sound pervade the hall, and thought I could occasionally distinguish the mention of the number seventeen. In fact; it was the general opinion that the modest maid was neither more nor less than a country hoyden *under age*.

Assured however, at last, of a general suffrage in favour of my object, after having the opinions of those who chose to express them; with an address to my fair auditors, somewhat like "*Claudite jam rivus, puella*," I dismissed the assembly. By a previous vote it had been settled to defer acting upon our resolves only till the next dawn. My vision was fortunately protracted till the ensuing morning, so that I had an opportunity of witnessing the management of some of my fair friends, whose impatience for the exercise of their rights was too great to be long resisted. At sunrise, the streets were crowded with females dressed in their best attire, passing and repassing, with the most anxious and inquisitive faces. The carriages of opulent maidens, advanced in life, were so numerous as to make some of the narrower avenues almost impassable. At an early hour, I understood a wealthy bachelor received a simultaneous attack from one lady of about 40, and another of 25, both in carriages. His house was elegantly furnished, and he was considered as one of the best speculations for a female in the whole country. They both started for the plate at the same instant; but oh! *miserabile dictu! sed talia fiendo, quid vetat?* before their arrival, by adverse circumstances, my batchelor had distanced them, and in company, and with the speed of a bailiff had reached the goal before them. My readers will please to conjecture the reflections of the respective ladies as they hied to their homes. In this state of somnolency I witnessed a number of such rival races, as furiously commenced, as ludicrously terminated, and was congratulating myself on the eventual completion of my plan, when I descried, limping from a corner of one of the semicircular benches a solitary female who had continued with me in the hall after all the company but herself had forsaken it. She was approaching "with lingering steps and slow" the desk in which I was drowsing. Her dress was that of a slattern ragged and

almost squalid. Her form was diminutive like my own, her face "the image and superscription" of a baked and shrivelled green apple, and her whole exterior and demeanour prepossessingly repulsive. With the electric velocity with which charity impels the hand to the pocket, I instantly and instinctively was extending it with a guinea to the object whose feelings I would have saved by anticipating even the mention of her wants, when in humble guise, and voice that "whistled in the sound," she informed me that, in pursuance of my plan, she was about to reward me, the distinguished proposer of it, with an offer of her heart and hand; that her age was about thirty, that she was unincumbered as to relations, and of decent property; that every lady in the hall had been unpardonably blind to my exalted merits; and above all, that as it was the 14th of February, and as each had seen no other except ourselves on that morning, I was certainly her Valentine. The comparison of a thunderbolt to the instantaneous effect which this address occasioned me would give as imperfect an idea of my sensations, as the pace of a snail would of the fleetness of a deer. Suffice it to say, the violent perturbation into which my feelings were hurried completely awaked me, and from an elevation to which the immortal projection of such a scheme should have entitled its author, I was left with no other solace than the realities of chagrin, mortification and disappointment.

A.

Connecticut River, Feb. 1808.

### The Frenchman and Butcher.

A half-starv'd Frenchman, once, 'tis said,  
Pass'd near a Butcher's door;  
Where British beef—good white and red,  
Hung round in plenteous store.

The Frenchman gaz'd with longing eyes  
Then loud, "*bon, bon*," he cried;  
The Butcher turn'd with quick surprise,  
Then spoke with wounded pride—

"Get out, you great outlandish cheat,  
Nor talk such stuff as that;  
You say "*bone, bone*!—I say *meat, meat*,  
And meat extremely fat."

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# THE PORT-FOLIO,

(NEW SERIES)

BY OLIVER OLDSCHOOL, ESQ.



Various, that the mind of desultory man, studious of change and pleased with novelty, may be indulged—Cowp.

Vol. V. Philadelphia, Saturday, February 27, 1808. No. 9.

## ORIGINAL PAPERS.

### TRAVELS.

#### LETTERS FROM GENEVA AND FRANCE.

*Written during a residence of between two and three years in different parts of those countries, and addressed to a lady in Virginia.*

—quâ me quoque possim  
Tollere humo. VIR.

Je dirai j'étais là, telle chose m'avint,  
Vous y croyriez être vous-mêmes.

LA FONTAINE.

(Continued from page 115.)

#### LETTER IV.

Geneva.

My dear E—,

THE next day brought with it all the wonders we expected. A variety of figures, moving along the streets, attracted our attention, but none more forcibly than the fruit-women, with high caps of stiff muslin, with long waists, short petticoats, and mounted upon asses. In our neighbourhood was one of the most frequented walks, which upon going to we found thronged with original figures, who crowded along, whilst we, like the scholar and the devil upon two sticks, made our observations at full liberty

without any danger of being attended to, or understood. In a few days, we became acquainted with the city; but it was necessary before we could indulge our curiosity without restraint, that we should appear at the commune to be examined, as to our object in coming to France, and our intentions for the future; it was here, that after a very scrutinizing examination of our persons, they gave us passports in which we saw ourselves very particularly described; me, they represented as tall and thin with some grey hairs, a pointed nose and a forked chin; I will not tell you how they described others of our company; as the description was not such as you would know them by; but I ought, in justice to the man of the quill before whom we appeared, to inform you, that perceiving your sister's embarrassment, as her turn approached, he was so considerate as to wave the ceremony of examining her features, and described her, in general terms.

When France, under the name of Gaul, was a Roman province, Bourdeaux was a considerable town, and many of the towers, which flanked

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the walls, and, in some places, part of the wall itself, are still to be traced. Some remains of an amphitheatre are also to be seen, and I am told that there are other vestiges of those distant times: in succeeding ages, but many centuries after, it devolved as part of Aquitaine to Henry II, of England in right of his wife Eleanor; and it was here that for fourteen years, the gallant Black Prince held his court. It was to Bourdeaux that he transferred his royal prisoner after the battle of Poitiers, and thence that he began his last expedition into Spain. His palace no longer exists, but the spot on which it stood was pointed out to me, and I confess to you that I approached the altar of the ancient church of St. Seurin with somewhat more of devout respect, when I was told, that it was from that very altar that the Black Prince received the oriflamb previously to the brilliant campaign in which his courage, great as it was, appeared even in that military age, his smallest merit. After nearly three hundred years of possession the English were driven out of Bourdeaux, and there now remains no mark of their domination but two large and venerable churches, (built in that style of stupendous architecture, which is connected with nothing else, in those ignorant ages,) and a street called St. James's.

In the history of the civil wars with France, I had read a great deal concerning Bourdeaux, and now examined every spot, connected with those times, with attention: the Ormeé, where the friends of the popular party used to meet, the Chateau Trompette, where the celebrated Madame de Maintenon was born, and the Gate Dijaux, which the Dukes de la Rochefoucault and Bouillon defended with such desperate valour against the royal army. Immediately out of this gate is the square where the guillotine was erected, and where so much of the best blood of Bourdeaux was spilled, during the revolution, by a set of infernal wretches in the shape

of men. It was now crowded with peaceful sellers of fruit, and vegetables, some of whom were pretty, and in whose countenances there was nothing connected with either war or cruelty. The time of war, and a war so unequally carried on by sea, was an unfortunate period for a stranger to visit this celebrated place; still, however, amidst melancholy accounts of losses and of bankruptcies, and a visible stagnation of business, there remained great and numerous appearances of opulence throughout the city, whilst a number of hackney coaches in the streets bespoke a continued intercourse from one part of it to another. There were other circumstances, connected also, I fear, with mercantile opulence, of which, all matrons as you are, I do not like to attempt a description, and which were not only evident but glaring: I will only say, upon the head of what it may not be proper to enter into a particular description, that prepared as I was to meet with those modes of dress, or rather undress, which I had been shocked with an imitation of in Charleston, the reality was far beyond expectation, and I had to regret for the sake of modesty and of good morals, that the framers of the Constitution of France, had not added a censor to the other Roman names, with which they have chosen to decorate their magistracy. Black eyes, a good-natured cheerful countenance, and a certain obtrusive prodigality of nature, such as you used to admire in the beautiful poultry maiden of Kensington, were everywhere to be seen; but let me add, that we everywhere experienced the charms of that real politeness, which made us feel that we were strangers, only inasmuch as that we were treated with more attention. I could write to you a great deal more of the revolution, and of its cruel effects at the time upon this devoted spot; but the subject would not be a pleasing one, the inhabitants themselves avoid it, and it is better that we should.

(To be continued.)

## CRITICISM.

*For The Port Folio.**On the Italian Theatre.*

Dramatick excellence is still in its infancy among the Italians, the opera always excepted, for which this nation has constantly manifested an extraordinary partiality. About the middle of the last century, the best authours combined their efforts, to carry this species of the drama to the highest perfection; while comedy, or the *dialogue* was left in the hands of the strolling players, and authours of no note.

The character of the people, and the genius of their language, seem to have excluded, among the Italians, the possibility of arriving at the higher eminences of tragedy. Some popular pieces, of this description, are indeed mentioned; as, those of Gian-Battista La Porta, Gravina, and Count Panzuti; but a person, whose taste has been refined by the study of the great models in this art, will scarcely allow them a place among the inferior productions of mediocrity. The works of Count Alfieri, however, deserve to be mentioned with respect: original ideas, and truly tragick characters are to be found in them; and attention to the rules of composition, and great knowledge of stage effect: but, they are liable to objection, as defective in point of action; and, whatever may be their beauties, they are not relished by the authour's countrymen. The only hope still remaining to the Tragick Muse, in Italy, seems to consist in the partiality, which daily gains ground, for the French language and literature. The elegant productions of Voltaire began to acquire a degree of popularity; and a society of *virtuosi* have exhibited upon the stage of Bologna, the tragedies of *Zaire* and *Mahomet*.

Comedy has obtained more encouragement and success; and burlesque comedy, more than all. The celebrated Machiavelli was the first who gave the Italians a specimen, in

their own language, of regular comedy, and he acquired no small degree of reputation in this line: but none attempted to rival his honours, and it was not till the beginning of the eighteenth century that La Porta composed eighteen comedies, all imitations of Plautus; and which, notwithstanding their defects, are entitled to a greater degree of merit than his tragedies. His example was followed by Nicholas Amenta, Frederici, and several others, who, agreeably with the prevailing prejudices of their times, took care to season their pieces with a ludicrous character, and a smattering of some *provincial dialect* or other.

At last, Domemio Liveri, and Goldoni, bravely ventured to oppose the current of popular prejudice; and from them a new epocha in the history of the Italian theatre dates its rise. The first of them, Liveri, banished buffoonery from the stage, together with the use of provincial dialects, and gave us a just picture of the polite world, and of good manners. His rivals continued to amuse the vulgar with their farces; and, though their admirers were not among the most enlightened class of the people, they were the most numerous.

This taste for farces still prevails in Italy, and the theatres devoted to Harlequin and Columbine are to be met with in all the larger and smaller towns. Lelio and Rosaura amuse the publick, by their witticisms, and burlesque scenery.

Besides Liveri, Italy can boast of only two good dramatick writers, Frederici and Goldoni. The comedies of the latter are well known on all the theatres of Europe; and we justly admire that fertility of invention which has enriched the Italian stage with more than two hundred comedies. During his residence at Paris, he composed some others; but, with the exception of the *Whimsical and Benevolent Man*, which has deservedly obtained universal applause, all these inferior to his early



er productions. Goldoni flourished from 1740 to 1760.

Frederici, who filled the twofold station of writer and performer, was not so fertile as Goldoni; but his writings are more elaborate: the *Duca di Borgogna* is considered as the chief production of his pen.

At the present moment, showy farces enjoy the supreme popularity in Italy. Even the most wretched of the German productions have been translated; such as the *Count of Wultron*, a sort of military exhibition, which has been forgotten in Germany. At Venice, the whole history of Charles XII, and of Peter I, have been exhibited on the stage; even the siege, and battle of Nerva, and Pultova, have been set off with theatrical decorations. The countesses of Lowenhaupt and Koenigsmark make considerable figures; and the barbarian, Charles XII, talks like a chevalier of the court of Francis I.

In the summer of 1797, a piece, entitled, "*Gli Inglesi nella Florida*," was given at Naples, with much applause. It was recommended by all the pomp of decoration; fortifications, subterraneous scenery, the whole of the process and operations of mining, sea-fights, &c. &c.

The writings of Goldoni are almost forgotten; but, to make amends for this, the translators lay all foreign countries under contribution, though often without exercising much justice in their choice. Among the pieces that have lately held the rank of favourites, are Webster, some bad translations from Destouches, the Deserter out of Filial Affection, the Oracle from Gellert, the Court of Vollenstein, and the Countryfied Gentleman. As no playbills are issued, the audience is unable to tell to what country belongs the blame of its bad entertainment.

A German settled at Naples for translating the best German works for the Italian theatre. Unfortunately, he began with the *Virgin of the Sun*, of Kotzebue. The translation was already finished, and the actors

had begun to study their parts, when the royal mandate suddenly forbade its representation, on account of some passages offensive to the Church.

Every circumstance contributes to justify the remark with which we set out, that, in the Italian theatre, taste is yet in its infancy. The best judges agree in the fact, imputing it to the reigning passion for the Opera, which so exclusively prevails among the upper classes. At Florence, Venice, and Naples, people of rank only visit the playhouse two or three times in a year, while the Opera is attended with eagerness.

In the year 1798, there were four distinct companies of performers at Naples: each company had an Opera of its own, which acted every other day upon the same theatre, so that three days in the week were set apart for the Opera, and three for the representation of plays. The first of these companies, which might be considered as the best in Italy, was known by the appellation of *Gli Fiorentini*; the second performed on the theatre *Del Fondo di Separazione*; the third on that of *Ponte Nuovo*; and the fourth gave an exhibition of farces, in a cave near the *Lago di Castello*, and on the *Teatro Nuovo*. Each of these four companies had its good actor. One of them was a *lover*, a second a *servant maid*, another an *old man*, but all together they did not form a complete set. In the same year, there were no less than five companies of opera performers, and four of actors of plays at Venice, who performed daily during the Carnival. Two companies of the latter description adhered to the old system of five masks, that is, in each of their representations there was an old man a doctor, a harlequin, and a *pickle her-ring*. The two others only brought forward splendid exhibitions, such as that of Charles 12. The genius of Goldoni was visible nowhere.

During the Carnival of 1797 and 1798, different companies associated

at Florence, Genoa, &c. These associations were commonly dissolved at the end of the Carnival.

At Genoa, in those years, none besides political pieces were brought upon the stage, full of sarcasms upon the ancient government. In one of the dramas exhibited, the principal character was an ex-noble, who, during the long course of five acts, discharged the duties of a municipal officer, and, in the *denouement*, married his son to a handsome burgher, of whom the youth had been secretly enamoured. This piece, though very long, was greatly applauded.

In another piece, entitled, *The aristocrats at the baths of Pisa*, the Genoese emigrants, who in a meeting at these baths formed counter-revolutionary projects, were ridiculed. This farce also met with much success.

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*For The Port Folio.*

## LITERARY INTELLIGENCE.

Messrs. Hopkins and Co. of this city, have published in the form of a periodical Pamphlet, the Seven first numbers of an Eccentrick work, entitled "The Life and Observations of STEPHEN STARE, Esquire, of Philadelphia, written by himself, containing much instruction and amusement." His initial number written in evident imitation of the manner of Sterne. As it would be exceedingly unfair to judge of the various merits of Tristram Shandy, from the wildness and obscurity of his first chapters, so it would be illiberal and unjust to condemn Mr. Stare, for want of Logick, although in this specimen of his performance, he does not appear to be in one strain for three sentences together. Still he has many sallies of pleasantry, and exhibits proofs of ability as a writer. From the purest sources, we are assured that he is a youth of natural endowments, and academical acquirements,

and that if he is permitted to feel the warm sunshine of publick favour will not disgrace himself or his country. His object is playful satire against the caprices of fashion and the absurdities of the hour, and we cordially hope that he may be induced to task his powers and do justice to his topicks. Let him beware of obscurity, the great defect of his prototype; and instead of plodding along the car rut of imitation trust to his own native vigour and indulge in all the rambles of excessive fancy.

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Now in the press of C. and A. Conrad and Co. and will be shortly published, a work entitled "Register of Arts; or a compendious view of some of the most useful Modern Discoveries and Inventions, by THOMAS GREEN FESSENDEN, authour of Terrible Tractoration, &c.

The following circular letter, addressed by Mr. Fessenden, to some of the most eminent Philosophers, Artists and Manufacturers in the United States, will sufficiently elucidate the object of the proposed publication.

*Philadelphia,*

Sir,

Being about to publish a work, to be entitled, "Register of Arts, or a Compendious view of some of the most useful Modern Discoveries and Inventions," I am solicitous to obtain the literary aid of such ingenious and scientifick men as may be disposed to encourage the undertaking.

In the proposed work it will be my aim,

I. To collect and in some instances abridge from European Philosophical Journals, whatever may be judged to be of practical utility in America, relating to Natural Philosophy, Chymistry, Agriculture and the Arts.

II. To give a description of the most important Inventions, Discoveries and Improvements in Philosophy and the Arts, which are the fruits of American genius. This part of the work is intended to include a state-

ment of the origin, progress and present state of American Manufactures and Manufactories; an account of the most remarkable bridges, canals, turnpike roads, agricultural improvements, patent inventions, and other products of American industry and ingenuity.

The editor has received assurances of being favoured with the aid of a number of gentlemen in this place, who are eminent for their skill and acquisitions in the arts, and those sciences which relate to the objects of his proposed publication, and flatters himself that the utility of a work of this description is so obvious that gentlemen of similar attainments, throughout the United States will be induced to make the "Register of Arts" the vehicle of such communications on the abovementioned subjects as they may think will be of public utility.

The work will be printed in a handsome octavo of about four hundred pages, and should adequate encouragement and support be given, will be continued annually.

Original papers will be published with or without the name of the author, at his option; and a list of the names of avowed authors will be given at the end of the volume, together with an index referring to its contents.

Any communication which you may be pleased to favour me with, will be gratefully received and duly acknowledged by,

Your most obedient humble servant,

THOMAS G. FESSENDEN.

Communications for the Register of Arts to be addressed, post paid, to the editor, No. 209, South Second-street, or to C. and A. Conrad and Co. Philadelphia.

Such Artists and others, as have made any interesting discoveries or improvements in the Arts or Sciences connected with the object of this work, will, it is conceived not only promote the good of the publick, but subserve their own interests by mak-

ing the "Register of Arts" the vehicle for giving them more extensive publicity than they would obtain by advertising in the Newspapers and other fugitive publications.

*For The Port Folio.*

## CLASSICAL LEARNING.

*(Continued from page 123.)*

Suetonius Tranquillus wrote the Lives of the twelve Cæsars, with the same freedom that they led them, as is commonly observed. Instead of a grave and continued narrative he has collected all he could learn of them under certain general heads. He does not seem to have been ambitious of the character of a regular and eloquent historian, but to have intended barely to preserve the knowledge of facts for the instruction of posterity who might make their own reflections. The horrid characters that he draws from the life, and the discovery he makes of the gigantick vices of the Roman Emperours, is enough to make a decent reader ashamed of human nature, the corruption of which appears in its proper colours in the life of absolute sovereigns, whose inclinations were not under any restraint from others, and who possessed the riches of the world for the gratification of their passions. Those lives must have been scandalous indeed, which no modest man would choose to read in company, though Mr. Clarke, of Hull, translated them into English for the use of schools. Great diligence was necessary for collecting such a number of Anecdotes, in an age wherein the memory of events was much interrupted by frequent revolutions. The style of Suetonius is plain and unaffected, and bears all the marks of truth and impartiality. He may be read with profit by those who would trace the evils of arbitrary government, but ought by no means to be recommended to youth.

Juvenal and Persius, who are generally to be found in the same volume, are supposed to have wrote in the time of Domitian. Juvenal appears to have been a person of ardent and sincere virtue, and an admirer of the simplicity of ancient manners. His satires express the indignation of a generous mind against the vices of a base and degenerate age. He acknowledges that it was indignation that made him a poet. Satirists in all ages have been accused of misanthropy, especially by those who have been, or may be the objects of their censure. But certainly the hatred of vice is as essential to a good character as the love of virtue, so that the commonplace remarks

against satirists seem to be extremely ill-founded. The man who is sociable with vice, is not far surely from the commission of it, and the person who is indifferent about virtue, is not likely to continue long in its service. *Scilicet uni æquus virtuti atque ejus amicis*, is a sensible rule of Horace, who certainly was no man-hater. Juvenal imitated the boldness and severity of Lucilius, rather than the soft and courtly manner of Horace, though by no means destitute of wit, he rarely attempts to turn vice into ridicule. The justness of his sentiments, the strength of his expressions, and the generous indignation at every vice, which is conspicuous in all his satires are justly admired. He excels in description, and his account of the introduction of the Mullet-fish to the court of Domitian, affords an excellent specimen of the mock Heroick. Juvenal, Seneca and Lucian, are almost the only ancient writers that seem to have had any notion of what is called humour in modern language. Something of it is to be seen in one of the *Idyllia* of Theocritus, in which he represents the conversation of the Sicilian women. Unhappily for Juvenal, the standard of decent language, even among the people of virtue, appears to have been exceeding low in his times. Hence in describing virtuous conduct he becomes indelicate and offensive to modest ears. Most of his satires however are free from this censure, but indelicacy seems to have been the common vice of those times.

Persius had more wit as well as more delicacy than Juvenal, but his dark allusions and perplexed phrase throws great obscurity over his sentiments. He introduces himself as a person who wrote for daily bread, though that was neither his case, nor indeed so gainful a profession then, as it has become in our times. The fear which Juvenal and Persius entertained of the resentment of tyrants constrained them to write in a dark style, though perhaps that very obscurity greatly recommended their work, to their cotemporaries, who from their knowledge of persons, were able to explain the allusions, and gave themselves credit for their ingenuity, while they admired that of the poet. Persius has had many commentators, and the celebrated Mr. Sheridan has performed the laborious task of rendering him faithfully into English.

Martial was a Spaniard, born at Bilboa, in Gallicia. He was a cook by profession, and though afterwards polished by learning, ~~seemed always to have retained a great~~ deal of the manners and language of the kitchen. Whence there are more hard words in his works than in any Latin author, except the elder Pliny. Perhaps it was his skill in cookery that recommended

him to Domitian, by whom he was made a Roman Knight and received the *Jus trium Liberorum*. He was a professed wit as well as a cook, and his epigrams are in a variety of tastes, though seldom destitute of a sprinkling more or less, of that attack salt. Though epigram is the lowest species of poetry, it has a large extent and variety, and is not incapable of elegance and ornament. Martial did not want genius, judgment, nor vanity, nor was he without learning. He professes a great veneration for the younger Pliny, who greatly deserved it. Some of his epigrams deserve great praise, many of them are prostituted to the purpose of flattery and more to lust, and indecency. He gives a high encomium to Regulus, whom Pliny, more worthy of credit, represents as one of the basest of men. A selection of his epigrams for the use of Westminster school, which excludes all the indecent ones, is very proper to be put into the hands of youth. Mr. Elphinstone of Kensington has lately given a poetical translation of Martial, in the preface to which he calls him the most ingenious, chaste, and virtuous of the Roman Poets.

(To be continued.)

#### ECCENTRICK ADVERTISEMENTS.

The following appears as an Advertisement, in "The Traveller," (a London paper,) of Feb. 11, 1807.

"Ladies, who have fixed their affections, but have never avowed their prepossession, may be instructed how to obtain their wishes. Any gentlemen, who have yet formed a predilection for a Lady, may be assisted in obtaining her. Those who have yet formed no attachment, may have objects pointed out to them, and aided in gaining them, by a Lady whose connexions enable her to effect what she undertakes; but she will not use her influence but for persons of unquestionable character.

Apply, or address (post paid) to Mrs. Morris, at the bow window, next door to Margaret Chapel, Margaret-street, Cavendish-square.

Mrs. Morris is not at liberty to refer to those she has served; but whoever applies to her will be convinced that she is employed by persons of high respectability.

The Subscriber intends to collect his debts, the easiest and best way he can, he therefore gives this timely notice, to all whom it may concern, that unless they pay him before the 1st of *September next*, he does not say he will put them into an Attorney's hand for collection, but *will sell them*, to a certain person, who will give him the money for them. Think this not to be an idle advertisement, none will be excused, but by a particular agreement.

### DANIEL BROOKS.

*A late Cornwall Gazette contains the following singular advertisement :*

#### " FIRE—SMOKE !—A CARD.

" Sampy Sonnet, sole executor and residing legatee of the late Mr. Jarman, chimney sweeper, begs leave to inform the ladies and gentlemen of Penzance, that he has succeeded to the brushes and brooms, and (he humbly hopes) to the abilities of his benefactor. Sampy flatters himself, that those ladies and gentlemen who may favour him with their commands, will see his efforts marked by the same nicety of touch and dexterity of manner, *precision of movement*, and *harmony of handling*, which distinguished the execution of his never-to-be-sufficiently lamented predecessor.

" Among his aires  
In yonder grove the Druid sleeps ;  
But blaze, ye fires,  
For in his room  
A Sampy wields the broom,  
And with a kindred skill, a kindred genius  
sweeps.

" Vide the tears of Sancred, a Monody on the death of Mr. Jarman."

" N. B. Smoky Chimnies cured on Count Rumford's principle. Gates fixed, and their aperient angles ascertained with the greatest accuracy, whether intended for *culinary* or for *vestal* purposes—to roast a goose, or warm an old maid."

### MORTUARY.

Died on Monday, the 25th, of January, in the 71st year of her age, Mrs. RACHEL

PEARCE, wife of Henry Ward Pearce, Esq. of the State of Maryland, at present residing in this city. Mrs. Pearce was the only surviving child, of the numerous family of Tench Francis, who, somewhat more than half a century ago, was attorney general of this state, and recorder of the city of Philadelphia. She was remarkable for a warmth of feeling, which led to acts of frequent benevolence, and a spriteliness of mind which rendered her society endearing, not only to her friends, but even to those with whom she had not the slightest acquaintance. Her death has caused sorrow to many, but chiefly to an affectionate husband, to whom for more than thirty years she had been united.—To him the loss is irreparable. Her body, attended by her relations and a number of respectable citizens, was interred on Wednesday last, in the vault of her family in Christ-Church burial ground.

### DIED,

At Martinique, on the 4th of Jan. 1808, in the 43d year of his age, Major *Ulrick Rivardi*, husband of Mrs. Maria Rivardi, of this city. This gentleman was educated in the military college of Colmar, in France, and entered the Russian service, at the age of 18. At the taking of Oczacow, in the war between the Turks and Russians, while aid-de-camp to the celebrated Gen. Suwarrow, he received several wounds, and one particularly severe, in his breast. In this action he distinguished himself in such a manner, that although he was obliged, by the injuries to which his bravery had exposed him, to quit so cold a climate, he retired from the army with the rank of captain, and a pension for life; this he forfeited by entering the American service, and was appointed by Gen. Washington, Major in the first regiment of artillery and engineers—He retained this commission until the army was reduced.

His health having declined of latter years, he was advised to revisit the West-Indies, where, on a former occasion, he had received much benefit; but immediately after his arrival at Martinique, he was attacked by an apoplexy, and survived it only a few days.

In his character were united all the amiable traits which distinguish the soldier, the scholar, and the gentleman; and to urbanity, learning, and accomplishments, were added the endearing virtues of an affectionate heart. He has left three children to the care and exertions of an afflicted widow.

## BIOGRAPHY.

Arthur Maynwaring, of Ightfield, Shropshire, was a member of the very ancient, and truly respectable family of Maynwaring, of Over-Peover in Cheshire, who were of Norman origin; and the son of Charles, and grandson of Sir Arthur Maynwaring, a favourite of Henry, Prince of Wales. This gentleman was born at Ightfield, in 1668; educated at the grammar school at Shrewsbury; and was afterwards placed under the tuition of Dr. Smallridge, at Christchurch, Oxford. Leaving the university, he went to reside in Cheshire, with his uncle, Francis Cholmondley, Esq. Mr. Maynwaring's application to polite literature was as great, as his attainments were extraordinary. As an heir-apparent it was necessary for him to think of engaging in some scheme of life, and he therefore went to London with intent to study the law. It does not appear that he was ever a member of any law society, but pursued a course of reading proper for that profession in his father's house in Essex-street. His family, much in the court of the sovereigns of the House of Stuart, were enemies to the Revolution; he, consequently, imbibed their sentiments, and wrote and acted in behalf of the exiled King. Accomplished in his manners, and a wit, the first circles courted his company; and he became intimately acquainted with the Duke of Somerset, and the Earls of Dorset and Burlington, who, showing him the necessity of the Revolution in its proper light, he became a convert to their political sentiments; though he made no efforts to obtain a part in the administration, but continued his study of the law, under his father's roof, till he was about the age of twenty-five or twenty-six, when the death of his parent put him in possession of an hereditary estate of 800*l.* per annum; which was, however, but a nominal income, the mortgages on it being to a very considerable amount. Mr. Maynwaring visited Paris after

the peace of Ryswick; and possessing an elevated mind, he could not travel without improvement. When he returned he was greatly caressed, and highly deserved the admiration of his friends. The Kit Cat Club elected him a member, and his chastened wit enlivened their meetings. Mr. Maynwaring, in the reign of King William, was appointed a Commissioner of the Customs, on the resignation of Sir William Young, by the interest of Lord Halifax and the Duke of Somerset. This place he held, probably, till he was elected a member of Parliament; but whether he then vacated it voluntarily for that purpose, or was removed, is not mentioned. That he filled it with ability and satisfaction to the publick whilst he was in it, appears from the concluding lines of a satire on that board, under the title of a "Petition of the Distressed Merchants of London, &c. to the Lord High Treasurer;" in which his name is the only one of seven that is not severely treated; but is, on the contrary, distinguished thus with particular approbation:

"And that no grain of merit fall by this petition,

"Leave Maynwaring only to grace the commission."

His income was inconsiderable, compared with his talents and acquirements. The treasurer Godolphin observed this, and determined to bring him forward in the world. That nobleman privately negotiated with Mr. Done; and, at the expense of several thousand pounds, obtained his resignation of the office of auditor of the imprest. When he had accomplished this, he procured a patent for it, and, to the no small surprise of Mr. Maynwaring, presented it to him. This was an act equally honourable to Godolphin and Maynwaring, which occurred in the beginning of the reign of Queen Ann: whether he had sold Ightfield to Lord Kilmurray before this period, does not appear; but he represented Preston in Lancashire, in the Parliaments called in the year 1705 and

1708. His literary works deservedly gained him great reputation, and he was generally supposed one of the best political writers in Britain. The "Medley," was chiefly written by him. Sir Richard Steele observed, in his dedication of the first volume of the "Tatler," when speaking of the design of the work, under the assumed name of Isaac Bickerstaff, it was "to expose all false arts of life; to pull off the disguises of cunning, vanity, and affectation; and to recommend a general simplicity in our dress, our discourse, and our behaviour:" and adds, with a truth not common to dedications, that "no man has a better judgment for the discovery, or a nobler spirit for the contempt, of all imposture, than yourself; which qualities render you the most proper patron for the author of these essays." He caught a cold in visiting the Duchess of Marlborough at St Alban's, by walking too late in the evening; this brought on a consumption which baffled all the skill of Garth, Blackmore, and even Radcliffe. Never was so much anxiety expressed for a private gentleman. When the last physician was called in, Lord Treasurer Oxford said, "Pray, doctor, take care of that gentleman, as one of the most valuable lives in England;" and the "greatest lady in England wept often at his bed-side." Dying at St. Alban's, November 13, 1712, aged 44, he was buried with his father and grandfather, at Chertsey in Surry, where they had possessed considerable property. Mr. Maynwaring was a proof that the best understanding, with the aid of wit, and all the gusto of taste, was not incompatible with business. In direct opposition to Steele, he proved that wit, the most pointed, required not the aid of profaneness to illustrate it; and religion with him, was a sanctuary which he never violated: nor did he think the clergy were marks at which wits and no wits were entitled to shoot their arrows. He died unmarried, but left

a son by Mrs. Oldfield, the celebrated actress, to whom he gave his baptismal and surname. His property was divided between this son, Mrs. Oldfield, and his sister. The "Examiner" took the lead in reflecting upon his memory, for having made such a will; but it was defended by several, particularly Mr. Walpole.\* His life and works were published in 1715, in 8vo. with a dedication to Mr. Walpole, signed I. O. most likely John Oldmixon, a noted, but neglected writer for the whig party.

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*For The Port Folio.*

#### THE INSTITUTION OF CHIVALRY.

Society, in its progression from a state of barbarism to that of refinement, has been constantly either hastened or retarded by an almost infinitude of physical and moral causes. The inhospitable climate of the polar region has almost congealed both the intellect and body of its inhabitants, and confined the ranges of both within the impenetrable barriers of eternal mountains of ice. During the long period of nearly six thousand years, the desert sands of the torrid zone have been traversed by a race of beings, whose sublimest aspirations of genius have scarce yet risen to the first rudiments of literature or morals. The customs, the manners, and the various institutions of the different nations of the world, have all tended either in a direct or remote degree, to temper or increase the asperities of the human character, and to elevate or debase the dignity of man. But scarce any cause whatever, has arisen from a purer source, or operated with a more salutary influence, than the *Institution of Chivalry*.

When the immense swarms which issued from the "*Northern hive*," rushed down with resistless impetu-

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\* Afterwards Sir Robert Walpole, ultimately Earl of Orford.

osity from the Alps, and laid waste the ancient mistress of the world, a period succeeded, which is emphatically marked on the page of history, as an age of intellectual and moral darkness.

The literary adventurer travels with admiration along the vast field of ancient greatness; with mingled astonishment and delight, he visits the Academian grove, or the Senate house of Rome; for he there beholds the glory of man and the grandeur of human genius. But this period is a wide and lonely wilderness, which he approaches with a reluctant step. It is a wild, where no cheering object "floats upon the gaze," no manna feeds him, no pillar of fire guides his wandering footsteps.

A few solitary geniuses, arising by their own native energy, sometimes soar above the common level of dullness and corruption. But they arise merely as so many meteors of night, which appearing at distant intervals, flash, for a moment, on the view of the bewildered traveller, and leave him to grope his way, in the gloom of tenfold darkness.

At a moment like this, when the muses were dumb, and the monuments of science and the arts were broken down; when the arm of civil power was palsied; and Confusion in its wildest form, pervaded the regions of Europe, a chosen band of brothers, the gallant spirits of the age, entwined together, by a community of disinterested affection, volunteered in the expiring cause of liberty and man. The disposer of all things was pleased to bestow upon them, a distinguishing preeminence above the vulgar herd; and their rank, their character, and talents would have given them an exalted stand among the proudest of tyrants. They possessed the wildfire of enterprize peculiar to uncultivated times, without either the fierceness of the savage, or a thirst for conquest and desolation. Their ambition was that of the benevolent philanthropist, who amidst a thousand dangers, labours to extend the domination of rea-

son and heal the wounds of the afflicted.

Religion, honour, virtue, humanity, were the broad basis of their fabric; the cement which bound them together, the polestar which guided them in their course. It was their misfortune to be cast upon the "catastre of the world, when the courtesies of life were forgotten; when the integrity of man was disregarded; and religion debased by the sullen gloom of superstition or the wildness of fanaticism. But the spirit of chivalry taught men to bear with fortitude, evils which cannot be surmounted, and to eradicate those which have arisen from vice and folly. Whenever the courteous knight sallied forth from his castle, it was to turn aside the dagger of the assassin; to break the fetters of oppression; to assert the cause of honour; and especially to defend the virtue of the fair. Were any forsaken by ingratitude, and abandoned to poverty and sorrow; such never found the hand of charity frozen and nerveless. The cavalier administered relief to their wants; and his valiant arm avenged their wrongs. Were there any, who had buffeted with ill success, the adverse tide of life; who had sunk beneath the lash of pride and power; or had been "trodden down under the hoofs of a swinish multitude?" to such, the institution of Chivalry afforded protection, where no hostile arm could reach them; it was a castle of defence, from whose lofty battlements, they could smile upon the storm, which was raging beneath them, and hear, unmoved, the thunder rolling harmless at their feet. Chivalry was a hospitable retreat for the widow and the orphan, and a shelter for the houseless stranger: it was an immense tree, whose branches covered the earth, under whose cooling shade, the wearied pilgrim might repose in security and silence. The spirit of Chivalry, which is the genuine "spirit of a gentleman," cherished a purity of manners, and a chastity of sentiment and morals; it kept



alive, in an age of wars and revolutions, a regard for personal honour and integrity ; while government was yet unformed, it produced order ; and inspired whatever heart it touched, with feelings of humanity and friendship. " But the age of Chivalry is gone ; that of sophisters, economists and calculators has succeeded."

E. F\*\*\*\*\*.

*For The Port Folio.*

### LITERARY INTELLIGENCE.

Messrs. B. B. Hopkins and Co. have published, a very valuable book for the use of the junior Students, in our Universities, entitled " Elements of Logick, by John Andrews, D. D. Vice-Provost, of the University of Pennsylvania. The *Second* edition with corrections and additions. Of the first edition of this little treatise, we spoke in terms of strong encomium, in one of the first volumes of this paper. The learned author who is distinguished for the soundness of his judgment, as well as for his scientifick and classical attainments, has fully availed himself of the privileges of a second edition, has carefully revised his performance, and made many additions which will be acceptable to the student. We know not whether a more useful *abridgment* of this Science can be found. The respectable compiler has neither the redundancy of Watts, nor the dryness of Duncan. His motto, which is strikingly appropriate, well describes the salutary conciseness of this excellent manual.

Quicquid praecepit esto breves ; ut cito dicta,  
Percipiant animi dociles teneantque fideles,  
Omne supervacuum pleno de pectore manat.

DR. ANDREWS has studied with attention, and abridged with judgment the most recent works which treat of Logick, as a rational and practical science, and not burdened with the

trumpetry of the schools. We are glad that he has rejected, as chaff, many ridiculous whims of the Aristotelean school, and in short, we can find nothing to blame in this little work, but the choice of the awkward abbreviation *compend* instead of *compendium*. *Compend* has no authority but that of Dr. Watts, who although a pious man and a tolerable poet, is by no means an elegant or a standard author.

*For The Port Folio.*

### BROWN'S AMERICAN REGISTER.

In a recent number of the Port Folio, having *announced* The American Register, by Mr. Brown, we perceive by the publick papers, that the 1st volume of this general Repository of History, Politicks and Science, is now published, and on a day so early as to afford a sufficient proof of the prompt talents, and persevering industry of the editor. It contains an accurate and impartial history of domestick and foreign politicks ; a collection of diplomattick documents, a chronicle of all memorable events which happen in private life, and are generally interesting or reflect, a light on the actual condition of society, and manners ; an abstract of the literary history of the times, with a view of British publications, and a sketch of Columbian literature, poetry, mortuary, and an abstract of all the laws passed in the first session of the Ninth Congress.

If we mistake not, Mr. B. is an admirer of the genius and eloquence of EDMUND BURKE. We honour both the taste and judgment of any man, who is an enthusiast in his partiality towards that calumniated statesman, who was one of the wisest as well as one of the most brilliant of those generous spirits, who have trolled the tongue, or exercised the pen, in support of doctrines, hostile to the factitious humour of mankind. In particular, we honour Mr. Brown for his admiration of Burke, because we know that his partiality is of the pu-

rest kind, as in many political opinions we presume they are by no means in unison.

We cannot render Mr. Brown a more substantial service than by proposing to him to take for his model the Annual Register, as it was conducted for many years by Burke, with so much glory to himself, with so much emolument to his bookseller, and with so much instruction to his readers. Thus the first section, or historical department of the work might be devoted to a bird's-eye view both of domestick and foreign scenes. Here would be a fine opportunity for an artist with the genius of Mr. B. to employ the liveliest tinting, to dash like *Savage Rosa*, or draw with learned *Pousin*.

The next department, *The Chronicle of remarkable Events*, instead of being, like many meagre annals, a repulsive skeleton, composed of the dry bones of old gazettes, might be rendered remarkable for vivacity. The editor should be in the habit of preserving in his portfolio, curious or conspicuous incidents, sketches of extraordinary characters, narratives of memorable events, and in short, everything remarkable, occurring in the vicissitudes of the times. To these crude materials an editor, who disdained the vulgar track, might give both a body and soul. He might display not only industry and accuracy but genius and taste. In a neat and laconick style he might show all the adroitness of abridgment and much skill in the classing and grouping of objects, which a timid artist might despair even to sketch.

The next point, to which the eye of the editor should be directed, is the collection and arrangement of state papers. Here selection would be indispensably necessary. Much of the *tape-tied trash* of the American bureau might be thrown away as mere trumpery, but certain conspicuous acts should be religiously preserved.

Another department should exhibit a gallery of the portraits of great men. Than biography, nothing is more

fascinating, nothing more instructive, nothing that is perused with greater avidity, or that excites a stronger interest. The lives of the illustrious in our own country, and, in particular, the mighty mass of British biography would always furnish excellent entertainment to the most fastidious reader.

*Characters* well pourtrayed would challenge a fixed attention; and our country as well as Europe contains a multitude of originals.

*Remarkable Trials and Law Reports*, of a peculiarly, entertaining, or interesting nature, would not only edify the gentlemen of the bar, but might be selected with so much taste and judgment, as to amuse the mere miscellaneous reader.

The *Epistolary Correspondence* of men, eminent for their genius, would form a very interesting article.

Papers on topicks of Physical science or rural economy, useful Projects, Miscellaneous essays, Romantick adventures, Foreign and Domestick Literature, Criticism, and Poetry.

To fill this comprehensive outline, perhaps, many pencils are requisite. Mr. B. has ably executed his department, but it should seem that to his genius and industry, there should be superadded a wide correspondence, both foreign and domestick. This we hope to see accomplished.

## VARIETY.

In the rough blast heaves the billow,  
In the light air waves the willow;  
Every thing of moving kind  
VARIES with the veering wind:  
What have I to do with thee,  
Dull, unjoyous Constancy?

Sombre tale, and satire witty,  
Sprightly glee, and doleful ditty,  
Measur'd sighs, and roundelay,  
Welcome all! but do not stay,  
What have I to do with thee,  
Dull, unjoyous Constancy?

## MISS KITTY HARD-TO-PLEASE.

I do not love a man that's tall,  
A man that's little's worse than all;  
I much abhor a man that's fat,  
A man that's lean is worse than that;  
A young man is a constant pest,  
An old man would my room infest;

I do not like a man that's fair,  
 A man that's black I cannot bear;  
 A man of sense I could not rule,  
 And from my heart I hate a fool;  
 A sober man I will not take,  
 A drunken man my heart would break;  
 All these I do sincerely hate,  
*And yet I love the marriage state!*

*Answer by BOB WHAT YOU PLEASE.*

Kitty! I'm the man for thee,  
 I'm neither tall nor slender,  
 Nor old nor young, come, treat with me,  
 I'm ready to surrender.

Nor grossly fat, nor ghostly spare,  
 Nor sedulous, nor slack, Miss,  
 Like puny boy I am not fair,  
 Nor like an Indian black, Miss.

Plain common sense, I do not lack,  
 And that's a lawful tender,  
 Yet I ne'er made an Almanack,  
 Nor saw the witch of Endor.

No sober mock-face lump am I,  
 That deems the bottle treason,  
 I'll stick to Bacchus while I'm dry,  
 But will not drown my reason.

So Kitty, if I please your mind,  
 With you I'd like to winter,  
 And when you wish my place to find,  
 Inquire of Mr. Printer.

Perhaps in no species of light and gay composition have the English excelled more than in many of those festal Songs, which are more than half a century old. Many of the modern airs are insipid and nonsensical enough, but some of those stanzas which our ancestors sang with glee, may be read with pleasure by some of their jocund sons.

Rail no more, ye learned asses,  
 Gainst the joys the bowl supplies,  
 Sound its depth, and fill your glasses,  
 Wisdom at the bottom lies.

Fill them higher still, and higher;  
 Shallow draughts perplex the brain,  
 Sipping quenches all our fire,  
 Bumpers light it up again.

Draw the scene for Wit and Pleasure,  
 Enter Jollity and Joy,  
 We for thinking have no leisure,  
 Manly mirth is our employ;

Since in life, there's nothing certain,  
 We'll the present hour engage,  
 And, when death shall drop the curtain,  
 With applause we'll quit the stage.

### LOVE AND FOLLY.

Love disagreeing once with Folly,  
 Folly treated him unkind:  
 For 'tis a fact, most melancholy,  
 That she beat the urchin blind.

For vengeance, Venus sigh'd to heav'n,  
 As she sought the courts above;  
 Into the chancery she was driv'n,  
 On her breast lay little Love,

'Behold,' she cried, 'great justice-giver!  
 'Cupid now how blind and dark!  
 'What use henceforth shall be his quiver,  
 'What his hope to hit the mark?

'His wings in vain his body raising,  
 'He no more can take a flight,  
 'His torch however brightly blazing,  
 'Gives to him no ray of light.'

Silent at length, for Justice waiting,  
 Venus hung o'er hapless Love;  
 The court concluded soon debating,  
 And the sentence came from Jove:

It is decreed that Folly never  
 Shall in future quit his side,  
 But from this instant, and forever  
 Be to Love a constant guide.

The following is old as the October by which it might have been inspired, but its Philosophy gives it such a charm that even to sober eyes it may always seem new and graceful.

Fill your glasses, banish grief;  
 Laugh, and worldly care despise,  
 Sorrow ne'er will bring relief,  
 Joy from drinking will arise.  
 Why should we with wrinkled care,  
 Deform what nature made so fair?  
 Drink, and set the heart at rest;  
 Of a bad market make the best.

Busy brains, we know alas!  
 With imaginations run;  
 Like the sands i'th' hour glass  
 Turn'd, and turn'd, and still run on;  
 Never knowing where to stay,  
 But uneasy every way,  
 Drink, and set the heart at rest,  
 Peace of mind is always best.

Some pursue the winged wealth,  
 Some to honours high aspire;  
 Give me freedom, give me health,

There's the sum of my desire.  
What the world can more present,  
Will not add to my content ;  
Drink, and set the heart at rest ;  
Peace of mind is always best.

Mirth, when mingled with our wine,  
Makes the heart alert and free ;  
Should it snow or rain or shine,  
Still the same thing 'tis with me,  
There's no fence against our fall,  
Changes daily on us wait,  
Drink, and set the heart at rest,  
Of a bad market make the best.

For The Port Folio.

## ORIGINAL POETRY.

## SONG.

Sweet as the balmy rose just blown,  
Were Kitty's cheeks of blushing hue,  
Her eyes like noon-day sunbeams shone,  
Her lips were moist as ev'ning dew,  
Oh lovely was my Kitty !

Her breath as morning Zephyrs sweet,  
And tun'd to love, her constant heart,  
'Twas rapture with my Kate to meet,  
But ah ! 'twas misery to part.  
How blest was I with Kitty !

My Kitty died ! her parting breath  
Confess'd her heart was true to me,  
Oh ! soon my Kate we'll meet in death,  
Oh soon sweet maid I'll come to thee !  
He sunk and call'd on Kitty !  
S.

For The Port Folio.

## THE FALL OF ZAMPOR.

A Peruvian Ode.

Now Ruin lifts her haggard head,  
And madly staring Horror screams,  
O'er yonder field, bestrew'd with dead,  
See, how the lurid Lightning gleams !

Lo ! mid the Terrours of the Storm,  
From yonder black-brow'd cloud of night,  
The mighty Capac's dreadful form  
Bursts forth upon my aching sight.

But ah what phantoms flitting round,  
Give double horror to the gloom,  
Each pointing to the ghastly wound  
That sent him shroudless to the tomb.

On me they bend the scowling eye,  
For me their airy arms they wave ;  
Oh stay, nor yet from Zampor fly,  
We'll be companions—in the grave.

Dear victims of a Tyrant's rage,  
They're gone—each shadowy form is fled ;

Yet soon these hoary locks of age  
Shall low as theirs in dust be laid.

Thou faithless sword, that harmless fell  
Upon the haughty Spaniard's crest,  
Swift to my swelling heart go tell  
How deep thou'st pierc'd thy master's  
breast.

But shall proud Spain's destroying son  
With transport smile on Zampor's fate ;  
No—e'er the deed of Death be done,  
The Tyrant's blood shall glut my hate.

Yon forked flash with friendly glare  
Points where his crimson'd banners fly,  
Look down, ye forms of fleeting air,  
I yet shall triumph, e'er I die.

He spoke—and, like a meteor's blaze,  
Rush'd on the unguarded Spaniard's Lord ;  
Around his head the lightning plays,  
Reflected from his brandish'd sword.

Great Capac, nerve the arm of age,  
And guide it swift to Garcia's breast ;  
His pangs shall all my pangs assuage,  
His death shall give my country rest.

"Ye powers, who thirst for human blood,  
Receive this victim at your shrine"  
—Aghast the circling warriors stood,  
Nor could prevent the Chief's design.

"'Tis Garcia's crimson stream that flows  
'Tis Zampor hurls him to his fate ;  
The author of my country's woes  
Now sinks—the victim of my hate."

From Garcia's breast the steel he drew,  
And sheath'd it deep, within his own ;  
"I come, ye gods of lost Peru !"  
He said—and dy'd, without a groan.

For The Port Folio.

## MR. OLDSCHOOL,

Why "*mutato nomine et loco*" I address you under my present signature, is my own secret. But I have particular reasons for wishing the appearance of the enclosed precisely as I send it. With esteem, I remain your friend.

## ODE TO RUIN.

*Scis bene, cui dicam positus pro nomine signis.*

OVID De Tristibus.

"Ruthless ruin ! awful power !  
Who guid'st sublime thy iron car !  
Who lov'st the solemn midnight hour,  
When storms obscure each friendly star.

Come, and o'er my mind display,  
Horror's veil of deepest dye,  
Come and with thy tyrant sway,  
Stop, oh stop this rising sigh.

What have I with sighs to do !  
Shall a fickle woman's frown,  
Pale my cheek with death-like hue,  
And my eyes in sorrow drown ?

What tho' Laura false should prove ?  
Shall my haughty spirit bow ?  
Or shall vainly plighted love,  
Dim with mists my lofty brow !

No! by all the powers sublime !  
Which, Ruin, crowd around thy throne,  
Never shall my youth's gay prime,  
Such enervate weakness own.

Come then power sublime and dread !  
Rob'd in clouds, in darkness, come,  
Far around thy influence shed  
Sable horror's awful gloom."

Soon the sullen mists arise,  
Midnight roll'd in clouds appears,  
And the matron trembling flies,  
To sooth her tender infant's fears.

Now the north wind swift ascending,  
Sweeps the leafy forest wide ;  
And the storm in floods descending,  
Swells with rage the mountain tide.

Vivid lightnings flash incessant,  
Sheeted spectres burst the grave,  
And with horror struck, the Peasant  
Flies for shelter to his cave.

Hark again the thunders roll,  
Storms and Tempests howl around ;  
Sweetest musick to my soul,  
How I love thy dreadful sound !

" Come then car-borne Ruin come,  
Scenes like this my soul delight,  
Come, while mid the storm I roam,  
Guided by th' electric light."

ZERBINO.

*For The Port Folio.*

MR. OLDSCHOOL,

I enclose you a loose imitation of  
" La Viola simbola d'Amore " by  
Menzina. To you, who so well

know the difficulty, or rather the im-  
possibility of imitating with perfect  
success the tender delicacies of the  
Italian poets, I make no apology for  
its defects. Such as it is accept it  
from your, &c.

ASTOLPHO.

TO VIOLETTA.

The blooming rose let others praise,  
Charm'd with the splendour of its rays.  
The lovely Violet, I sing  
Deck'd with every grace of Spring.  
Modest flower of pallid hue  
Sprinkled with the morning dew,  
When upon thy verdant bed,  
Thou dost raise thy languid head,  
Oh thy paleness sure reveals  
A heart which love of passion feels.  
As th' enamoured maid appears  
Sweetly smiling thro' her tears,  
Dearest flow'ret thou dost seem,  
Beauteous as the poet's dream.  
Let the Bacchanalian gay,  
Crown him with the rose of May ;  
Dear to ev'ry lover's heart,  
When his sorrows he'd impart,  
See he flies, with transport, see,  
Lovely Violet to thee.

### SONG.

Oh say from thy bosom why heaves the soft  
sigh,  
Why fades the red bloom of thy cheek.  
Why glistens the tear in thy lovely blue  
eye,  
When with thee of parting I speak.  
My sweetest Mary ?

Inconstant to all its fond vows, can my heart  
Deceitful to Mary e'er prove ?  
Or if Fate decrees that from thee I must  
part,  
E'er cease to remember with Love  
My sweetest Mary ?

Then weep not dear girl if I leave thee be-  
hind,  
My love shall forever endure ;  
Though beauty may fade, yet the charms of  
thy mind,  
From falsehood my heart will secure  
My sweetest Mary.  
S.

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# THE PORT FOLIO,

(NEW SERIES)

BY OLIVER OLDSCHOOL, ESQ.



Various, that the mind of desultory man, studious of change and pleased with novelty, may be indulged—Cowp.

Vol. V.

Philadelphia, Saturday, March 5, 1808.

No. 10.

## ORIGINAL PAPERS.

*For The Port Folio.*

### TRAVELS.

#### LETTERS FROM GENEVA AND FRANCE.

*Written during a residence of between two and three years in different parts of those countries, and addressed to a lady in Virginia.*

—quâ me quoque possim  
Tollere humo. VIR.

Je dirai j'étais là, telle chose m'advint,  
Vous y croyriez être vous-mêmes.

LA FONTAINE.

(Continued from page 130.)

#### LETTER V.

Geneva.

My dear E—,

A GREAT part of my satisfaction arose, as you may well imagine, from witnessing the impression, which so many new objects made upon the minds of those with me. They were strongly impressed with religious awe on entering, during the celebration of mass, the ancient church, which had formerly been the cathedral: the long-drawn aisles and fretted vaults, the solemn dignified ap-

pearance, on all sides, the notes of the organ, the cloud of incense, and numbers on their knees in prostrate devotion, made it seem as if we had at length found a temple worthy of the Great Father of the Universe; but the glow of religion was soon allayed by the sight of various saints in their various chapels, and the appearance of the Virgin about the size of the large doll, which some lady once made you a present of, and drest in a blue silk petticoat.

From place to place, in all the churches, are confessionals, which have the appearance of a sentry-box, with a partition in the middle, and a small grate through which the penitent on his knees pours forth the secrets of his mind, whilst a priest on the other side listens attentively, and may be supposed to impose penance or to absolve, to rebuke or to encourage, as the occasion may require. Every human institution is liable to be abused, and it would be wrong to argue from the abuse, against the institution itself; but surely, if those among us, who in the earlier part of life deviate from the paths of strict

T

propriety, knew of some good man, some man of God, before whom we might pour forth the sorrows of a contrite heart, whose advice might direct, and whose exhortations might console us, an additional impediment might be thrown in the way of immorality, and the path of virtue be not forever closed to those who may once have wandered away from it.

From the church to the play, the transition will appear a very natural one, and you may judge of my feelings, when seated in one of the largest theatres of Europe, and amidst an audience of three thousand people, and in company with so large a part of my family. A celebrated singer from Paris was lately arrived, and all seemed anxious to hear, and prepared to applaud what they knew had been applauded in the capital. It was the opera of *Zemire and Azor*, and it was well for me that I was deeply read in the history of beauty and the beast, upon which it is founded; for the theatre was so large, and the noise, (except during the performance of some favourite air) so great, that I could scarcely distinguish a word of what was said on the stage.

If the musick and Mademoiselle Rolando's singing were delightful, the dancing was no less suited to attract our admiration, which would have been complete, had it not been for the almost complete nakedness of the performers: tight flesh-coloured silk drawers, with a slight gauze petticoat, can hardly be called clothes. I am surprised how, even in these latter times, appearances so revolting to any idea of decency can be permitted. There was a circumstance of visual delusion during the ballet of the same nature as that which occurred during our sail upon the river. *Azor*, or the beast, whom the opera makes a great magician, being desirous of amusing *Zemire*, waves his wand, and a chariot appears in the clouds bearing two persons, whom I took for little images, admiring the

ingenious contrivance by which they were made to turn their heads, as if they were speaking; for not supposing them to be two dancers, my experience did not correct the error of my sight, and I was all astonishment when on the approach of the vehicle to the stage I saw them get out and dance, and found that, as children express it, they were *true and true* persons.

We remained at Bourdeaux too short a time to know much more of the inhabitants than may be acquired at publick places: the American consul and his lady. Mr. and Mrs. Lee, were extremely kind and hospitable to us: but in their house, we were as in America, and saw the interior of only one family besides, which was that of the venerable Pierre Texier, whom I had corresponded with formerly; he had struggled through the Revolution, so fatal to almost every merchant of Bourdeaux, and now lived in the bosom of a fine family, and in the exercise of great hospitality. By what I could learn, literature is not as fashionable in Bourdeaux as it was formerly, the demands of the Revolution having taken away the youth for a time, from attending to any call but that of arms, and the Genius of Commerce having revived during the short interval of peace with a degree of enthusiasm which entirely absorbed the publick mind.

Besides the opera-house, there is another and a smaller theatre, where comedies are performed, and where I was very much diverted to see the representation of two or three English characters; they were well dressed, well-looking personages, with plenty of money, and very liberal; but were made to speak such bad French, as rendered me afraid of my own accent and manner of speaking, for some days after.

(To be continued.)

## MISCELLANY.

*For The Port Folio.*

## MR. OLDSCHOOL.

I lately observed, that an anecdote, which made its first appearance in the *Wheeling Repository*, after "running its merry round through most of the newspapers," had at length excited the critical notice of some city wit, and been lifted to an honourable station in *The Port Folio*. When I say *honourable*, I speak seriously; for although it is manifest, that the critick intended to *gibbet* the thing as a *malefactor*, yet the ceremonies of execution have been so conducted, as to give eclat to this anecdote, which might otherwise soon have been forgotten. When I read this little story, of the Indian and his venison in *The Port Folio*, and found it accompanied with three whole pages of critical observations, I was puzzled to suggest any reason why this majestick Zoilus should have fallen with so much fury upon a harmless matter-of-fact production. Surely thought I, the eagle penetration of a Philadelphia critick, must have discovered something uncommonly absurd, or atrocious, in this Indian story, or he would not have descended from the lofty scaffold of his classical dignity, to prey upon what he himself considered the garbage of a "*Vermont Journal*." But notwithstanding these suggestions, as I knew the innocent intention of the writer of the anecdote, and as I could not discover that the article contained anything criminal or absurd, I felt no disposition to abandon my own opinion of the anecdote, though it was denounced by the thunder of home-born anathema, supported by the auxiliary poignancy of French wit.

Upon a more minute investigation of the criticism, I thought I discovered, that it was not so much the intention of the critick, to *pulverise* this anecdote and scatter it to the four winds, as it was to discharge a whole broadside of literary vehemence against a certain *red people*, whom he seems unwilling to acknowledge as his bre-

thren. This discovery, I confess, mortified my vanity: for I had contemplated entering the list of controversy with the critick, in defence of this anecdote, and by that means enjoying for once, an opportunity to hold "sweet discourse and converse with a nobleman." But it appeared to me ungentlemanlike to engage with the critick in a contest, in which his strength would not be mainly directed against myself. Had the critick's choler been directed against the anecdote, which apparently first awakened his critical animosity, then, I could have traced his fulminations without subjecting myself to any sneering imputations. I however in this state of the case, I took up the *cudgels* in defence of the anecdote, it might properly be remarked, that this conduct evinced but little courage; for the critick was not seriously contending with the plagiarist, but with *Cornplanter*, *Red Jacket*, *Little Billy*, and all their clans of "natural brute beasts," in the western wilderness.

I think, Mr. Oldschool, that in a contest with this critick, I should stand upon "*vantage ground*." If my supposition, that the critick's wrath is levelled not against the anecdote, but against the Indian plagiarist himself be correct, it will then be obvious to all scholars, that I could not be required to prove this negative position, to wit, that the poor Indian who lost his venison in the wilds of America, had never read Voltaire's *Tale of Zadig*. On the contrary I think it is evident that I might rest upon the presumption in my favour, and call upon the critick to demonstrate, by legal evidence, the affirmative position, that this "natural brute beast" of an Indian, though not an accomplished "Oxford scholar" was at least conversant with the one thousand and one volumes of Voltaire, and also, that, *beast* as he was, he had at *least accuracy* enough, not to blunder in appropriating to himself the shrewd discoveries of Zadig. And I might also insist that until the knowledge and scholarship of the Indian was demonstrated, the charge of plagiarism



could not be supported. Were I even to concede that this Indian was a *plagiarist*, I might then compare the *accuracy* of such an Indian, with the *accuracy* of that critick, who, after proving the Indian to be a *scholar*, acquainted with the writings of Voltaire, and able to commit plagiarisms upon them, roundly asserts, that "between him, and the bear that growls through the forest, there is a perfect resemblance."

Moreover, in case the critick should insist, contrary to the bearing of his own expressions, that he did not mean to fix the crime of plagiarism upon the poor Indian, but upon the fabricator of the story, I should be tempted to animadvert, not only upon his mild manner of expressing his utmost contempt for that depraved taste, which can relish a *composition* of this sort :<sup>\*</sup> but I should also inquire what he means by the word "*composition*" itself. If he should answer that he alluded to those *ideal ingredients*, which *compose* the subject-matter of the anecdote, I should then contrast them with the many *ingredients* or entertaining particulars which are jumbled together, in the "interesting" though *pernicious*<sup>\*</sup> story of Zadig, if on the other hand, the critick should avow, that it was the *literary* part of the "*composition*," which so rankly offended his *undepraved* taste, I should attempt to cover the writer under the ingenuous confession, that I had never before known that *polite readers* and classick scholars, could tolerate nothing but the "poignant and polished sentences of the French wit." Indeed I should hint my opinion that if all English and American "*compositions*" must necessarily be measured by this standard only, the great mass of what has been written and printed since the days of "*good queen Bess*," would fall under condemnation, nay I might possibly hazard the

assertion, that if every literary "*composition*," which, in point of style and poignancy sinks below the *par* of Voltaire, were to be swept into the dark hell of oblivion, even the glossy excellencies of The Port Folio itself would soon be scattered among the rubbish. I should assert this without any disposition to disparage those weekly pages, from which I derive much both of amusement and instruction : but under the apprehensions that among the dust of so much sweeping, Shakespeare himself would scarcely be left upon the shelf undisturbed. And here I might perhaps observe that, if the critick would reflect upon these matters, he might possibly feel how absurd it is to make these out-of-the-way comparisons, which peradventure are as dangerous to himself as they are odious to others.

Furthermore, when the critick denounces this anecdote, to be "rude as the rocks of Scandinavia," I am somewhat at a loss to determine whether he has reference to the subject-matter or to the style of the "*composition*:" but in either case, not having ever seen these aforesaid rocks, I should not have the temerity to assert, that this little newspaper paragraph, resembles anything in the world, so much as these said "rocks of Scandinavia." Nevertheless I might possibly hint, that if the writer had not considered himself so tied down, by what had been stated to him, as matter of fact, as not to be at liberty, in relating the anecdote, to display the "glory of invention," and the "brightness of genius," the "*composition*," might possibly have been "embellished by taste and consummated by art," so as to "compare" in some degree with the Frenchman's "delightful Romance," possibly I might go further and suggest, that to judge the narration of a "rude" matter of fact, by the same rules, by which we would test a "*composition*" of genius and imagination is a mode of criticism, not heretofore considered orthodox, except among the "Oxford scholars" of Philadelphia.

<sup>\*</sup> I say *pernicious*, for this same "interesting story" of Zadig, is one of those "delightful Romances of Voltaire," which was written to diffuse the doctrines of Atheism. I was somewhat surprised to find it so highly commended in The Port Folio.

I have thus, Mr. Oldschool, hinted some of the points, upon which I should rely were I rash enough to enter the list of controversy, in defence of this anecdote, with the redoubtable critick, who has taken aim over our heads, at the poor Indians in the woods beyond us. I will now, with your permission, suggest some objections which exist in my mind, to the principles of the critick himself, and which, I think might be urged in defence of those despised "*red people of the west*."

In the first place, the critick's vehement and bitter expressions of "scorn for Indian pretensions and Indian principles" somehow by an odd association of ideas, reminds me of that "wolfish insensibility" he so earnestly deprecates. Indeed the violent animosity which the critick manifests against this whole race of human beings, who, because they have not had their minds moulded according to the maxims of Oxford, are represented as "bears of the forest, torpid for half the season, and presenting like them every image of dullness, ruggedness and ferocity," induces me to suspect, that "wolfish insensibility," is not solely confined to the wilderness.

In the next place, did I deem it necessary to vindicate the character of the Indians from these illiberal charges, I should insinuate that they ought to be considered as the *ex parte evidence* of a *whiteman*, exhibited before the tribunal of a *whiteman's* taste. And further I should perhaps hint an opinion, that "the *luxury of literature, and the highest polish of civilized life*," now known and so much extolled in Philadelphia, really appear, in countries both to the eastward and westward, as partaking very little of the principles of true simplicity and correct taste, on this subject I should be very brief, because it would lead into a discussion of certain habits, manners and prejudices, which probably could not be canvassed with good humour and liberality. I might also insist, that the harsh and ill-natured epithets,

which the critick has applied, to whole nations of men, are widely different, from that "sweet discourse" which generally characterises the conversation of the *christian*, the *scholar* and the *nobleman*. And I might further hazard the sentiment that the intolerant spirit, which can deliberately prepare and circulate such illiberal abuse through the *polished* circles of a *civilized people*, and the *refined taste* of that people, who can receive and applaud such abuse, furnishes strong evidence, that the *real characteristics* of the savage, are to be found among other people, besides our "red brethren of the west."

I do not, Mr. Oldschool, positively insist upon the correctness of the hints I have above suggested. They are submitted as present impressions and if you do not deem them, garbage unworthy the pages of The Port Folio, I would thank you to have them inserted. Should they excite the wrath of any Philadelphia wit, I beg of him to treat the writer who is "a woodman of the west," with at least as much moderation, as the critick in question has displayed toward his Indian brethren.

H.

Banks of the Ohio, Feb. 7, 1808.

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For The Port Folio.

## CLASSICAL LEARNING.

(Continued from page 135.)

Hesiod was born at Ascra in Bœotia, a country said to be not very favourable to genius, though it once produced a Pindar. Some affirm that he was contemporary with Homer, and produce an epigram attributed to him, in which he relates, if we may take his word, that he had vanquished Homer in a poetical combat on Helicon, and he might have done so in the opinion of bad judges, if he had been cotemporary with him. Some make him more than a century later, and others think him older than Homer, on account of the rudeness of his language. But the genius and capacity of the two poets will admit of no comparison. He wrote on Husbandry, under the title of Works and Days: his work has few beauties, some puerilities and much superstition. He wrote likewise what he calls the Shield

of Hercules, containing an account of the birth and first adventures of that hero, which contains some just pictures of ancient manners. His Theogony, or Genealogy of the gods, is quite simple, and contains, perhaps, an inaccurate account of ancient traditions, without animation or ornament. He has some few excellent moral sentences. Some of his descriptions, likewise, have no small merit, and have been often quoted.

Theocritus was a Sicilian, and wrote in the Dorick dialect, which prevailed among the Greek colonies in that island. He was the father of pastoral poetry, and his shepherds converse in a ruder style than those of Virgil. Being situated in a more luxurious Arcadia than than of Peloponnesus, some of his Idyllia, one in particular, is very licentious. In the most of them, the language of the human passions is expressed with truth, simplicity, and beauty. Theocritus did not seem to dream of his fame in after ages, though he seems to think it an honour for Ptolomy, King of Egypt, to be celebrated in his songs. Virgil imitated him with success, but is thought not to have reached his simplicity. Virgil lived in a much more polished age. He deals but little in description, but the characters he represents are natural and just. Perhaps the Dorick dialect was the most proper to express the language of rude and artless men, and has given a more natural air to his performances.

Demosthenes was the most celebrated orator of Athens, at a time when Grecian eloquence was at the highest. He was cotemporary with Philip of Macedon, and the great adversary of that Prince, in his designs on the liberties of Greece, and though he at last fell a sacrifice to the resentment of Philip, being given up to him and put to death by his command, yet the scandalous chronicle of those times reports some instances in which he was not superior to the force of bribery. It is somewhat strange that the greatest of the Greek and Roman orators were both timid in their conduct, though they died with courage, and both suffered violent deaths on account of their orations, which, from the similarity of the argument and fatal issue, have been both denominated Philippicks. Eloquence seems to be a dangerous talent to the possessour, however useful to the publick. There seems to be some sense in what Juvenal says, that he would rather have been the author of ridiculous poems than of orations that would have deprived him of his life, while they eternized his fame. Demosthenes was originally a stammerer, and seemed disqualified by nature for a graceful elocution. But his great diligence and zeal for fame over-

came the unhappy configuration of his natural organs. He accustomed himself to declaim alone, with his mouth almost full of pebbles, that the effort he made in that state might enable him to articulate his words more distinctly when they were taken out. And certainly a man who can be understood with pebbles in his mouth, will be easier understood when he has none. This should teach young men not to be too much discouraged by slight natural defects, but to endeavour to surmount or lessen them by diligence. Demosthenes used to declaim to the waves when in a storm, to accustom himself to the noise of a popular assembly, to exercise his patience, and to enable him to raise his voice occasionally. Having contracted an awkward rolling from one side to another, in the course of his first trials, he used to declaim in his chamber before a looking-glass, in order to correct it, and adjust the decency of his action, on which it would seem that he laid more stress than is commonly thought, if it be true than when he was asked successively what was the first, second, and third part of oratory, he uniformly replied, "action." It is certain that when Æschines was banished to Rhodes, and had read to the Rhodians the oration of Demosthenes, by which he had suffered, when they gave it great praises, he assured them that they would have had a much higher opinion of it, if they had heard it pronounced by himself, which must lead us to think that the gesture and action of Demosthenes gave great weight to his arguments. His orations were always carefully prepared and premeditated, and he would never speak without preparation, so that his adversaries used to say, sarcastically, that his orations smelled of the lamp. He used to declaim between the naked points of two swords, that he might not reel from side to side, or transgress those bounds which he had prescribed for his action. He studied under Isæus, who was famous for his vehemency, but he abated something of the fury of his master. The style of Demosthenes is strong, nervous, and pathetick, and his thoughts seem all to arise naturally out of the occasion, though they were prepared with the nicest care. Instead of multiplying words, he abounds in sentiments, and it was observed that nothing could be taken from his orations without injuring the sense. He was well acquainted with the subjects on which he spoke, and with the people whom he addressed. He steadily pursued the interest of his country, and never spoke from private or by-ends. All that Philip would have wished for was his silence. He never exhausted his subject nor wearied his hearers. His success would have been less, had he studied to blind his countrymen, as his antagonists

often did. Philip was more afraid of his orations than of the fleets and armies of Athens. It is not easy to speak of Demosthenes, without thinking of Cicero, who has been so often and so justly compared to him. It is to be observed that both the Greek and Roman orator steadily pursued the interests of their country, and never appeared against it, yet their countrymen showed little resentment at either of their deaths, and though they both disgraced their manhood by inconsistencies, they both died faithful citizens. Demosthenes always put his ornaments in the proper place, and despised the play and pomp of needless words. He exerted himself powerfully in his own cause, but never lost sight of the interests of the publick. Though conscious of his superiority in oratorical talents, he does not seem to have made comparisons between himself and them in that respect, but desired his countrymen to compare the several measures without regard to the men.

Cicero was born at Arpinum, of ordinary parents, but raised himself by his own abilities to the highest honours of the commonwealth of Rome. He possessed a more comprehensive mind, and had more extensive learning than Demosthenes. Whether he exceeded him in eloquence, is another question. Cicero had the advantage of being posterior to Demosthenes, and of profiting by the reading of his works. He had two objects in view: to raise his fortune, and to obtain the palm of Roman eloquence. By uncommon diligence and good fortune he succeeded in both. Cicero studied philosophy at Athens, and continued that study even in the heat of his political pursuits and during the troubles of his country. His life was more active than that of Demosthenes, and he had to cope with more formidable adversaries. Cæsar, Crassus, Sallust, and Hortensius, were respectable competitors, but none of the antagonists of Demosthenes have been able to convey their names to posterity, except *Æschines*. The style of Cicero is flowing easy and ample, so that nothing could be added to his periods, without doubt he imitated Demosthenes, but his eloquence was of a different kind. He excelled in what was called the Asiatick manner, and was more diffuse and redundant in his expressions than Demosthenes. Some attribute this to the character of his auditors, who were a much ruder people than the Greeks, and needed amplification, repetition, and turning the subject into various lights before they could comprehend the nature of a question. Demosthenes's Orations probably would not have been so successful at Rome, and perhaps those of Cicero would not have been thought so pertinent at Athens.

Cicero was equal to Demosthenes in the diligence of his preparations, and had more merit in this, as he was at the same time employed in most laborious offices and important causes. Demosthenes had only to prepare his speeches and watch the proper time to deliver them. He is said to have been fond of uniform periods and often introduced himself into his orations. His vanity can not be denied, but scarce any man of his time had so much reason to be vain, and he never laid claim to any merit which he did not unquestionably possess. His enemies had little to say against him but that he was a bad poet. In his publick conduct he was upright, popular and patriotic. His conduct in extinguishing the conspiracy of Catiline is praised even by Sallust his greatest enemy, and those who condemned it were such as were either indirectly involved in it, or nearly related to the conspirators. Cicero took part with Pompey against Cæsar, but was pardoned on the ruin of that party. He was obliged to flatter Cæsar while in power, but had not the same complaisance for Antony who succeeded him, which cost him his life. He seems to have foreseen and expected death as he plainly recommends to his countrymen to do to Antony what they had done to Cæsar, and if his countrymen had not been wanting to him, he might have been a second time the preserver of his country. One reason should move us to be indulgent to the character of Cicero, viz. because we know much more of him than of any other of the ancients, as not only his voluminous works on oratory and philosophy, but also three and thirty books of his private letters to his friends are still extant, in which we find his most secret thoughts, and which are the more to be relied on, that they were not designed by the authour for publication, but collected without his knowledge by the diligence of Tiro Tullius, his freedman.— Besides fifty-six orations, and the epistles abovementioned, he published four books on oratory inscribed to Herennius, four on Rhetorical invention, two of which only remain, two books *De Oratori*, one entitled *Brutus*, or *De Clavis Oratoribus*, one entitled *Oratour*, one on *Topicks* to Trebatius, a Dialogue on *Oratorial Partitions*, four books of *Academical Questions*, inscribed to Varro, five books *de Finibus Bonorum et Malorum*, inscribed to Brutus, five books of *Tusculan questions*, inscribed to the same Brutus, three books *de Natura Deorum*, two books on *Divination*, three books on *Laws*, three books *de Officiis*, addressed to his son, a Dialogue on old age, a Dialogue on *Friendship*, an *Exposition of the Paradoxes of the Stoicks*, and a discourse on *Consolation*. Most of these are entire. We have, besides, the fragments of twenty other

orations, and sixteen philosophical treatises, which have not come down to our times. In his philosophical works, Cicero imitated Plato, and may be said to have excelled him in the perspicuity of his language and acuteness of his judgment. At least the Philosophical works of Cicero have been much more read, and are more instructive than those of Plato. Unhappily he adopted the principles of the new academy, who used to dispute indifferently on either side of every question. But the works of Cicero, considered as the history of Philosophy among the Romans, and as exertions of the human mind in search of truth, are truly estimable, and give us a high idea of his genius and penetration. The mind of Cicero must have been amazingly active, and the excellency and number of his compositions may convince us that no part of his time was spent in the service of vice and dissipation. Demosthenes was accused of incontinence and the love of money. He exacted no less than a talent, which is about one hundred and sixty pounds sterling from each of his pupils. But envy is silent, as to the morals of Cicero. He was unhappy in his domestick affairs. He lost his daughter in the flower of her age, and his son disgraced his family, notwithstanding the care bestowed on his education. He divorced his wife Terentia after she had lived with him for thirty years, and also his wife Publilia, whom he had married in his old age. He was proconsul of Bithynia, and managed the affairs of that province with exemplary integrity. He possessed the friendship of the most eminent men of his age. Cæsar dreaded his talents, Pompey admired his virtues, and Brutus and Atticus were the depositories of his most secret thoughts. Cato esteemed him, though he sometimes differed from him in politicks. Cicero received no gratification for the many services he performed to private persons and societies, except the honours of the state, which brought him new cares, troubles and enemies. But in that debauched age, a person of Cicero's popularity might have raised a great fortune by inheritance, and perhaps the greatest part of his fortune, which was very considerable, came to him in this way. Many families were daily becoming extinct, marriage was much neglected, and it appears from Horace, that legacy-hunting was a common and gainful profession at Rome. Cicero had many country houses, and lived splendidly, though not luxuriously, according to the taste of that age. His enmity to such men as Verres, Clodius, and Antony, does no less honour to his character than the friendship of Pompey and Cato. He appears to have been always on the side of virtue, except in his defence of Marcus Cælius, when he seems to have relaxed a little from the ordinary

severity of his character. Cicero was a man of wit, and often succeeded in turning his adversaries into ridicule, but his wit was always decent and consistent with the dignity of his character, and his ridicule was never introduced improperly. He possessed a great and worthy character, independent of his oratory and learning, and when these are added, or taken into the account, he may be reckoned the greatest man of the Roman republick. To attract notice, and ascend to eminence, in an age of learning and science, required talents, diligence and perseverance. To attain the highest honours of the state, which were courted by the greatest men of his times was a task of no small difficulty, and to retain so many friends of parties, in the most distracted and divided time of the commonwealth, proved him to be possessed of great ability, wisdom and moderation. The powerful enemies which he contracted, and successfully opposed, in defence of oppressed individuals, not only do honour to his abilities, but to his humanity. He used his eloquence in the support of justice and innocence, and not merely in making and retaining friends. His greatest enemies respected his character, and all his exertion, both in publick and private life, tended to the honour and emolument of his country. His weaknesses were those of human nature, but the praise of distinguished virtue he shared with few and yielded to none in the age in which he lived. His country could not have been happier than he wished and endeavoured to make it, and even his last unsuccessful attempts in his Philippicks, do him the greatest honour. Though he did not possess the military talents that were then necessary to save his country, endeavoured to excite their ancient spirit, and sacrificed his life in the cause of the publick. The works of Cicero exhibit the truest virtue and patriotism as well as the maxims of moral wisdom. In a popular government the study of this author can never be too warmly recommended to youth. By attention to his maxims, adopting his spirit, and imitating his example, they may be eminently useful to their country as well as to themselves, and raise it to a degree of dignity, eminence and happiness, as the Roman republick even in its best times neither deserved nor enjoyed.

(To be continued.)

For The Port Folio.  
ON IMPUDENCE.  
*Impudentia omnia vincit.*

Few modern languages can boast of more melody of sound, strength of expression, or variety of phrase,

than the English; yet with all these advantages, it has one defect of no ordinary magnitude; I mean the loose, vague, and indeterminate ideas affixed to many of its terms. Though obscurity be a fault common to most languages, yet in none is it so prominent or conspicuous, as in our own. The word *Impudence*, for instance, the theme of our present discourse, has by no lexicographer, as far as I am acquainted with, ever been justly or accurately explained. Were I called upon to give a definition of the term, I would say, it was that peculiar habit of the mind, which prompts the possessour, free from the suggestions of pride, vanity, or selfishness, to display to the world his bodily and mental accomplishments, for its sole use, benefit, and improvement.

Having thus laid down our premises, the next step in our inquiries after truth, shall be, to illustrate a few of the many advantages, which result to society from an ardent, incessant, and unwearied attention to this splendid accomplishment. Impudence adds ease to the carriage of a person, grace to his deportment, expression to his countenance, and vigour to his understanding; it renders his manners smooth, urbane, and elegant; his conversation natural, unaffected, polite, and entertaining; and his wit, (should he be so fortunate as to possess any,) universally relished, admired, and applauded. The society of the impudent ever has been, and will continue to be courted, not only by the rich and accomplished, the gay and the witty, the poor and the needy, the vulgar and illiterate, but also by the whole circle of the literati, virtuosi, deletani, and cognoscenti.

To complain that my fair countrywomen or countrymen are too remiss in the cultivation of this necessary and highly important accomplishment, would be doing them a manifest and shameful piece of injustice. For the honour of my native country, I am happy to observe daily issuing from the bar, the pulpit,

and the drawing-room, myriads of those who have devoted their whole lives to the service of this unblushing goddess. Among the circles of elegance and fashion, we, however, it is true, occasionally meet with a solitary instance of a young and beautiful female, who is so totally devoid of taste and refinement, as thoroughly to depise it. By being educated, perhaps, in a remote part of the country, she is taught to believe modesty and reserve to be no inconsiderable virtues. And so fully have these antiquated notions taken possession of her mind, that no lapse of time is ever able to efface them. On her entrance into high life, she feels an unconquerable aversion to enter into all the pursuits and amusements of her fashionable acquaintance. So preposterous are her ideas of delicacy, and so unreasonable her false shame, that no persuasion can ever induce her to expose to the eye of every gazing spectator, the elegance of her form, or the symmetry of her shape, by the thinness or transparency of her dress. From the want of this invaluable attainment, she passes through life without much admiration or eclat. The high-born blood, the swelling fop, and the honourable coxcomb are seldom found dangling in her train; and the poor girl is at last, perhaps, *O mirabile dictu!* so extremely weak and foolish as to bestow her hand and heart on one whose virtues and talents are his principal recommendations.

These absurd opinions, and ridiculous notions are however justly reprobated by the fashionable belle and high-bred lady. They ever feel the utmost repugnance to conceal the splendour of their native charms, by a useless superfluity of ornaments. So hardy, indeed, is the constitution of a veteran belle, that I am actually persuaded she suffers less from the deprivation of dress than an inhabitant of Otaheite, or a native of Pelew. To render herself attractive and engaging her every wish and action is directed for this highly praise-

worthy end. She frequents all places of public amusement where her charms can be displayed to most advantage. The theatre, the ball-room, and the card table, are her favourite and constant haunts, these are elements perfectly congenial to her nature, here she always has it in her power, by the help of a bold and confident air, by loud and incessant talking, by frequent ogling and repeated staring, to attract universal attention, admiration, and applause.

Impudence is of the utmost importance, not only in the private but also in the public concerns of life. Behold that illustrious politician (who with about as many particles of sense, lodged beneath his pericranium, as there are grains of gold in a brass farthing, and with about as much political and scientific knowledge as is usually acquired at one of our public seminaries) boldly plunging in the vast and interminable gulf of politics, bustling at elections, spouting at political meetings, flattering the vulgar, and cajoling the populace, in order to ascend to posts of profit, preeminence and power. Here every engine of his impudence is put in motion, no art is left untried, and no stone unturned to promote his political elevation. At length the wished-for object is accomplished, and now behold our political chieftain decked in the robes of office administering the affairs of government, with no other views, hopes, or expectations, than his own private interest and the aggrandisement of his family, friends and dependents. Should his conduct after a lapse of time become a subject of public animadversion, (through the fickleness of his constituents, the intrigues of his enemies, or the aspersions of the slang-whangers,) he immediately enters into its defence and justification, and loudly proclaims to the world his own honour, integrity and patriotism : should he be accused of malversation, bribery, or corruption, in a bold and decisive tone he replies, that were he an Aristides, a Phocion, an Epaminondas, or a Cato, (which the better part of

the world well knows he is) still he could not escape the censures of the envious, illiberal and malignant. Thus does our political pilot aided by the divine gift of impudence, stem, with the utmost facility, the rough and rugged tide of public indignation, steer clear of the rocks and quicksands of popular inconstancy, and ride triumphant through the stormy waves of politics, and lastly, reach in safety the blissful haven of immortal honour.

Impudence in youth has ever been considered as a promising sign. Observe with what anxiety and care a fond and partial mother watches over the tender years of her infant son ! with what tremulous emotions of delight does she view in her offspring the seeds of a great and aspiring temper. When she beholds him playing some boyish tricks or mischievous pranks, she immediately augurs from these trifling circumstances, that her son is born to the fame, the fortunes and immortality of an Alexander, a Cæsar, or a Bonaparte : nor in the event is the doating mother disappointed in her sanguine expectations. Let us here for a moment stop and contemplate the glorious career of this youthful Hector. At an early age he is transferred from the nursery to some public school or academy, (where discipline and severity being for the most part out of fashion) he is allowed to give a free and unlimited scope to all his youthful propensities ; being naturally fond of superiority, he seeks every opportunity to display it, by threshing those that are younger or weaker than himself. Should they at any time chance to prefer a complaint to their tutor, he instantly repairs to him, mistakes the case, perverts the facts, palliates his own fault, and exaggerates that of his opponents, and thus by his bold effrontery, and dauntless impudence, escapes without a flogging. After having here, by his heroic achievements, acquired the enviable character of a lad of spirit, he is next perhaps removed to some celebrated American Universi-

ty. A wide and extended field now opens itself to his view. Here his whole time and attention is employed, not indeed in the profound and indefatigable study of the classicks, but in contriving how he may best quiz the professors, or execute some deep laid plan of mischief. The college windows and the neighbouring buildings he repeatedly makes the subject of his attacks, and even the professors themselves, men venerable for their years, and respectable for their talents, to whom the modest look up at with an eye of awful respect and reverence, are not always secure from the impetuous assaults of this valiant and redoubted Achilles. During the three first years of his collegiate course, his principal operations are however confined within the walls of the college, but when this term is expired he begins to feel completely ashamed of his former inglorious feats, and henceforward seeks to enjoy a more honourable and extended fame. In order more fully to accomplish this desirable end, he is constant in his attendance at the ball-room, the theatre and the billiard table. In the first of these he is instructed in the polite and manly accomplishment of dancing, in the second, the arts of gallantry and intrigue, and in the third, the most fashionable and compendious method of increasing his fortune, improving his morals, and augmenting his fame. So enthusiastically attached is he to those ennobling pursuits, that he gives it as his firm and unalterable opinion, and who will pretend to dispute the truth of it, that they are of infinitely more importance to a man of the world, than all the philosophy of a Locke, the erudition of a Boerhaave or the science of a Newton. Being now master of at least as much classical and scientific knowledge as when he first entered on his literary career, he anxiously waits for that happy period which is to free him from the trammels of college authority. Commencement at length arrives, the long-wished moment approaches, he mounts the rostrum and

without fear, dismay or apprehension, boldly pronounces a sublime, pathetic and original composition with the energy of a Demosthenes, the grace of a Chatham and the elegance of a Burke. Having thus gloriously terminated his collegiate course, he next enters the great theatre of the world with all the accomplishments, both bodily and mental, necessary to constitute the finished gentleman, the polite scholar, the intrepid warrior, and the patriot statesman.

If such as we have enumerated, therefore, be the advantages which impudence is calculated to confer, who would not be sedulous and unremitting in its cultivation? Without it we behold the highest attainments are of no avail, the noblest genius is neglected, the brightest talents are overlooked, wit is redundant, and knowledge superfluous: but with it, there is scarcely anything in this sublunary world worth the acquisition that is not easily attainable—riches, esteem, admiration, applause, honour and immortality.

#### DE COURCY.

*New-York, Feb. 12th, 1808.*

*For The Port Folio.*

#### MR. OLDSCHOOL,

I presume it is a principle well established in Philosophy that the pleasure we derive from Poetry and Music, like all our other *intellectual* pains and pleasures, may in a great measure be referred to that faculty of the mind, we call association. When contemplating the same beautiful object of Nature or of Art, the feelings of the clown differ from those of the philosopher, chiefly, because it excites in the refined observer a train of recollections productive of tender or sublime emotions, of which the clown can have no conception, as the ideas fitted to produce them never gained accession to his mind. Mr. Gay by deducing all the moral feelings from association gave the first hint to the



ingenious Dr. Hartley to trace most of the other phenomena of mind to the same primary faculty : but a charming poet presents us at once with a fine example of the power of association in poetry and a judicious illustration of its influence in producing the pleasure we receive from musical sounds.

"Why does the melting voice, the tuneful string,

A sigh of wo, a tear of pleasure bring ?  
Can *simple sounds* or joy, or grief inspire,  
Or melt the soul responsive to the lyre ?  
Ah no ! some other charm to rapture draws

More than the singer's skill, the artist's slaws ;  
Some unknown feeling which the string awakes,

Starts to new life and through the fibres shakes.

Some cottage home, where first the strain was heard,

By many a tie of former days endear'd ;  
Some tender maid who on thy bosom hung  
And breath'd the notes, all tearful as she sung ;

Some youth who first awoke the pensive lay,

Friend of thy infant years, now distant far away ;

Some scene, which patriot blood embalms in song ;

Some stream which glides thy native vales among."

It is obvious that a man who could revisit the scenes of his infancy without experiencing any grateful emotions, who had never felt the influence of the tender passion, or who could meet an early and long-lost friend with frigid indifference, could derive no pleasure from the above passage beyond the effect produced on the auditory nerve by the mechanical jingle of the rhyme. "How feeble," says professor Stewart, "are the emotions produced by the liveliest conception of modern Italy, to what the poet felt when amid the ruins of Rome."

He drew th' inspiring breath of ancient arts,

—And trod the Sacred walks  
Where, at each step, imagination burns."

It follows that poetry may be made in a superiour degree subservient to morality, by awakening only those

tribes of ideas which are associated with ethical beauty and the nobler affections of our nature. We are told, indeed, that the *peculiar* province of Poetry is *to please*, as it is of Philosophy to instruct, and of Eloquence to persuade, but this is only saying that the first, whether it assume to instruct, or persuade, or merely to trifle should always communicate pleasure, or in other words that *to please* is the essence of poetry ; for who will contend that the aphorisms of Epicurus would lose any of their sterling value if dropped from the lips of Cicero or clothed in the language of Milton ? But to pursue this subject farther would trespass on your patience, I mean only to observe that the design of the authour in the following ode, was to recal the sensualist to the contemplation of Nature by awakening those ideas associated with rural beauty at a time when she delights in exhibiting to the eye of her admirer

"The gayest, happiest attitudes of things."

LESBIA.

For The Port Folio.

TO HIS FRIENDS,

On the return of Spring.

*O dulces Comitum valete Coetus.*

CATULLUS.

'Tis true I love with mirth elate,  
The sparkling glass to circulate,  
And laugh my cares away :

But comrades of the feast attend,  
Forbear the nights in mirth to spend,  
When pleasure rules the day.

For now the Spring revives the year,  
And equinoctial tempests drear,  
With March forsake the plain ;

The forest breathes a rich perfume,  
The flowers put on their vernal bloom,  
The landscape smiles again.

The herds no more delight in stalls  
But graze the mead ; and April calls  
The ploughman to the field ;

The swallow leaves her watery bed,  
Where long she lay, by instinct led,  
From wintry snows conceal'd.

Now jocund youth delights to rove,  
Each breeze inspires new life and love  
While musick wakes around;

And village lads and maids are seen  
To dance by moonlight on the green,  
With rustick garlands crown'd.

Their vows now whisp'ring lovers plight,  
Whilst evening shades, and friendly night,  
The virgin blush conceals;

At first abash'd the maiden shrinks,  
Then on his raptur'd bosom sinks,  
And all her love reveals.

Haste to my close and clus'tring bowers,  
And cull a wreath of choicest flowers,  
To grace my Chloe's hair.

But no—the useless task decline,  
Art cannot make her more divine,  
The loveliest of the fair.

'Tis now the veteran seeks new scars,  
And poets mount amid the stars,  
On fancy's wing sublime.

The vernal hours, the ides of May,  
The fleeting years glide fast away  
Ah! seize the present time.

Then comrades of the feast attend,  
Forbear the nights in mirth to spend,  
When snows do not detain.

When Winter's clouds obscure the day,  
We'll laugh and drink his storms away,  
Till Spring returns again.

INDIANUS.

P. S. This trifle would be more appropriately presented at the return of the season which it attempts to celebrate. I must therefore plead as my apology for offering it at this time, that before the genial goddess again makes her appearance I must hasten to meet her on the plains of Indiana.  
L.

## VARIETY.

In the rough blast heaves the billow,  
In the light air waves the willow;  
Every thing of moving kind  
VARIES with the veering wind:  
What have I to do with thee,  
Dull, unjoyous Constancy?

Sombre tale, and satire witty,  
Sprightly glee, and doleful ditty,  
Measur'd sighs, and roundelay,  
Welcome all! but do not stay.  
What have I to do with thee,  
Dull, unjoyous Constancy?

The Prometheus of Eschylus combines tenderness with elevation and grandeur. The unconquerable spi-

rit of the son of Japetus exhibits a species of the sublime very different from that fortitude which results from firmness of nerves or inflexible obstinacy of mind. He whom Misfortune cannot subdue, and whom Torture cannot move, he who professes to resist the tyranny of a vindictive god, and braves every effort of his power, the vulture that tears, and the lightning that blasts, displays a character so far superiour to that which common life presents either in the philosopher or the hero, that we regard him with the veneration due to unexampled magnanimity.

## EPIGRAM.

I love, because it comes to me by *kind*,  
And much, because it much delights my  
*mind*;  
And thee, because thou art within my  
*heart*;  
And thee *alone*, because of thy *desert*.  
I love, and much, and thee, and thee alone;  
By kind, mind, heart, desert, and every one.

## IRREGULAR ODE.

*From the authour to his mistress, after refusal.*

BY JOHN EDMUND HARWOOD.

It urn'd so pale, when first the news I heard,  
Pale as I could, my love, with *my complexion*!

Sunk were mine eyes, and blue my grisly beard,  
And bent my beetle brows in sad reflection.

My carcase on the hard, hard ground I threw;

A while the lamb-like patience of my soul  
Was lost amid the angry tempest's howl:  
Even you, my fair, whom I have lov'd  
so true,

I call'd a little imp of evil,  
More false more treach'rous than the devil!

I dare say now you thought that I should die!

'Tis pity maid so fair should be mistaken;  
Alas! I fear you will but gain a sigh,  
A tear or two, some angry looks and curses;

And if the muse be kind, some spiteful verses:

But death! no, no; my pride will save my bacon.

Not but I might, perchance, in sullen mood,  
 This goodly throat with hempen cord  
 adorning,  
 Dangling from some tall poplar in the wood  
 Dance to the breeze on a November  
 morning :  
 'Twould be so love-like, to seek my death,  
 On th' anniversary of that same hour,  
 When, in the pride of Beauty's future  
 pow'r,  
 My infant mistress first inhal'd her breath :  
 I might, perchance, seek *Lethe* in the stream  
 Dive to that bliss which I had lost above;  
 Become, of village nurse, the midnight  
 theme,  
 Or form the ballad of '*Rejected Love* !'  
 Now whether I'm seditious, or in fear,  
 I want the heart to quit the scene of  
 trouble ;  
 Hope gives a hint there still is something  
 near,  
 And like a child I wish to grasp the bub-  
 ble:  
 She whispers, too, I may have better luck  
 yet,  
 So, if you please, I will not kick the bucket.  
 I know you wish the village boys to hoot—  
 'Look ! look ! there goes the poor des-  
 ponding poet !'  
 'There goes the dangler on a petticoat !'  
 All this you wish, you cruel jade—you  
 know it :  
 But I shall balk you, mistress, on my life :  
 For though tempestuous scorn now  
 clouds me over,  
 Some future sun may shine, some fairer  
 wife  
 May tender consolation to your lover.  
 Meantime, while sweet *Thalia* is my muse,  
 I'll make to this same death a stout re-  
 sistance ;  
 Brushing at early dawn the healthful dews,  
 To keep his scarecrow worship at a dis-  
 tance.

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#### TO READERS AND CORRESPONDENTS.

We have, for some time, been exceedingly solicitous to collect and arrange materials for something like a complete picture of Philadelphia. Many of its features have been already sketched, and we have had no occasion to complain of the execution, except when our own pencil has been employed. To this magnificent metropole we owe so much both of admiration and gratitude, that we delight at all times to do it the greatest honour. We shall commence, very shortly, the publication of a statistical account of that very elegant

and useful structure, the great bridge over the romantick Schuylkill. This interesting memoir, with which we have been officially favoured, contains a complete description of the rise, progress, and successful termination of an undertaking honourable to the genius, enterprize, and publick spirit of the projectors, and of incalculable advantage to the city and country.

An amiable clergyman and a very polite and correct scholar, has promised us for publication in this paper, a complete course of Lectures on Rhetorick and the Belles Lettres. We have had an opportunity to peruse the manuscript, and we have acquired the right to affirm that the diligent perusal of this elegant as well as didactick work, will imbue the youthful mind with a deeper tint of polite literature than has been yet accomplished either by BLAIR or BARBON.

From the first establishment of this Journal, we have taken the most unwearied pains, and spared no practicable expense, to excite not merely a taste for elegant letters in general, but for CLASSICAL LEARNING in particular. We have encountered many obstacles, we have experienced many discouragements, and have stood up against the shock of opposition. After wandering, as it were, in a wood darkling and solitary, we begin to see through a vizio, a troop of aspiring cavaliers, pressing forward in the right path to the temple of Wisdom. The study of the ancient authours is unquestionably becoming more and more fashionable in America, and memoirs of the great men of antiquity are sought for with peculiar avidity. We are delighted to find that the very elegant lives of illustrious Greeks and Romans, so vividly sketched in the classical lectures which we are now publishing from the manuscripts of that accomplished scholar, the late Dr. CHARLES NISBET, are talked of with the greatest commendation in the learned circles,

and that every man of delicate taste and sound judgment is disposed heartily to encourage the editor in this department of his labours. The editor is cheered by this sort of favour, and, animated by the countenance of the discerning few, he will persevere to inculcate, in every possible form, the glory as well as utility of being perfectly familiar with those exquisite productions which have reflected splendour upon more than one Augustan age.

One of our old and highly esteemed correspondents, now on his travels through some of the fairest portions of Europe, is, we understand, employed in writing his tour, and we are promised the privilege of publication.

SEDLEY's Imitation of Milton's *Allegro* is beyond all compare the most ingenious, correct, and harmonious of his poetical compositions. We shall insert it with great pleasure. We have often read Blackstone's Farewell to his Muse with delight, but we are not sure that our youthful American, engaged in a similar train of thought, has fallen below the standard of his illustrious predecessour. We think that in this species of versification he is most likely to excel.

For the poetical version of certain odes of Hafiz we are indebted to a young man of genius who lately obliged us by a very spirited translation from one of the most interesting essays in the works of Sir William Jones. We hope our new correspondent will be induced to task his powers often.

Much curiosity is excited respecting the authour of the interesting travels which adorn our front pages. As we have had no injunction for secrecy, and as we are solicitous that the *South* should not be unjustly charged with indifference to polite literature, we apprise the publick that

the tour in question is the production of a man of talents, rank, and fortune, at Charleston, South Carolina.

### ORIGINAL POETRY.

*For The Port Folio.*

TO ELIZA.

The Sun descends to Ocean stream,  
And finds his pillow in the west,  
The veil of Night has dimmed his beam,  
While ceaseless sighs possess my breast.

The rising Sun shall blushes wear,  
And bright shall shine the morning plain,  
Then in soft accents may I hear,  
That Love did never sigh in vain.

SEDLEY.

*For The Port Folio.*

ODE from Hafiz.

Shiraz, to thee I pour the votive song,  
And greet thy towers; lovely city hail!  
Hail all the beauties, which to thee belong;

May Heaven protect thy walls, when  
storms assail.

Sweet stream of Rocabad, whose waters clear,

The envied life of Khedher can bestow,  
May every source of thine to Heaven be dear,

And with unsullied pureness ever flow.

In Giaferabad's sweet walks I stray,  
Where balmy zephyrs ever breathe perfume;

Or in the rosy bowers of Mosellay,  
Whose charms to rank with those may well presume.

Haste ye, who pleasure seek! to Shiraz fly!

Implore the damsels of that lovely place  
To hear the vows of love; they'll not deny,

In each ye'll surely find an angel's face.

Of Egypt's luscious sugar ye may boast,  
Who ne'er have known what maids in Shiraz dwell;

But there its sweetness would be quickly lost—

For Shiraz' damsels every sweet excel.

Soft zephyr, com'st thou from my lovely maid?

And can my ardent vows her bosom move?  
Yet ah! why dissipate from sleep the shade?

For I was happy when I dreamt of love.

But should my fair one doubt my constant heart,

Sweet Zephyr, tell her that its streams  
 I'll pour,  
 And with my life's blood will as freely  
 part,  
 As when her parent gave the milky store.  
 Ah since thou darest thus the parting  
 hour,  
 The last adieu, the separating kiss:  
 Hafiz, cease not to thank thy Guardian  
 Power,  
 When with her presence, thou art crown'd  
 with bliss.

S.

—  
*For The Port Folio.*

If Mr. Oldschool thinks the following trifle unworthy of a corner in The Port Folio, the authour requests him to light his cigar with it, as he is particularly anxious it should, by some means or other, communicate a *flame*.

Thou little sorceress, adieu!  
 I'll never, never, more believe thee,  
 And yet these eyes proclaimed thee true,  
 Whose lightning flashed, but to deceive  
 me.

So does the snake's bewitching glance  
 Ensnare the warbler's fluttering wing,  
 And lures it e'en from heav'n's expanse,  
 To die—by Fascination's sting.

LUBIN.

—  
*TO AGENTS AND SUBSCRIBERS.*

Our *punctual* Patrons and Agents are thanked for their attention to our pecuniary claims; and those of our friends and customers, who, from any cause except misfortune, are tardy to fulfil, or careless to remember their engagements, are very respectful-

ly reminded that more than two months of the current year has elapsed, and that in consequence of injurious procrastination of payment, the establishment of this paper, and hence the character of the Journal, and the spirits and zeal of the Editor are materially affected. The *real* friends to him, his cause, and his objects, it is presumed, will not be offended by the statement of Truth and Candour, who never wantonly outrage the feelings of any individual. But the regular routine of business requiring payment at the expiration of every sixty days for all the materials and labour employed in the office of The Port Folio, and as, without any exaggeration, the expense of the establishment is much heavier than its friends generally imagine, it is obvious, without a *rigid punctuality on the part of Patrons*, the finances of the concern must be always embarrassed, and the Editor a malecontent, with Industry interrupted, with Zeal baffled, and with Enterprise overthrown.

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The price of The Port Folio is Six Dollars per annum, to be paid in advance.

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# THE PORT FOLIO,

(NEW SERIES)

BY OLIVER OLDSCHOOL, ESQ.



Various, that the mind of desultory man, studious of change and pleased with novelty, may be indulged—Cowp.

Vol. V. Philadelphia, Saturday, March 12, 1808. No. 11.

## ORIGINAL PAPERS.

*For The Port Folio.*

### TRAVELS.

#### LETTERS FROM GENEVA AND FRANCE.

*Written during a residence of between two and three years in different parts of those countries, and addressed to a lady in Virginia.*

—quâ me quoque possim  
Tollere humo. VIR.

Je dirai j'étais là, telle chose m'avdint,  
Vous y croyriez être vous-mêmes.

LA FONTAINE.

(Continued from page 146.)

### LETTER VI.

Geneva.

My dear E—,

THUS our time passed rapidly along, with some new plan to allure us every day; some place of amusement, in the evening, and a continued variety of objects, which seemed to preserve their novelty, whilst we lived in good apartments, with a well-furnished table, and an abundance of the finest fruits. The splendid appearance of our rooms, on the first evening of our arrival had

been much heightened by the contrast they formed with our accommodation, on board the vessel, and we began, as they became more familiar to us, to be struck with the want of neatness in the furniture, and the very great neglect of cleanliness. I hardly think, that all the novelties of Bordeaux would have reconciled a lady of Virginia to a floor, which being once painted, was no otherwise cleaned, after being once swept, than by means of a coarse towel wrapt round the end of a broom and rubbed over it; to a table, which, though of mahogany had never been rubbed, and to a hearth, which was made, and which remained from day to day, the receptacle of all the sweepings of the room. Our representations had some effect, and the people of the house, in compliance to our prejudices paid a little more attention to our apartments, but still the table remained unrubbed, and the floor unwashed.

If you figure to yourself James's river making a large bend near Richmond, and the high grounds to be on the Manchester side, instead of overhanging the city as Shock's hill does,

you may form to yourself some idea of the situation of Bordeaux, and you will naturally suppose that, like Richmond, it is subject to autumnal fevers; this circumstance, however, does not in the least affect the appearance of the Bordelais, owing in all probability to the quantities of fine fruit they have.\* We had now been several times at the theatre; we had visited all the churches, and the best booksellers' shops, and the museum, and had made several excursions into the neighbouring country, and now found time to visit the yards, where a number of workmen were employed in the construction of those boats, which are to humble England: to me they appeared too slightly built to bear the motion of the sea with even a couple of pieces of heavy artillery on board, too flat to hold a good wind, and by no means calculated for the purposes of debarkation on a shore exposed to a heavy surf: I cannot conceive the government to have had any other object in building them, than to give employment to the builders. The next object, which attracted my attention, was the court of justice, which had commenced its sessions, within a few days, and which was just about deciding on a very important cause; the wisdom of the government founded no doubt upon experience, has withdrawn a great many causes from the jurisdiction of juries, and this was one of them; the court had in every other respect the appearance of ours in America. There were soldiers indeed to keep the peace instead of constables, but they were few in number, and the doors were open to all the world. This last circumstance is a very important improvement, which has taken place since the revolution. The witnesses I observed, instead of swearing, promised only to speak the truth, but under the same penalties in case of falsity, as with us in case of perjury; and the promise, or as we should say, the oath, was read to them collectively.

There was a great deal of order and decorum observed, but the law-

yers on both sides read their speeches, which took off from the animation I expected. I attended, during several sittings, and each time in company with an American gentleman, who had officiated upon some occasion as Judge or as the French term it, as President in some court of justice; this circumstance was probably known, and contributed, together with a sort of hospitable respect we were treated with, to affect the intellects of one of the lawyers, a large portly man in all the costume of the bar, who approaching me with marks of deference, begged to know, in a whisper, if I was the President of the United States? It is, said I, just as if I asked you whether you were Bonaparte. It was quite another thing, he said. But, I assured him to his very great astonishment, that there was just as much probability of the First Consul's pleading at the bar, as of the President of the United States being present at a Court of Justice at Bordeaux. I might have added, or of my being President.

We had now been three weeks in Bordeaux. The extreme novelty of every object had worn off a little, but there was still a great deal to see, and to admire, and a great deal that I might write about, if my ambition were to make a book. The old town, which may be considered as the one formerly inhabited by the British, has such very narrow streets, that it is with difficulty two carriages can pass, but the ditches, which once defended it, have been filled up, and formed into spacious streets, and the modern part is extremely well built; there are a great many handsome houses, and the shops are set off to the utmost advantage.

The large tide mills in one of the suburbs, which Young speaks of, have experienced the fate he foresaw, but chiefly I believe, from the quantity of sediment deposited by the river water, which in a few years diminished the capacity of the basin, and choked up the passages.—We now purchased a second-hand coach for twenty

ty-eight Louis, returned such of our baggage on board the vessel, as we could dispense with, hired a courier, saw your brother off before us, under the care of a gentleman, who had been our fellow passenger, and prepared in good earnest, as we say in America, to take leave of Bordeaux. Let me not, however, here neglect to do justice to the kindness and hospitality of Mr. Lee the American Consul, and of his lady; they live in a very handsome house and do the honours of it to perfection. After some reflection and calculation, we had determined to travel with post-horses, and although four would have drawn us with great ease, were compelled by the post law, which we did not at the time know how to dispense with, to take six.

(To be continued.)

## BIOGRAPHY.

John Dunton, the son of John and Lydia Dunton, was born at Graffham in the county of Huntingdon, May 14, 1659, of which parish his father was then rector. He was an unsuccessful bookseller, who turned projector-general when his "Raven (the sign of his shop) was gone to roost." This dipper into a thousand books formed ten thousand projects, six hundred of which he appears to have thought he had completely methodized. Dunton was the authour of the "Athenian Gazette," a species of review; which Swift, when a young man, celebrated in an ode, which he was well pleased to see admitted into that publication. Dunton's mind seemed to be like some tables, where the victuals have been illsorted, and worse dressed; yet his narrative of his own life is a very curious performance, and abounds in literary history of an interesting nature. Though he never scribbled, according to his own account, for less than twenty shillings per sheet, he seems to have saved but little money, and to have acquired less fame, though Swift commends his "Neck or nothing." Dunton's greatest project was intended for the

extirpating of lewdness from London; a scheme highly credible to the schemer, had it been practicable. Armed with a constable's staff, and accompanied by a clerical companion, he sallied forth in the evening, and followed the wretched prostitutes home, or to a tavern, where every effort was used to win the erring fair to the paths of virtue; but these, he observes, were "perilous adventures," as the Cyprians exerted every art to lead him astray, in the height of his spiritual exhortations. Dunton was a most voluminous writer, as he seems to have had his pen always ready, and never to have been at a loss for a subject to exercise it upon. Though he generally put his name to what he wrote, it would be a difficult task to get together a complete collection of his various publications. As containing notices of many persons and things not to be found elsewhere, they certainly have their use; nor are his accounts always unentertaining.

For The Port Folio.

*Character of the celebrated Lord Sandwich.*

The memory of the late Earl of Sandwich, who long acted very conspicuously in a political department, has at length obtained that homage of applause, which Envy and Party Prejudice withheld during his life. Able, active, and disinterested, in almost every office; in some, he displayed talents of a higher class. As a negotiator, he was distinguished for sagacity and address; as the representative of his King, for spirit, magnificence, and firmness: at the head of the Admiralty, he was regarded as intelligent, enterprising, and zealous; while his conviviality, his cheerfulness, the polish of his manners, and his varied accomplishments, rendered him a general favourite in private life. In Parliament he was more distinguished for calm address, for judgment and discretion, than for the brilliant talents of a splendid orator. He always spoke to the purpose, and in his hands, a cause was



not betrayed by heedless precipitancy, or injured by rash concessions. During the administration of Lord North, Sandwich was the ablest assistant of the minister, in the House of Peers. In the intervals of public business, he was an attentive reader of the classics; and Polite Literature, and the Fine Arts were Cardinal objects of his attention. In Musick, he was both an elegant and profound proficient. In Modern History and Politicks, he excelled. He was an intelligent speaker, rather than a brilliant orator. In his early parliamentary career, he displayed uncommon knowledge of the sort of composition adapted to make an impression on a popular assembly; and from a happy choice of words, and a judicious arrangement of his argument, he seldom spoke without producing a sensible effect on the mind of every impartial auditor. In the latter part of his political life, and particularly during the American war, his harrangues were less remarkable for their grace and ornament, than for sound sense, and the valuable and appropriate information they conveyed. HIS SPEECHES WERE REGARDED AS THE LESSONS OF EXPERIENCE AND WISDOM. He was never ambitious of obtruding himself upon the House. He had a peculiar delicacy of forbearance, arising from a sense of propriety. If, after having prepared himself on any important question, when he rose in the House, any other lord first caught the Chancellor's eye, he sat down, with the most accommodating patience; and if the Lord, who spoke before him, anticipated the sentiments, which he meant to offer, he either did not speak at all or only spoke to such points as had not been adverted to by the preceding speaker. Whenever, therefore, he rose, the House was assured that he had something material to communicate; he was accordingly listened to with attention, and seldom sat down without furnishing their lordships with facts at once important and interesting, of which no other Peer

was so perfectly master, as himself. *During the period of the American war,* he was frequently attacked in both Houses, for his official conduct, or imputed malversation. When any such attempts were made, in the House of Peers, he heard his accusers with patience, and with equal temper, as firmness, *refuted their allegations exposing their fallacy, or falsehood.* On all such occasions, he met his opponents fairly and openly, in some instances, concurring in their motions for papers, which his adversaries imagined would prove him a negligent minister; in others, resisting their object, by showing the inexpediency or impolicy of complying with their requests. In the Parliamentary contest, to which the unfortunate events of the American war gave rise, he is to be found more than once rising in reply to the late Earl of Chatham, whose extraordinary powers of eloquence inspired sufficient awe, to silence and intimidate, even Lords of acknowledged ability. Lord Sandwich, never, in such cases, suffered himself to be dazzled by the splendour of oratorical talents, or ever spoke, without affording proof, that his reply was necessary and adequate. In fact, his lordship never rose, without first satisfying himself, that the speaker he meant to reply to, was *in error*, and that a *plain statement of the facts in question,* would *dissipate the delusion,* and afford conviction to the House. By this judicious conduct, his lordship secured the respect of those whom he addressed, and commanded, at all times, an attentive hearing.

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*For The Port Folio.*

### CLASSICAL LEARNING.

*(Continued from page 152.)*

OVID, HORACE, TERENCE, &c.

As it is difficult to ascertain the comparative merit of every classic author, we shall first consider those whose works are commonly taught in schools, and afterwards those that are commonly read at a more ad-

vanced age. Ovid was a noble Roman, the cotemporary of Virgil and Horace, and flourished for some time in the reign of Augustus. It does not appear that he ever bore any publick office, or that he had served in the army, as Virgil and Horace had occasionally done. The softness of his temper, and his immoderate love of pleasure, prevented his entering into publick life, or encountering the horrors and perils of war. He seems to have been tolerably well acquainted with letters, though incapable of severe study and application. His becoming a poet seems to have arisen from a natural genius, rather than any design of his own. Being a man of pleasure, it is not probable that he would spend much time in correcting his works, nor indeed do they bear the marks of such correction. The ease and fluency of his numbers was the gift of nature and not the effect of art.—*Sponte sua numeros, &c.* as he tells us himself. Ovid did not attempt to dissemble his vices, and the errors of his life we need not collect from the scandalous chronicle of these times. He has spared us that trouble, by narrating them faithfully in his verses. The severity of the Roman character was considerably abated in his time, and young men of family, and fortune were not ashamed to confess that they spent their lives in the pursuit of pleasure. But perhaps Ovid as little thought, as many young men, that this pursuit of pleasure might expose him to as much pain as if he had entered the lists of ambition, or plunged into the perils of war. In despotick governments those who seem only to mind their pleasures, are commonly thought to be most safe, as they do not seem to possess any talents that can excite the suspicion of the Prince, or qualify them to conspire against the government. But Princes are jealous of their pleasure, and commonly severe and inexorable in their resentments. Ovid, by some means or other, we cannot tell precisely how, incurred the resentment of the Emperour, and was banished to Pontus. The place of his confinement was on the shore of the Black Sea, to the north of the mouths of the Danube about where Varna at present is situated. In this place the poet ended his days, having never been able to obtain a revocation of the Emperour's sentence against him. His Metamorphosis seems to have been his first work, and has something of the epick form, though not modelled after the example of any other writer, so that this work may be styled unique, as the poet has neither had any predecessors nor imitators. The opinion of Dr. Warburton, late bishop of Gloucester, is exceeding probable, viz. that he designed this work as a popular history of Providence, and his own words, in the beginning of the work, greatly counte-

nance this conjecture. Ovid seems to have embraced the Pythagorean doctrine in theory, as he did the Epicurean in practice. What induced mankind to conceive metamorphosis as possible, is hard to say precisely, but the conceit of the transmigration of souls, which was older than Pythagoras, though rendered more general and famous by his means, was most probably the occasion of it. Perhaps a rude age was little capable of understanding the doctrine of the immortality of souls without some fabulous disguise of this kind, and it might be found more easy to persuade them that souls existed in different bodies successively, than that they could exist without any bodies at all. We may wonder the less at this opinion prevailing in the early times, when instances of it may be produced from later and more philosophick ages. Matter is the only modification of being, conceivable by rude ages, and what is immaterial; in their account, is not at all. By the successive change of bodies, the doctrine of the moral government of the Deity, and his allotting rewards, and inflicting punishments on men according to their merits, was probably preserved, and certainly the prospect of a visible and temporal punishment would make more impression on the minds of savages, than the terrors of an invisible state, though set out with all the fiction and amplification of poetry. It is probable that the oriental philosophers imagined that all the bodies of brute animals were receptacles of souls, which, though originally of the same nature and order, enjoyed different powers and degrees of happiness according to the variety of the bodies with which they were united. It is probable that Ovid wanted to establish the doctrine of Providence on this system, on which alone we can attribute any unity of design to his singular work.—Ovid's learning was never talked of, yet he is the only poet who has given any account of the creation of the world, whence some have imagined that he must have read the books of Moses. The chaos in Hesiod's Theogony is a person, and his Theory is merely allegorical and mythological, unlike the accurate and philosophical description of Ovid. Our poet seems to have comprehended all the methods of Providence under the general notion of changes, and to connect these together has taken to his aid all the treasures of mythological tradition, which however fit for poetry, had not been formally handled by any authour before him. Besides his Metamorphoses which he designed as the monument of his fame and learning, he wrote his Fasti, or Kalendar, the first half only of which remains. In this he deduced the origin of all the Roman festivals and Religious ceremonies, with all the fable of history on which they were found-

ed. In his epistles he exhibits the tender passions, and all the distresses of mind that suit the elegiack strain, and in these he has displayed his acquaintance with the human heart, as well as with the history of the heroic times. His elegies *De Ponto* are dedicated to his own misfortunes, and in these the tenderness and plaintive strains of the poet are most conspicuous, and though this part of his works convinces of his want of courage and philosophy, yet they display the delicacy of his sentiments and the tenderness of his heart, as well as his powers of description. His *Amore*, *Ars Amatoria*, and *Remedium Amoris*, though adorned with all the skill of the poet, and describing his very soul, are extremely improper to be put in the hands of youth. Ovid's works abound with moral sentences, and what is extraordinary, they are most abundant in the most immoral parts of his poems. His style has been accused of puerility and false wit. But wit is often censured by men that have none of their own, with whom malevolence and envy stands instead of delicacy and correctness of taste. He certainly possessed considerable talents, and though unfit for shining in the epick line, might have been superior to all others in the elegiack or plaintive class. Tibullus, though justly celebrated, scarce reaches the delicacy of Ovid. But his inclination to pleasure, and consequent aversion to labour confined him necessarily to an inferior though respectable rank, and perhaps his compositions would have been more valued, had he bore his confinement in a manner more becoming a Roman and a philosopher.

Horace too was of the age of Augustus, though somewhat older than Virgil; as he had been a Tribune at the battle of Pharsalia, and having the misfortune to be on the losing side, received his pardon from the clemency of the conqueror. His father, he tells us, was in low circumstances, being a petty gatherer of taxes, yet ventured to bestow on his son an education superior to his birth and fortune, which has gained immortality to his name. Horace, like Ovid, was a man of pleasure, but seems to have had more activity of mind, and more power over his passions than the other. His works, like those of Virgil, appear to have been at first prompted by gratitude to Mæcenas and Augustus, his benefactors, but nature had endowed him with poetical talents, and fortune placed him in a situation that he could exert them with honour and advantage. He found those favourable circumstances which many have missed, for exciting those qualities which might otherwise have been hid forever. Horace was instructed in the Greek philosophy having spent some time of his youth at Athens, then the chief seat of learning. Though inclined to indolence,

he was not incapable of application. Having all that desire of fame which is common in poets, his works bear the marks of care and correction. Horace, like Ovid, confesses his indolence and love of pleasure, though it is evident that he could surmount it at certain times. His desire to please his patrons was likewise a spur to diligence. But the Lyrick poetry, to which he applied himself was suited to his genius, and natural temper, as it required only short flights, and needed not application for any long time. In this moreover he had many Greek poets to assist him, Pindar, Alceus, Sappho, Stesichorus and Anacreon, whence we need not wonder that he calls his odes Greek poetry, *Spiritus Graiae tenuem camane*. Horace was almost the first and only poet among the Romans, who imitated the Greek Lyricks. Catullus had only essayed it. But he was allowed to have been extremely successful. In his odes he is sublime, tender, solemn, or jocular according to the nature of the subject, and sometimes negligent and redundant. Perhaps those of his odes on which he set the highest value, and on which he bestowed the greatest pains, are not the best of his compositions of that kind.

(To be continued.)

For the Port Folio.

YARDLEY OAK.

COWPER.

Surviver sole, and hardly such, of all  
That once liv'd here thy brethren, at my  
birth,  
(Since which I number three-score winters  
past)  
A shatter'd veteran, hollow trunk'd perhaps  
As now, and with excoriate forks deform,  
Relict of ages! could a mind, imbued  
With truth from Heaven, created thing  
adore,  
I might with reverence kneel, and worship  
thee!

It seems Idolatry with some excuse,  
When our forefather druids in their Oaks  
Imagin'd sanctity. The conscience, yet  
Unpurified by an authentick act  
Of amnesty, the meed of blood divine,  
Lov'd not the light, but gloomy, into gloom  
Of thickest shades, like Adam, after taste  
Of proscrib'd, as to a refuge fled!

Thou wast a bauble once; a cup and ball,  
Which babes might play with; and the  
thievish jay  
Seeking her food, with ease might have  
purloin'd

The auburn nut that held thee, swallowing  
down

Thy yet close-folded latitude of boughs,  
And all thine embryo vastness at a gulp.  
But fate thy growth decreed: autumnal  
rains,

Beneath thy parent tree, mellow'd the soil,  
Design'd thy cradle, and a skipping deer,  
With pointed hoof dibbling the glebe, pre-  
par'd

The soft receptacle, in which secure  
Thy rudiments should sleep the winter  
through.

So fancy dreams, disprove it if ye can,  
Ye reas'ners broad awake, whose busy  
search

Of argument, employ'd too oft amiss,  
Sifts half the pleasures of short life away!

Thou fell'st mature, and in the loamy clod  
Swelling with vegetative force instinct,  
Didst burst thine egg, as theirs the fabled  
Twins,

Now stars; two lobes protruding pair'd ex-  
act:

A leaf succeeded, and another leaf,  
And all the elements thy puny growth  
Fost'ring propitious, thou becam'st a twig.

Who liv'd when thou was such? Oh!  
couldst thou speak,

As in Dodona once thy kindred trees,  
Oracular, I would not curious ask  
The future, best unknown, but at thy  
mouth

Inquisitive, the less ambiguous past!

By thee, I might correct, erroneous oft,  
The clock of history, facts and events  
Timing more punctual, unrecorded facts  
Recov'ring, and mistated, setting right—  
Desp'rate attempt till trees shall speak a-  
gain!

Time made thee what thou wast, King of  
the woods!

And time hath made thee what thou art, a  
cave

For Owls to roost in! Once thy spread-  
ing boughs

O'erhung the champaign, and the numer-  
ous flock,

That graz'd it stood beneath that ample  
cope

Uncrowded, yet safe shelter'd from the  
storm.

No flock frequents thee now, thou hast out-  
liv'd

Thy popularity, and art become  
(Unless verse rescue thee awhile) a thing  
Forgotten, as the foliage of thy youth!

While thus thro' all the stages thou hast  
push'd

Of tree-ship, first a seedling, hid in grass!

Then twig; then sapling; and as century  
roll'd,

Slow after century, a giant bulk,  
Of girth enormous, with moss-cushioned  
root,

Upheav'd above the soil, and sides emboss'd  
With prominent waves globose, till at the  
last,

The rottenness, which Time is charged to  
inflict

On other mighty ones, found also thee.

What exhibitions various hath the world  
Witness'd, of mutability in all,

That we account most durable below!  
Change is the diet, on which all subsist,

Created changeable, and change at last  
Destroys them: skies uncertain, now the  
heat,

Transmitting cloudless, and the solar beam,  
Now quenching, in a boundless sea of  
clouds,

Calm and alternate storm, moisture and  
drought,

Invigorate by turns the springs of life,  
In all that lives, plant, animal and man,  
And in conclusion mar them. Nature's  
threads,

Fine, passing thought, e'en in her coarsest  
works,

Delight in agitation, yet sustain  
The force that agitates not unimpair'd,

But worn by frequent impulse, to the cause  
Of their best tone, their dissolution owe.

Thought cannot spend itself, comparing still,  
The great and little of thy lot, thy growth.

From almost nullity, into a state  
Of matchless grandeur, and declension  
thence

Slow into such magnificent decay.

Time was, when settling on thy leaf, a fly  
Could shake thee to the root, and twice has  
been

When tempests could not. At thy firmest  
age

Thou hadst within thy bole solid contents,  
That might have ribb'd the sides, and  
plank'd the deck,

Of some flagg'd admiral, and tortuous arms,  
The ship-wright's darling treasure, didst  
present

To the four-quartered winds, robust and  
bold,

Warp'd into tough \* knee-timber, many a  
load!

But the ax spared thee; in those thrifter  
days,

Oaks fell not, hewn by thousands, to sup-  
ply

The bottomless demands of contest wag'd

\* Knee-timber is found in the crooked  
arms of Oak, which by reason of their dis-  
tortion, are easily adjusted to the angle  
formed where the deck and the ship's sides  
meet.

For Senatorial honours. Thus to Time  
The task was left to whittle thee away,  
With his sly scythe, whose ever-nibbling  
edge,

Noiseless, an atom, and an atom more,  
Disjoining from the rest, has unobserv'd,  
Achiev'd a labour, which had far and wide,  
By man perform'd, made all the forest ring.

Embowell'd now, and of thy ancient self  
Possessing nought, but the scoop'd rind,  
that seems

A huge throat calling to the clouds for  
drink,

Which it would give in rivulets to thy root;  
Thou temptest none, but rather much for-  
bidd'st

The feller's toil, which thou couldst ill re-  
quite ;

Yet is thy root sincere, sound as the rock,  
A quarry of stout spurs, and knotted fangs,  
Which, crook'd into a thousand whimsies,  
clasp

The stubborn soil, and hold thee still  
erect.

So stands a kingdom, whose foundation yet  
Fails not, in virtue and in wisdom laid,  
Though all the superstructure, by the tooth  
Pulveriz'd of Venality, a shell  
Stands now—and semblance only of itself !

Thine arms have left thee : winds have  
rent them off

Long since, and rovers of the forest wild,  
With bow and shaft have burnt them. Some  
have left

A splintered stump, bleach'd to a snowy  
white ;

And some, memorial none where once they  
grew.

Yet life still lingers in thee, and puts forth  
Proof not contemptible of what she can,  
Even where death predominates. The  
Spring

Finds thee not less alive to her sweet force,  
Than yonder upstarts of the neighbouring  
wood,

So much thy juniors, who their birth re-  
ceived

Half a millenium since the date of thine.

But since, although well qualified by age  
To teach, no spirit dwells in thee, nor voice  
May be expected from thee, seated here,  
On thy distorted root, with hearers none,  
Or prompter, save the scene—I will per-  
form

Myself the oracle, and will discourse  
In my own ear, such matter as I may.

One man alone, the Father of us all,  
Drew not his life from woman ; never  
gaz'd,

With mute unconsciousness of what he  
saw,

On all around him ; learn'd not by degrees,

Nor ow'd articulation to his ear ;  
But moulded by his maker into man  
At once, upstood intelligent, survey'd  
All creatures, with precision understood  
Their purport, uses, properties, assign'd  
To each his name significant, and filled  
With love and wisdom, render'd back to  
Heaven

In praise harmonious, the first air he drew.

He was excus'd the penalties of dull  
Minority ; no tutor charg'd his hand  
With the thought-tracing quill, or task'd  
his mind

With problems ; History not wanted yet,  
Lean'd on her elbow, watching Time,  
whose course

Eventful, should supply her with a theme.

#### *For The Port Folio.*

#### *A Statistical Account of the Schuylkill Perma- nent Bridge.*

The State of *Pennsylvania* has long been  
deservedly famed for the multitude and ex-  
cellence of its bridges over the various  
smaller streams, by which it is intersected.  
But no permanent means of transportation  
across the large and widely extensive rivers  
flowing in and through, or bounding, this  
fertile and flourishing region, had until a  
late period, been attempted. That thrown  
lately over the *Schuylkill*, at the west end of  
the *High* or *Market-Street* of the city of *Phi-  
ladelphia* ; one over the same river at *Rea-  
ding* ; those over the *Lehigh* at *Bethlehem*,  
*Weis's* ferry, and one near its discharge  
into the *Delaware*, have begun the career  
of hydraulick architecture, which will in-  
crease the celebrity of this state in that im-  
portant branch of publick improvement.  
A bridge over the *Delaware*, at *Easton*,  
connecting *Pennsylvania* with the state of  
*New-Jersey*, is in great forwardness,\* un-  
der the direction of *Mr. T. Palmer*. One  
on a peculiar construction, and highly ne-  
cessary for the passage of the mails, and  
other constant transportation, upon the  
great postroad of communication, between  
the cities of *Philadelphia* and *New-York* is  
recently finished. It is situated at *Morris-  
ville*, and near *Trenton* on the *Delaware* ;  
and also connects the states of *Pennsylva-  
nia* and *New-Jersey*. This latter has been  
erected at the expense of a Company, un-  
der the superintendence of *Mr. Theodore  
Burr*, who, as well as *Mr. Palmer*, is a  
self-taught and ingenious American bridge  
builder, and has evidenced much talent, as  
well as industry, in this structure.

The success of the *Schuylkill* bridge, as  
far as it had proceeded, was exemplary ;

\*Since the account was drawn up, it is  
completed in its frame, which, after the  
example of the *Schuylkill* bridge, is covered.

and instigated the commencement of this work, as well as encouragement in its prosecution. All these erections are highly honourable to those who promoted, supported, and completed them. But that over the Schuylkill is the only successful undertaking of the kind, attempted and carried to perfection in, and over a deep tide water. It has been attended with the most difficulty and expense; and has, in consequence, more particularly called forth the talents, exertions, and perseverance of those engaged in it.

The Schuylkill, which washes the western front of the city of Philadelphia, although it affords great advantages, had long been attended with many serious inconveniences. The frequent interruption of passage, by ice and floods, and the inefficient and uncertain mode of crossing heretofore practised, had, for a long course of years, employed the thoughts, and attention of many ingenious, and public spirited members of the community. The character of this river is wild, and, in times of floods, rapid and formidable: and, to any structure of slight materials, ruinous and irresistible.

Its borders, to an extent of one hundred miles, are skirted by precipitous mountains and hills. Its tributary streams, suddenly filled, in seasons of rains, or melting snows, with the torrents rushing down their sides, without notice, or time for precaution, fill the river with frequent floods, which no common works of art, within their reach, have heretofore been capable of withstanding. Although these attributes are not to a certain degree, uncommon, yet, in this river, they are peculiarly dangerous. They occur at irregular periods, and often at seasons of the year, when floods are generally unexpected. These circumstances, at all times, created doubts of the practicability of any permanent erection. The depth of the water, opposite the city, added to the difficulties and apprehensions. The expense, in the early periods of its establishment, precluded any plan, requiring large expenditures by those who then inhabited Philadelphia and its vicinity. In the year 1723, March 30th, a law was enacted by the Governour, (Sir William Keith) by and with the consent of the Freemen of the province, in General Assembly met, (which shows the *then* style of the laws,) entitled, "An Act for establishing a ferry over the river Schuylkill, at the end of the High-Street of Philadelphia, granting to the *then* Mayor and commonalty, the right to make and maintain causeways on both sides of the river, and to erect a ferry at the west end of High Street. Certain tolls were then fixed, which the present rates do not, in any case, far exceed; and in many instances, i. e. for country produce and ma-

nure, are much, and liberally reduced. No person or persons (without violating that law) could then, or can now, "keep or use any boat or canoe, for transporting any person or persons, creatures or carriages, for hire or pay, over the said river, in any other place between these ferries, now called Roach's, (late Ashton's, now Sherridine's) and Blunston's (late Gray's) ferries on the said river, besides the ferry thereby established." By virtue of this law, the corporation of the city have held and exercised this exclusive franchise, from the time of its being so granted, until their transfer thereof to the present Permanent Bridge Company. The ferry was maintained, and generally used, until the floating bridges were thrown over. In times of interruption of the passage of those bridges, by ice and floods (which too frequently occurred) the boat was resorted to, for temporary transportation, and always kept in readiness for use.

In December 1776, when the British troops had overrun and nearly subjugated the state of New-Jersey, General Washington, apprehensive of being forced to retreat, with the shattered remnants of his patriotick, but enfeebled army, wrote to General Putnam, then commanding in Philadelphia, directing him to take measures for the speedy passage of the Schuylkill, in case of urgent necessity. Orders were, at the same time, given to collect all the boats attainable at Wright's, and other ferries on the Susqueanna. No pontoons existed, with which to fulfil the orders of the Commander in Chief. It fell to the lot of the individual, who originated the project of the present Permanent Bridge, and who then held a confidential office under the United States, to be consulted on the subject. Having advised with some shipwrights, a bridge of boats was, at first, thought of, but finally one of ship carpenter's floating stages, used for graving ships, was concluded upon. This plan, on being suggested by him to General Putnam, was instantly adopted, and promptly executed. The critical and masterly stroke, made on the British auxiliaries at Trenton, superseded its military use at that period. It gave, however, the first idea of the floating bridges over the Schuylkill, composed of buoyant logs, for the support of a platform of planks, two whereof now remain at Gray's and Sherridine's ferries. There does not appear to be any express authority, by law, for the establishment of these bridges. The Act of 1723 recognizes the two ferries of Roach and Blunston. An act passed since the revolution, regulates and directs the lowering the ropes of ferries, and opening the bridges, which had each slip pieces for this purpose, within a certain time on notice, under a penalty. This im-

plied permission, appears to be the only warrant for their continuance. The first of the log bridges was erected by the Executive of the state. This was either much injured or destroyed.

A bridge was constructed by the British army in 1777, when in possession of the City, on pontons, or large boats. But this not sufficiently answering their purposes, another was thrown over, composed of planks, supported by floating logs, after the pattern, and, perhaps, with part of the materials of the one, which had succeeded the bridge of stages, and is probably the one now at Gray's ferry. One of the pontons, used by the British, prolonged the hostility which occasioned its fabrication. Two of the piles of the *coffer dam*, sunk for the erection of the western pier of the present Permanent Bridge, were obstructed by a part of one of those boats, which had been accidentally sunk in 1777, 28 ft. below common low water. It occupied part of the area of the dam, with one end projecting under two of the piles of the inner row, and had nearly rendered the erection abortive. It was first discovered on pumping out the dam, in 1802; and was perfectly sound, after a lapse of 25 years! The iron work had not the least appearance of rust, or the wood, which was common oak, of decay. The taking this boat to pieces, the straining the dam, and the leaks in consequence, were the chief causes of an extra expenditure, by the company, of more than 4000 dollars, hardly and perilously disbursed in pumping, which alone cost from 5 to 700 dollars per week, and other labour, during forty-one days and nights, in the midst of a most inclement winter.

The privations of supplies from the country, on the western side of the Schuylkill, had always been causes of regret, and too often of increased expense to the inhabitants of the City. These were most severely felt, as the population increased. It would be, perhaps, irksome, to attend to a recital, minutely, of all the schemes suggested for a permanent passage, through a period of near 70 years. It will be sufficient, shortly to mention some of them. To those who have been actively concerned in the present structure, most of these projects appear to have been impracticable, or unadvisable. If they could have been executed, the funds were unattainable.

Some would have the river filled with a dam and causeway, after a bridge had been built on the flats of the fast land, and a channel cut through these flats. Some proposed a low stone bridge; to be used only when the river was in its ordinary state; and when raised by floods, the torrent should run over the bridge. Thus in-termitting its use, when it was most re-

quired. Some would have, with any bridge, arches, turned from hill to hill, and thus occupy, with impediments, the low grounds which now afford additional passage to the overflow of the stream. The expense too, would require the funds of a state, and never could have been accomplished by private advances, with any prospect of profit. Any buildings, or other obstructions placed on these flats, will confine, and, of course redouble the force of the current. They would cause the accumulation of the ice, and damming of the stream, the most formidable foes the bridge has to contend with. Some had proposed a bridge on chains, stretched across the river, and elevated by columns of vast height, on its banks. Adding to this visionary plan, some of its advocates would have pillars in the middle of the river, on a kind of wharf, containing stone promiscuously thrown in. On such an uncertain, shifting, and unstable foundation, more modern projectors have contemplated erecting wooden superstructures; and are not yet persuaded of their being dangerous and insecure. If such should succeed in a river of tranquil current, and level bottom, they are not calculated for one frequently impetuous in the extreme; in some parts of its bed covered with mud, in others, uncommonly unequal and rocky. Still more ineligible in one, irregular in its depths, which suddenly vary at small distances, so as to afford no encouragement to depend on any foundations, or supports for a bridge, but those of solid masonry; and this founded on the rock which stretches across its bottom.

Without entering into controversy on the merits or defects of these plans, which were proposed for the position of the present bridge, they are barely enumerated, with some of the objections to their establishment.

Before the Revolution, at various periods, citizens of intelligence and talents, had abandoned the idea of erecting a bridge, in the deep tide water, opposite the city. They sought for situations less difficult and higher up the river. Applications were presented to the General Assembly of the province; and surveys and accurate examinations were made, under the directions of a committee of the legislature. The places viewed were, Peters's Island, and the Fording Place, nearer the Falls, which was, in early times, the most common passage over the river. The road leading over it is called, in ancient deeds, and other writings, *The old Lancaster road*. A third site, offered for the consideration of this committee was, the great falls of Schuylkill; where such an erection was said to be practicable, directly across the reef of elevated rocks, forming the obstructions in

that part of the stream. Maps and measurements of these places, and their distances from the city, and particularly of Peters's Island, which was the place generally fixed on, as possessing the greatest facilities and advantages, positive and relative, were made, and are yet extant. The route to Lancaster, by this place, through part of the Ridge or Wisahiccon road, is shorter than that passing over the bridge, opposite the city. The distance by either place is not much greater. Although a bridge may be erected at either place, for a sum not exceeding a fourth, and probably a fifth, of the cost of the Permanent Bridge at High Street, yet these sites cannot rival the latter. They do not unite all interests by being so generally accomodatory to travellers and transportation, from all quarters, southerly, and westerly of the city. Their use will, therefore, be partial, and the object of a distant day.

*(To be continued.)*

*From the Monthly Anthology.*

### ON HOPE.

The unfortunate are preserved through  
Hope. MENANDER.

The all-wise Creator of the universe has manifested his benevolence in every work of his power. He has delighted to exhibit this virtue, not only in the general operations, but in the most minute circumstances of life. The indifferent spectator will discern this quality reigning in the world on the most superficial examination, while the philosopher delights in viewing the exertions of goodness in the petty affairs of mankind and in the moral economy of nature. This brightest glory of Divinity burst upon man with accumulated splendour at the promulgation of Christianity, yet among the heathens it darted a mild ray, and glimmered with a cheerful light. They indeed could not contemplate the wonderful benevolence of their Creator with the same assurance as is granted to Christians, because they had never heard, and never thought of the infinite mercies of God, as displayed in the doctrines of revelation. They however had the same universe to survey, and the same reason to exercise; and the first of their observations and experience was the perception of the goodness displayed in the natural and moral world.

Among a variety of general principles, which exhibit the benevolence of the Creator, is the universal extension of the consolation of hope. This is as widely diffused as the race of reasonable man; and is limited in its existence only by extinguishment of life. It is universal, continual, and regenerating. It accompanies the sun in gladdening the children of sorrow, for where there is a rational being, there is the habitation of hope. It never forsakes the afflicted or unfortunate, but abides with him while nature and reason endure. Its powers are wonderful and unlimited; their operation is versatile, yet always benignant, for it may sometimes present to intellectual vision a single view of happy existence, and sometimes display the unlimited scenery of possible felicity.

The ancient mythologists represented the power of hope as the last gift of the gods; for when Pandora had been endowed with all perfection by acquiring from each of the divinities his peculiar excellence, she also received a box containing all the ills, diseases, and vexations of human life;\* when this box was afterwards opened and the vices and calamities flew abroad in the world, hope was found at the bottom of the box, and was given as the alleviator of every misfortune. By this fable the mythologists evinced their opinion of the consolations of hope. They considered, that the world would have been indeed wretched, had there been no comforter amid the innumerable miseries of human nature; and consequently they showed to mankind a principle, which was not needed, till sorrow and evil had entered the world, but which was then capable of soothing and succouring every moral disorder and physical infirmity.

Of the heathen allegory I have never seen an explication, but I shall offer one which appears simple; and I offer it with the more pleasure, because if false, it can produce no other harm than that of contempt for the

\* *Querè, if Pandora was not forbidden to open the box?*



poor ingenuity of the authour ; and if it be true, it will serve to prove the truth of the history of creation, as related in the bible, and thus add another argument to the excellence of our holy religion.

By Pandora is meant a being, possessing every gift, as the word evidently denotes. Among the Greeks, it had a female signification, upon the principle mentioned in Harris's *Hermes*, that every recipient being is naturally considered of the female gender. The first man, Adam, is darkly shadowed under the allégory of Pandora, the first woman. He received a command from his maker, which he was not to break ; but which if he should transgress, the inevitable consequence was misery and death. Pandora was ordered not to open the box, which had been given her, under the penalty of spreading disease and calamity in the world ; and the hope, which remained at the bottom of the box, is typical of the gracious promise of Salvation, which the benevolent God made at the time of man's transgression.

These are the leading features of resemblance, which it is sufficient for me to have sketched. Future investigators, who have the piety and erudition of Maurice and Bryant, may be able to exhibit the sources of Egyptian or Indian theology, whence the Greeks borrowed their story ; they may be able to point out the minute differences between the heathen fable and the scriptural narration ; they may be able to reconcile apparent contradictions ; to account for strange absurdities in the history of Pandora, and to demonstrate by new arguments the sacred truth of the formation and the fall of Adam.

Little speculation and experience are necessary to convince us of the evils of life ; they are frequent and distressing. They come, when we never expect them, and when they have glided away, they are quickly followed by others. Some men are overpowered by a sudden condensation of misery ; while others are wea-

ried out by continual succession of petty misfortunes. Man indeed is born to sorrow. At the moment of birth he gives signs of that pain, which generally accompanies him in the different stages of existence, only altered by irresistible circumstances, or suspended by the alleviation of science.

Under such circumstances, what would be the condition of man without hope ? He would sink, loaded with sorrow, to the grave ; or he would drag out a painful existence, anticipating the moment of dissolution. But this messenger of good whispers to every one soft words of peace. It cheers the sick man with the prospect of better days, when health shall invigorate his frame, and when society shall revel at his restoration to pleasure. The poor man anticipates the year, when he shall no longer be obliged to work for his daily bread ; when, with a competent supply of riches, he shall be able to afford himself a decent habitation for the evening of his days. The mariner, tossed in the waves or almost overwhelmed in a storm, can discern in the horizon of hope a safe retreat from the present vexations, and a secure accommodation against the coming calamities of existence. In like manner, to all who are oppressed by physical evils, Hope offers a suitable relief : she spreads her light, and all darkness vanishes ; she extends her powerful hand, and the tear is wiped from the widow's eye, and the countenance of the orphan glistens with cheerfulness.

The natural evils of the world are indeed great ; they are sufficient to oppress a virtuous mind, and to appal the stoutest resolution ; yet if we diligently survey the whole system of beings, we shall find other sources of misery, more poignant in their effect, if not more frequent in their recurrence. Physical infirmities have reference only to the body ; of course they cannot endure longer than life ; and though our existence be embittered by sorrow, and overwhelmed by

agony, there is little consequent apprehensions about future felicity or torment. But as moral agents, men are subjected to temptation, they are seduced by evil pleasures, or transported with furious passions. Hence is produced the whole catalogue of crimes. Hence originate those vices and sins, which a moral philosopher cannot contemplate without pity, and which the transgressor of human and divine laws knows to be the cause of his severe punishment and misery. These evils, which relate to our moral nature, have evidently two springs; they are produced either by our own folly and wickedness, and then we are criminal; or they are the consequence of accidents and circumstances, which are not to be resisted, and then we are unfortunate.

Among other evils, of the first class, is the undeserved loss of reputation. This, to an honourable man, is a deprivation greater than that of life. If a virtuous mind have been for years raising his character by regular pursuits of industry, and the punctual discharge of moral obligations; if he have attained a higher rank among his fellow-men, and with conscious superiority views himself as equal to the highest in the eye of heaven, how is his heart torn, when this reputation has been sapped by the artful and the malignant, when the lowest artifices have successfully been executed to number him among the criminal and the vitious? No anguish is equal to his; no tongue can speak his sorrow; no treasures can compensate his loss. Yet to this poor being of misfortune there is hope. This will cheer him and comfort him; not merely the hope that his accusers will one day be condemned, for an honourable man will pardon even his enemies; not merely the hope that his character will be reestablished in this world, for of this he may care but little, as experience has evinced the vanity of depending on the opinion of the world; but the sure and certain hope of another state, where his virtues will shine clearer than the daystar in its meri-

dian, where his good deeds will be recompensed by full-flowing felicity, and where perhaps his heavenly father will crown him with greater glory for the loss, which he sustained below, of all that is valuable, dear, and praise-worthy.

Hope is the constant attendant on him, who has laboriously endeavoured to acquire renown in the republic of letters, and who, from the negligence of mankind, or the absurdity of fashion, has never obtained the rank which was his due. No one should ever despond. Literary history will point out many names, high in literature, and often in the mouth of fame, who were once unknown, forgotten, or disregarded. In their progress through a great undertaking, hope comforted and fortified them. It exhibited in bright array the testimonials of future celebrity, and proclaimed the loud and distinct acclamations of mankind. Even if the writers were flattered and seduced by the gay rise of hope; if they did not receive tributary honours or profitable distinctions in their lifetime, they looked forward with a steady eye to ages yet unborn, and in anticipation enjoyed the shouts of gratulation, and the embraces of kindred souls, who welcomed their advancement to the temple of fame.

The evils, which are produced by wickedness, are always horrible in the eyes of society and of God; those, which arise from folly, rather than from sin, are not always punished with severity by the earthly judge; and perhaps hereafter they may be considered with an eye of compassion by the Supreme Disposer of all things. Crimes, which are plotted in darkness and secrecy by the deliberations of infernal men, and which are perpetrated with all the cool savageness of malignancy, are punished with unrelenting justice by earthly tribunals; yet I know not if hope ever deserted the most shameless of villains. His fancy continually suggests hopes from the effects of chance or design. The dungeon indeed contains his bo-

dy, but nothing restrains the operations of mind. He may look forward to his release by the destruction of his country; to his escape by means of a thousand accidents; to a deliverance by civil commotions, or the conflagration of the prison, the influence of friends, or the convulsion of an earthquake.

A dungeon is the solitude of a criminal, and, I hope, sometimes the cell of a penitent. No one can limit by finite bonds the compassion of infinite benevolence. The murderer should indeed deeply feel the awful horror of his crime; he should be torn by the remorse of his conscience and humiliated even to dust by the solemn contemplation of his accumulated wickedness. To such a man I would not offer the smallest reason of confidence, not the most minute ground of assurance to the favour of heaven; yet if he were deeply sorrowful, if he were inwardly convinced of his wickedness, and were completely repentant, I trust that a ray of hope would gleam into his dark dungeon, and that he might sometimes think on the infinite merits of his Saviour, and the infinite power of his God. We are all the children of sin, and have all forfeited the countenance of our Maker; yet we can trust in the hope of reconciliation, not only for ourselves, but even for murderers, for we know that goodness is unlimited, and that there is mercy in heaven.

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*Cutting up a Verse-maker.*

A wickedly waggish set of roguish Reviewers maliciously murder a poor poetaster, in the following style :

He has courted the muse under as many disguises as ever Jupiter assumed in the prosecutions of his less chaste amours, but whether or not with the same ultimate success as the heathen god, is now to be decided. At one time he puts on the demure methodistick air of an elegiack bard, and weeps, and sighs, and whines, in

a manner sufficiently deplorable to melt the most obdurate heart. At another, he brightens up into a spruce and fashionable beau, powdered, perfumed, and appparelled in a style altogether irresistible. Ere long he starts up in the form and dress of a shepherd, with a becoming crook over his shoulders, and puffs away with zeal and delight on the Scotch bagpipe. While the prolonged sound of the drone is yet humming in our ears, who should rise before us but the professour, wrapped in the sweeping stole, and treading the lofty buskin in tragedy, with a bloody dagger in the one hand, and a poison bowl in the other ! The volumes are indeed a perfect raree-show. One page is drawn up, and lo ! shepherds and their lasses sporting in the vale ! Down it falls, and behold, an Indian chief with hatchets, scalps, and tomahawks. The eye is soon relieved with the less formidable muster of a volunteer corps, advancing against a dreadful discharge of blank cartridges, and again is startled at the spectre forms of Fingal, Starno, and other staring heroes.

To mention all the faults of style and sentiment that swarm over these volumes, would require a patience and industry which our readers may be glad that we do not possess. Unfortunately, they are all faults arising from sterility of soul. Our authour's fancy seems perfectly famished, and reduced to mere skin and bone.—Accordingly she devours whatever comes in her way, less solicitous for dainty morsels than lumpish gross materials, fitted to satisfy the cravings of her voracity. In her eagerness for something to devour, to use the words of Shakespeare, “she looks even impossible places,” and after rummaging through an ode; comes out at the end of it with a look that is truly lamentable. Sometimes, too, after stumbling by accident upon a tolerable good thing, she gives it a few convulsive mastications, and then throws it aside, much to the credit either of her self-denial or stupidity.

## ECCENTRICK ADVERTISEMENT.

The following advertisement of a Cow lost, is copied verbatim from a paper published a few years since in Boston.

## ABBVERTISEMENT.

*Boston, May 70th, 1784.*

Their was a Cow desmished last Friday, colour of a light red Cow, pretty much a short tail, not so long as other Cows tales, she is a long slim Cow, not so fat as some Cows, she is not so poor as some. This will convince any of the publick if seen such a creatur. Sir or Gentleman of honour, whoever seen or find him, turn him to Bosson, to Mr. York Ruggles, tar lane, he will warn whoever bring him will be a great price, the Cow was brought up in the country, he was brought through Bosson four mounths ago, also more, the Cow had four white legs, and four red legs.

P. S. He has gote lite red eyes, he is gote tall slime hornes, a little cut of the ends, he is not less than seven years old, he has got one year long and he is got one year short, and a slit in one of them, and a piece clipped of other.

YORK RUGGLES.

## ORIGINAL POETRY.

*For The Port Folio.*

## THE ADIEU.

*Written after reading Milton's Penseroso.*

Hence, now, the poet's life forlorn,  
Of Vanity, and Fancy born—  
'Tis but a wild delusive joy,  
And shall no more my peace annoy.  
Find out, oh! Muse, some garret high,  
Where sits the Bard, with haggard eye:  
There Poverty his feeling wrings,  
And the starved cricket nightly sings;  
By dying coals, I see him sit,  
With nought to warm, but sparks of wit:  
See him, with hunger how perplexed,  
Or how, with sonnets, he is vexed—  
I hear the girl, by landlord sent,  
To dun him for his quarter's rent:  
But though he gives a Muse's note,  
It will not stop her cursed throat.

No, no, sweet Muse, I quit the train,  
No more I sing the tuneful strain.

Without a sigh, I quit the HILL,  
The painted mead, the babbling rill;  
The rustling trees, the nodding grove,  
Where oft in rhyme, I wrote of love;  
No more I dream of maidens fair,  
With azure eyes, and auburn hair:  
Of youthful nymphs, whose sad disdain,  
Has wakened all my bosom's pain,  
(Though all the pain was in my pen,  
But tell not this, sweet muse again:)  
No more I'll watch the midnight oil,  
Biting my nails in rhyming toil;  
Calling on every Muse and Grace,  
But for an hour to take my place,  
And write a soft and tender sonnet,  
On lady's eyebrow, or her bonnet;  
Nor call on Love to cast his dart,  
And wound some fair one's throbbing heart,  
Who so afflicts this breast of mine,  
That I can neither sleep, nor dine.  
So pretty muse pray take your flight,  
—By Jove, you go this very night.  
Though we have passed bright hours together,  
And this is cursed chilly weather,  
Yet tramp you must, before I waver,  
Seduced again by your palaver.

But come! thou judge, sedate and sage,  
Come and unfold thy learned page.  
Oh how shall I thy name invoke?  
Chief Justice, or my master Coke!  
Whose ancient visage is so rough,  
To me it seems quite in a huff.  
Thy wig and gown tell what thou art,  
And terror strike within my heart;  
Thy firm fixed eye and scowling frown,  
Are quite enough to knock one down;  
I do confess I've been a truant,  
But, prithee, take a milder view on't.

Thee, COMMON LAW, in days of yore,  
To that grave wizard STUDY bore,  
In Albion's great Eliza's reign,  
"Nor was such mixture held a stain."  
Oft in the Pleas, and in the Bench,  
With eager feet you sought the wench;  
And there her heart you strove to woo,  
And did what every judge should do.\*  
And through the realm did spread your names,  
Notwithstanding proud King James.

Come, stedfast judge, so wise and grave,  
And bring both Butler and Hargrave;  
With sheets about the folio size,

\* Alluding to the answer which Lord Coke made to King James, upon being asked whether certain oppressive exactions, which were about to be levied by Royal authority, would be legal. All the other judges answered that the King's will was law; but Coke sturdily told him, that when the case came before him, as judge, he would do what a judge ought to do.

And notes, to please the student's eyes:  
 Black-letter type, and Norman-French,  
 Which erst was used in the Bench:  
 Come, but keep thy frowning state,  
 Or I, again in rhyme shall prate.  
 Give me thy mind, thy piercing look,  
 That I may understand thy book.  
 And, kept within my office still,  
 Study myself "to marble," till  
 "With a sad, leaden, downward cast,"  
 I am a limb of law, at last.  
 Then come again, with, in thy hand,  
 Ejectments 'gainst my neighbour's land,  
 And plenteous suits, with good retainers,  
 'Bout states in fee, or in remainders.  
 Then teach me all the tricks of art,  
 And from thy court I'll ne'er depart;  
 Give me to know these wiles of trade,  
 And then, by Jove, my fortune's made:  
 Of jointures, gaolers; *ipso facto*;  
 Of writs for debt, or *parco fracto*;  
 Of *Habeas corp. ad prosequendum*;  
 Or, catch some knave, *ad respondendum*;  
*Cui in vita*, custom, cucking,  
 (More seemly now 'tis called a ducking.)  
 Of *Nudum pactum*, *Levant couchant*;  
 Of vagrant beasts, or maidens flippant.  
 But, chief of all, oh! with thee bring  
 "Him that soars on eagle wing;"  
 Let him but hold the tempting fee,  
 And I'll ne'er plead a *double plea*.  
 Thee, CLIENT oft the crowds among,  
 I'll seek amid the Exchange's throng.  
 And missing thee, I'll walk,—or hop  
 Right straitway to the barber's shop;  
 There I'll behold thy undrawn purse,  
*My honorarium* to disburse.  
 Like boys, who by the gutter side,  
 With lifted hands, and jaws stretch'd wide,  
 Watch the bright pennies turning round,  
 And wish, yet fear, them on the ground.  
 Oft too, as in my office, near,  
 Our crier's Stentor-voice I'll hear—  
 "Court met, —oh yes—oh yes—oh yes,"  
 My client's cause to curse, or bless:  
 Or, if the judges do not sit,  
 At home, I'll frame the wily writ:  
 And teach the knaves to pay their losses,  
 Or else beware of lawyers' crosses.  
 Far from all rude resort of men,  
 Save the rough tipstaff, now and then,  
 Or the grim gaoler's glad report,  
 "Defendant, now sir's safe in Court."  
 And may, at last, my weary age  
 Find out the Judge's "hermitage."  
 "Where I may sit, and rightly spell,"  
 Which cause is bad, and which is well.

And where, without the Lawyer's strife,  
 My income settled is, for life.

These things, Judge Coke, oh! deign to  
 give,  
 "And I, with thee, will choose to live."  
 SEDLEY.

### EPITAPH.

Sacred to the Memory of

SPURRIER,

Who was born, &c.

And died, &c.

A man of universal knowledge, great piety,  
 and unbounded benevolence—thereby lay-  
 ing up treasures in Heaven, whence he has  
 gone to reap the reward of his life.

### MORTUARY.

Died at Marseilles on the 28th of  
 August last, (where she had gone for  
 the recovery of her health) Mrs.  
 RACHEL BLAKE, *Æt.* 34, wife of  
 George Blake, Esq. of Boston, Dis-  
 trict Attorney of Massachusetts. She  
 was not less distinguished for an un-  
 common vigour of understanding  
 and an ardour for intellectual im-  
 provement, than for the native purity  
 of her mind, the unblemished cor-  
 rectness of her principles, and the  
 unaffected dignity of her manners.  
 These interesting qualities, united  
 with powers of conversation unusu-  
 ally brilliant and animated, a sensi-  
 bility acute and "*tremblingly alive*" to  
 the distresses of others, and "a heart  
 open as day to melting charity," had  
 attached to her an extensive and nu-  
 merous circle of friends. By all who  
 intimately knew her and had discern-  
 ed the intrinsic excellence of her  
 character, her society was fondly  
 cherished, and her death is most  
 deeply and sincerely lamented.

The price of The Port Folio is Six Dollars per annum, to be paid in advance.

Printed and Published, for the Editor, by SMITH & MAXWELL,

NO. 28, NORTH SECOND-STREET.

# THE PORT FOLIO,

(NEW SERIES)

BY OLIVER OLDSCHOOL, ESQ.



Various, that the mind of desultory man, studious of change and pleased with novelty, may be indulged—Cowp.

Vol. V. Philadelphia, Saturday, March 19, 1808. No. 12.

## ORIGINAL PAPERS.

For *The Port Folio*:

### TRAVELS.

#### LETTERS FROM GENEVA AND FRANCE.

*Written during a residence of between two and three years in different parts of those countries, and addressed to a lady in Virginia.*

—quâ me quoque possim  
Tollere humo. VIR.

*Jedirai j'étais là, telle chose m'avint,  
Vous y croyiez être vous-mêmes.*

LA FONTAINE.

(Continued from page 163.)

#### LETTER VII.

Geneva.

My dear E—,

THE suburbs of the city extend so far, and the succession of country houses, and of villages is so continued, that we were at the first post, before we thought ourselves well out of Bordeaux. We soon discovered that our carriage was not as cheap as we first had thought, and I foresaw, without any great regret, however, that we should be detained in some town, in order to have it re-

paired. Towns, villages, churches, castles and country houses, were on both sides of us, as we rode through one continued vineyard, loaded with the finest grapes; at some distance on the left, was the Garonne; beyond were hills, which appeared as well cultivated as the plain, but against which it is probable that the sea formerly rolled; no fences or hedges are anywhere to be seen, except in the neighbourhood of houses, which takes away from the prospect the appearance of distinct and independent property, that I remember being pleased with, in England. But the road was excellent, and we were soon at Castres, where the people of the house comforted us about Mr. F.: an English boy, they said, had stopt there, the day before; there was something melancholy in his countenance, but the gentleman he was with seemed to pay great attention to him.

Strange as it may seem to you, there are very few French, who have yet found out that the Americans are, in any respect, a separate people from the English. Now look at the map, which, I presume, you keep

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spread upon the table, before you, find Langon on the Garonne, and you will be at the place we passed our first evening at; the inn had been a fortified castle in former days, and like all castles, was dark and gloomy, but the table-cloth and napkins were clean, the supper good, the people all civility and attention, and the beds were excellent: it is here that the tide ceases to be perceived, and there was a crowd of boats under our window. The next morning, we crossed the Garonne, and as I walked upon the opposite side of the town, and looked back upon it, so many ideas presented themselves to my mind, that, if I were writing a book, instead of a letter, they would serve for a chapter.

The inn we had just left was evidently an ancient fortress, built upon a steep rock by the side of the river, and served, no doubt, some four or five hundred years ago, to support the pride, and protect the plunder of some mighty Baron; at a small distance lower down, was a church which had been erected by the English, while they were masters of this fine country; then came the convent of the poor Ursuline nuns, who had been driven into the wide world with contempt and ruin; and then succeeded the dismantled habitation of an emigrant nobleman. We kept the river on our right, occasionally driving through small towns, generally dignified with the ruins of a castle, and along a highly cultivated scene of vines, hemp, Indian corn, and tobacco: this last appeared of an inferior sort, and, though fit to cut, not better than the second growth at the mountains.

We passed rapidly through Aiguillon, where the Duke, during his exile, amused himself by building a spacious, but by no means handsome palace, and stopt for the night at Port St. Marie. To us, whom Smollet, and other travellers, had inspired with no advantageous ideas of French inns, the surprize was as great as it was agreeable, to find eve-

rything of the best, and in abundance; and all that could be wished for, with the single exception of clean floors, and you may judge for yourself, from our bill of fare at Port St. Marie's, where the inn had been represented as an ordinary one. There were fish, pigeons, (a very superiour bird to the American pigeon,) veal, ortolans, and sallad, and a desert, of courses: with such accommodations, therefore, with good roads, through a finely cultivated, and well inhabited country, and with cheerful and good natured postillions, guilty of no fault, but of driving rather too fast, and, to crown all, with good weather, in a delightful climate, you may suppose how agreeably we travelled.

We were the next morning early, at Agen, the capital of a district, long famous for grain and fruit, of every sort, and for the neighbouring meadows on the Garonne, and where one of the largest inns I ever beheld seemed at once to possess the largest and dirtiest kitchen: there was meat and game of every sort, and fish in abundance, and ortolans by dozens, and four or five cooks busily employed; but the flies flew from place to place like the Harpies of Virgil, or if you prefer the comparison like the black birds of K—, and would have checked the appetite of Famine itself.

I found several English officers here, who were prisoners of war, and who fastened upon me, as they would have done upon a countryman, nor did I feel less for them than if I had been: there were about two hundred sailors they told me in the town, who were allowed to undertake work for the inhabitants, and enjoyed themselves exceedingly.

*(To be continued.)*

*For The Port Folio.*

#### CRITICISM.

*On the Italian Theatre.*

We have already observed, that in Italy, how little soever the Comick and Tragick Muses may be under-

stood, the Opera, or Lyrick part of the Drama is by no means left in neglect. This last species of dramatic composition has been carried, by the Italians, to a degree of perfection to which the other nations of Europe are almost entirely strangers; for which reason, at the present day, their musick, their singers, and even the language and text of their compositions are everywhere preferred. This is however, only to be understood of the serious, or heroick opera, of which Alessandro Scarlatti, who died in 1725, is to be considered as the father. His pupils have been universally acknowledged as the greatest masters which the art has ever produced; and their compositions rival those celebrated masterpieces of antiquity, which the moderns have imitated, without being able to equal. We need only mention the names of Porpora, Leonardo, Leo, Durante, and their successors, who, though inferiour to their masters, have excelled the other composers of Europe. Among the pupils of this school, we must distinguish the names of Vinci, Pergolese, Sacchini, Piccini, and Guglielmi; and those of our contemporaries, Paisiello, Anfossi, Cimarosa, &c.

The names of these illustrious artists require no comment; they do honour to their country, and have received the applause of surrounding nations. Even the composers of other countries are so deeply impressed with a sense of the superiority of the Italians, that those whose great talents challenge our admiration, as Handel, Hasse, Gluck, and Gassmann, have formed themselves in this school; and the Italians, when called upon to maintain the reputation of their musick, do not hesitate to cite these, as belonging to the number of their own composers. But these very men enjoy in Italy, only a subordinate rank, and their elevation is proportioned to their approach to the great standards of perfection. All the attempts of foreigners, to establish the credit of their own musick, have

hitherto been fruitless, and notwithstanding the powerful patronage of the Queen of Naples, the works of Mislivecsek, those of a director of musick, from Berlin, and of several others, which have been performed upon the Italian Theatres, have uniformly been denied encouragement.

Two striking instances may suffice, to confirm what has been advanced. In 1797, the grand duke intimated a wish to see the opera of *Figaro*, by Mozart, performed upon the theatre of Florence. This opera made very little impression upon the audience, though the performers did it every justice, both in the management and execution.

At Naples, several airs from the *Clemenza di Tito*, and from the *Magick Compositions for the Flute*, by Mozart, though sung by the most admired singers, were received with very limited and cold applause. On this occasion, it was observed, by one of the best judges in Naples, that in the serious airs of *La Clemenza*, several traces of genius were evident enough to show what the authour might have performed, had he formed his taste after the Italian school, but, that the *magick compositions for the Flute* were mere theatrical ballads, destitute of any kind of merit.

It must be confessed, that Mozart himself did not consider his magick compositions as his chief performance. Influenced by the intreaties of his friends, who represented to him that his compositions were for the most part too learned, and too difficult for the generality of the publick, he composed them from a text which is a mixture of heterogeneous ideas, and which is even deficient in point of common sense. Mozart himself was not a competent judge of this German text, for he had previously composed only after the Italians, which he preferred to all others. His opera of *Don Giovanni*, *La Clemenza di Tito*, and *Così fan Tutti*, are incontestible proofs of his rare genius, and deserve, in every respect, to be performed at the opera house at Paris.



in preference to the *magick compositions for the Flute*.

It is not these last are wholly inferior to his other productions; for, on the contrary they contain some choruses truly sublime, and several airs, highly beautiful: but, these fragments are not the foundation of the success it has obtained in Germany. The little catches of Papageno and his wife, the melody of which is very delightful, and easily caught (for which reason the audience commonly has them by heart when the representation is over) have contributed the most to the gaining the favour of the publick, at the Frankfurt fairs, and in other places. But the splendid decorations have no doubt, had no small share in the production of this general enthusiasm; and the sentiments of the publick have now taken an entirely opposite turn. From being accustomed to hear these little catches at every concert, upon every Harpsichord, and even in the streets, a general dislike has ensued. Meanwhile, competent critics never had any difficulty in declaring their opinion of the comparative merits of the *magick compositions for the Flute*, and *Don Giovanni*, or *La Clemenza*. The argument of each of these two last species is likewise more suitable to the character of the serious opera; that of the first being a mere loose and heterogeneous assemblage of ideas, the bare perusal of which is tiresome.

The German composers accuse the Italians of laying too much stress upon the harmony of sounds, and of neglecting the study of the theory of musick. The Italians, in their defence, alledge, that the Germans can form only a very partial idea of their opera, from the theatres of Vienna, Prague, or Berlin, which can only employ singers of a second or even third rate; and that, to become competent judges of the grand effect of the composition of Cimarosa, Guglielmi, Paisiello and others, they must visit Naples or Venice.

The *ballet*, which, formerly was no more than an interlude, given between the acts, is now esteemed an essential part of the Italian opera; *Salti mortali* having been rejected, and the superior eloquence of gestures, and the silent expression of the passions, having been acknowledged with due admiration: a species of acting this last, which was first introduced by Noverre Vestris. The argument is commonly taken from mythology, or ancient history.

The first theatre in Italy, is that of San Carlos, at Naples. The comick theatre, or opera Bufta, which Piccini formerly raised to a great degree of credit, has much declined. The same degree of respect is not paid to this class of actors as to those of the Opera Seria: and its composers, who are, for the most part, young beginners, after having gained some reputation in this line, enter into the service of the *Opera Seria*. The argument of these little operas is commonly very unimportant; while the dignity and credit of the *Opera Seria* is supported by the pieces of Metastasio.

The theatre of San Venice, at Venice though not so spacious as that of San Carlos, at Naples, is indisputably one of the most elegant and convenient theatres in Europe. This edifice was constructed in 1791, at the expense of the nobility, by Antonio di Selva, a young architect, and exhibits one of the most masterly specimens of modern architecture.

During the carnial, comick operas are performed upon the four theatres of San Benedetto, San Angelo, Sain, Moise, and San Somnele; each bearing the appellation of a church in its vicinity.

The other cities of Italy, with respect to their opera, are in every wise inferior to Naples and Venice. The Romans are extremely nice and delicate in the measure and time of their musick; and there are instances in which operas, applauded at Naples, have been rejected at Rome. In the Roman opera, *Castrati*, supply the place of women. The theatre is open

during only a few months in the year.

The theatre *Della Pergola*, at Florence, has suffered by the unsettled condition of Europe. The Theatre at Turin holds a subordinate rank among the Italian theatres. In 1791, there was a pretty good *opéra Seria* at Genoa. At Milan, and Bologna, very indifferent operas have, for some years past, been occasionally performed.

### BIOGRAPHY.

Dr. King, son of Ezekiel King, of London, was an example how much splendid talents may be misapplied. With advantages from nature and station, sufficient to have raised him to an enviable height, he ingloriously gave himself up to the writing of madrigals, retirement, and spleen. Education at Westminster School, and Christ Church Oxford; and studying at Doctor's Commons; he afterwards went with the Earl of Pembroke, Lord Lieutenant to Ireland, where he became judge advocate, sole commissioner of the prizes, and keeper of the records of that kingdom. Instead of improving these advantages, he lost them in celebrating in verse, the wonderful benefits of "Mully his Cow." Disgusted with his conduct, Pembroke withdrew his patronage. The poetical judge, Upton, and King, cared little for the viceroy, and less for the law; and they piped till it was necessary for King to cross the Irish Channel; and he returned less wealthy than he went, and depended only for his support, upon his fellowship at Oxford. Of what avail was his eight years' labours in the university, and perusing the twenty-two thousand books and manuscripts, with his selections from them? to write, "The Art of Cookery, in verse;" a play or two; "On the Tooth-picks of the Ancients;" "The Art of Love;" "An historical account of the Heathen Gods and Goddesses, for Schools;" "The Transactioner," to ridicule Sir Hans Sloane: a man whose science was an honour to his country.— King was one of the tory syco-

phants supported by Bolingbroke, who was himself soon after deprived of that power and influence which afforded the means of patronage. Instead of being a patron to his family and his friends, he was obliged to humble himself to the patronage of Swift, who procured him the office of gazetteer, with a salary of 250*l* upon condition that he should be "diligent and sober," for which the Dean passed his word. What a folly was this, that he, who had abilities to have graced the bench of justice, should be obliged to submit to the humiliation of Alderman Barber, the printer's imperious beck, who commanded his attendance with an impudence unparalleled; making him sit till three o'clock in the morning, to correct the press, on those days the Gazette came out, though a corrector was paid for doing it: and his brutality was even heightened by the obligations Barber owed to the very man he so basely abused. To what meanness does genius without discretion submit! No wonder that exhausted patience fled from such tyranny. He left "the haunts of men" for the inglorious tranquillity of a boon companion, a bottle and a book. Nature drooped. He then would see no one, not even his last patron, Lord Clarendon, whom he used often to visit. His lordship's sister brought him, with a friendly violence, to an apartment prepared for him opposite Somerset House, where he died, as he had lived, very religiously, on the next day at noon, December 25, 1712; and was buried in the cloisters of Westminster Abbey, at the expense of his lordship. If Dr. King misapplied, he cannot be charged with perverting his talents, by writing obscenely or profanely. As he could not write till he was "reasonably flushed," it gave rise to these lines by Christopher Pitt:

"'Twas from the bottle King derived his wit:  
"Drunk till he could not talk, and then he writ."

\* It seems a confirmation of the truth of this remarkable trait in his character, that

Richard Gwinnett, Esqr. son of Mr. George Gwinnett, of Great Shurdington, in Gloucestershire, was educated at Christ Church, Oxford, under the tuition of Dr. Gastrell; whence he removed to the Middle Temple, but the air of London disagreed with his delicate state of health, and he retired into the country, having abandoned his profession. Mr. Gwinnett was an admirer of Mrs. Elizabeth Thomas; but their union was suspended through prudential motives. After sixteen years had elapsed, he urged his immediate marriage with that lady, who was then with her mother in London; but Dr. Garth had pronounced he could not survive six months. She therefore told him, to prevent his importunity, she would be his in that time; to which he replied with a deep sigh, "Ah! madam, six months now are as much as sixteen years have been; you put it off *now*, and God will do it *for ever*." Poor Gwinnett retired to his seat in the country, made his will, and died April 16, 1717. He left Mrs. Thomas 600*l.* and sorrow was her "food ever after." Had she married him, she had been, as she said, secured from the "insults of poverty." Heaven knows insults are inseparable from poverty, even when virtue, wit, and beauty ought to put them to flight. He was the authour of a little piece entitled, "An Essay on the Mischief of giving Fortunes with Women in Marriage," 1727, 12mo. and various poems, which are interspersed in the memoirs of the lives, amours, and writings, of Mrs. Thomas and himself, under the assumed names of Pylades and Corinna. Mr. Gwinnett was a man of "piety, learning, and temperance."

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Pope, in his very entertaining letter to Lord Bolingbroke, which describes his journey with Lintot, puts this singular observation on the Doctor, into the mouth of the bookseller: "I remember, Dr. King could write verses in a tavern three hours after he could not speak."

*For The Port Folio.*

*A Statistical Account of the Schryllkill Permanent Bridge.*

(Continued from page 171.)

*Conflicting interests*, and the disinclination of the legislature, to afford sufficient means out of the publick funds, occasioned the abandonment of the measure at that time. The competitions ended in a lesson, which zealous schemers never read, to wit—Opposing advocates, for local and clashing advantages, not unfrequently gain nothing; and are sure to defeat the object of all.

Another project of a bridge over one of these places was proposed, at the time when the canal from Norristown was first contemplated. The canal was thought, by many persons of intelligence, to be more easily and economically practicable, on the west side of the river. It was proposed to erect, at one or the other of the places last mentioned, an *aqueduct bridge*, over which, the canal should cross the river; with a tow-path or passage-way, on each side of the channel for the water, for travelling and land transportation. This is yet believed to have been not only practicable, but also, that it could have been nearly completed, with the sum expended on that unfortunate, though highly desirable enterprise. This is not mentioned with any view of censure; because the obstacles occurring on the east side, very many where, of would have been avoided on the west, compelled expenditures, not calculated upon or foreseen; and preconceived opinions are often found fallacious, when brought to the test of practice.

A little out of its order, is mentioned the last unexecuted plan, for erecting a wooden bridge, over the middle ferry, in the year 1767. A subscription for the purpose was circulated, and many respectable citizens agreed to contribute. But this, from various causes, fell through; and all efforts to accomplish the object were suspended for many years. This bridge was contemplated to be of one arch, with stone abutments; a plan still believed by some of its former advocates, to be practicable and most economical. The intended span was to have been 400 feet: height from the water 47 1-2.

In theory, it seems reconcilable with principles, that an arch of wood or iron, may be extended to any length of span, with sufficient elevation. The point of either practicability or discretion, has never been precisely fixed. In a modern proposal for a single arch of iron, over the Thames, in place of old London bridge, a project is exhibited for an arch of 600 feet span. All agree in the theory, but practical men shrink at the danger; though

there are respectable opinions of intelligent theorists, in favour of its principles. According to the best opinions of practical men here, (among them Mr. Weston and Mr. Palmer) one of 200 feet begins to be critical and hazardous. The timber arch of Piscataway bridge, erected by Mr. Palmer, spans 244 feet; but he declared he would not again attempt one of similar extent. The most intelligent among those who have gained experience in the late structure, believe, that the plan intended for the Schuylkill, in the last project, the draft whereof has been often seen by them, was too extended for *this spot*; and that it would most probably have failed. The weight of transportation here is uncommon and constant, and the friction of course incessant. Strength, symmetry, and firmness, are required here; of which one very extended arch is incapable. Although wood or iron may be so framed, as to have the least possible *drift* or *lateral thrust*, on the abutments or piers, yet there is a point beyond which it is dangerous to pass. Of stone or brick it would be adventurous, beyond all common discretion, to risk an arch of such a span. Nor is the undulatory motion of an extensive arch, (however composed) an unimportant objection.

A bridge of so extended a span must have been (to be safe) so much more elevated, that the filling would have pressed the walls too dangerously. Some relief might have been given by culverts, or reversed arches, to save filling; but these are not without their disadvantages. The pressure on the walls of the present western abutment and wings, is quite as much as masonry on piles will bear; and no other foundation could have been had, but at an unwarrantable expense, the rock at the site of the abutment, being covered with mud and gravel 38 to 40 feet deep. It was deemed and found prudent, to sink the whole frame of the present structure, three feet into the piers, and imposts of the abutments, as well to avoid over-weight of filling, as to depress the platform, or travelling floor, to a point easy of access. An approach of the abutments, for an arch of 400 feet span, would have created a necessity (not known when such a plan was proposed) for coffer dams, and all their dangerous expense. The present bridge enlarges the passage for the water at least a fifth. One for an arch of 300 to 350 feet, would have diminished it in a greater proportion; because the abutments must have approached each other, so as to occupy the passage now open, through the land or side arches.

No persons engaged in such difficult works, should risk any project to save expense of foundations, for piers or abutments. But on the other hand, coffer

dams should be avoided, if any other means can, with common prudence, be adopted. Their expense is enormous, and their success not always to be ensured. The great proportion of the expenditures in the Schuylkill bridge, has been incurred by the inevitable necessity for coffer dams.—The labour applied, and the difficulties encountered and overcome, will appear to the best informed engineers, uncommon and singularly arduous, as will appear by the short account of them subjoined to the present statement. Every effort was made to avoid the necessity of these dams, but on duly weighing all the projects suggested, none could be adopted with any prospect of safety. The irregularity of the bottom, and depth of water, at once were found to forbid the use of batterdeaus. Floats were thought of, composed of a platform of logs, on which masonry should be formed.—These were to be built on, with logs at the sides, and others crossing the whole, bolted like wharves; filled in with masonry, and raised on as they sunk, till having lodged on the bottom, they should compose the foundation for masonry, from low water mark. But no horizontal, or solid position could be obtained for them. All the objections to batterdeaus lay against them. A flood too, might have carried them off in an unfinished state. This was proved, when a few of the belts of the coffer dam (light and buoyant, compared to these floats, and more easily secured) were swept away by a summer fresh; though they had been supported by some piles, and moored with anchors and cables, capable of holding a stout frigate. The levelling the bottom, or making one artificially (as was done by Sémple at the Essex bridge in Dublin) was found impracticable, on account of the thick cover (13 feet) of mud in some parts, and the total bareness and unevenness of the rock in others. It became a choice of difficulties; and the coffer dam, or no bridge, was the alternative. Projects easily and cheaply to be accomplished in shallow streams, with level bottoms, or those capable of being artificially made so, were all found impracticable, and to the last degree imprudent here. The modes pursued in New England, either of piles, wharves, log frames, or stones loosely thrown into the stream, were considered and condemned. The destruction of many of the bridges of that country was predicted; but with a hope that this apprehension might prove unfounded, as the enterprizes of the people there were admired and applauded. Sounds, or arms of the sea, sheltered from violent storms, broad rivers, capable of holding pikes, and affording extensive flats, for overflows and waste of floods, will admit of slighter foundations, though always exposed to danger, under

uncommon circumstances. Many of the sites of eastern bridges are of this description.

The pressing necessity for some permanent structure, called the attention of many citizens to the subject. But none, for a long course of time, attempted any decided measure, till the one whose endeavours were finally crowned with success, in the accomplishment of the present erection, moved in this important *desideratum*. It was contemplated, originally, to erect the bridge at a small distance above the upper, or Roach's ferry. One object in fixing on this site, was its supposed advantages in point of practicability. But no inconsiderable motive, was that of leaving the whole western front of the city unobstructed by so great an impediment to the navigation of the Schuylkill, which has already shown itself to be of an estimable consequence.—The improvement of this western front, depending so much on the navigation of the river, is already in great progress. It will add to the evidence of foresight and sound calculation, possessed by its great founder William Penn, when he decided on the plan of our justly celebrated city. At length however it was seen that a project of a bridge, to be effectuated by private advances, could only be accomplished in a spot, in which a majority of interests and opinion were united. Endeavours, which, through many difficulties succeeded, were therefore commenced, for obtaining from the city corporation, the site of the present bridge; and forty thousand dollars (one half in bridge stock) were paid, as the consideration. The general assembly had, by a law, granted to the bridge company, the right of the commonwealth to a valuable lot adjoining this site, on the eastern, and a purchase had been made of property on the western side of the river, which is now highly accommodatory. It is unpleasant to mix the alloy of regret, with the purity of approbation which must attach both to the site, and the structure there established; yet it is to be lamented that one half of the western front of the city, is deprived of navigation on a great scale. Here long this river will pour into the lap of Commerce, abundant supplies for foreign markets; and the land transportation passing over it, is very considerable. Twelve feet water can be carried over the bar at the river's mouth; and it is well known, that a channel may be made, to escape the bar, for large vessels, at no formidable expense.—Four fathoms, on an average, may be carried, after passing the bar, up to and along the whole city front. It is to be most seriously hoped, that no obstacles to this important navigation, will in future be added. One error probably unavoidable, which

cannot be rectified, committed in the zeal for a new and essential improvement and accommodation is enough. Passages for vessels, through draws, should be insisted on, if at any time other bridges should be required, where they interfere with the navigation. Posterity should never be disinherited, to serve present and partial objects.

The impediment to the navigation of the Thames, by old London bridge, has long been highly injurious. Insomuch that it is said, in an estimate presented to the British Parliament a few years ago, (1801) that the difference in the price of *coals above*, from that *below* bridge would in a short time pay for taking down the old, and building a new bridge, to admit large vessels, either *under* or *through* the bridge, by means of a draw. And there is a great plan in progress for that purpose.

It is mentioned with no view to personal adulation, but as a successful instance, for the encouragement of persistence in commendable pursuits, too often thwarted by opposite interests or opinions, that the "Act for incorporating a Company for erecting a Permanent Bridge over the River Schuylkill, at or near the City of Philadelphia" was obtained, after persevering efforts, during several years by the exertions of Richard Peters, who was elected President of the Company, formed in virtue of that Act. He originated the project of the present structure, and assiduously assisted in its execution, from its commencement to its completion. In a pursuit, generally deemed hopeless, though so obviously of public utility, he was left solely, to encounter, in its early stages, strong prejudices and incredulity as to its practicability, and many local interests and objections, both as to the place and principles of its establishment. Much opposition from several respectable quarters, was to be overcome, before this law could be obtained. This was the more difficult to combat, because it was grounded on laudable principles; though it was foreseen, as the event proved, that their objects were unattainable; and therefore that no bridge would be erected, but one according to the project effectuated by the present company. Twenty-one townships, on the western side of the river, represented by respectable citizens, combined to prevent the scheme for a toll bridge; under the idea that they could obtain one free of toll, and built by subscription, aided by public support. But as this mode of raising funds, could not be accomplished, the attempt, (the success whereof was very much to be wished) was abandoned. The Corporation of the city, were very commendably anxious to erect a bridge on their property, under the direction of the City Councils. This would have been an appropriate and desira-

the object. But funds could not be procured; and their opposition was withdrawn.—The expensive and most extensively useful Water works, had involved the city corporation in pecuniary difficulties; and operated, in no small degree, to induce a sale, of their ferry franchise, to the company incorporated for erecting the bridge.

The act before mentioned was passed the 16th of March 1798. Its principal features are similar to all such incorporating acts.—A stock of \$150,000 divided into 15,000 shares, at \$10 each, is established. To this have been added 7,500 new shares, to increase the funds: the expenditures being necessarily far greater, than could have been foreseen. A great proportion of the new shares, yet remain in the hands of the company undispensed of.

The usual arrangements for procuring subscriptions prefatory to incorporation are inserted. Three thousand of the original shares, are reserved, for the purchase of a site, and to establish a fund for freeing the bridge. Sundry clauses relate to the incorporation, organization of the Company and its officers, and mode of management of the funds. Power is given to the Stockholders to fix on the site; and, if necessary, to add shares, to increase the funds. There is also a description of the kind of bridge to be built. The property of the bridge (and of such other property as they shall acquire for its purposes or convenience,) is vested in the company for twenty five years after the same shall be completed; and the tolls to be taken are ascertained with great encouragement to the transportation of country produce and manure, and to the use of oxen for draft. Penalties are laid on taking illegal tolls, as well as on those who injure the bridge property, or works, or impede the passage. The bridge is not to be erected "in such manner, as to injure, stop, or interrupt the navigation of the said river, by boats, craft or vessels without masts;" and when the tolls shall exceed fifteen percent, nett annual profit; the excess shall compose a fund, for the redemption of the bridge, so as to render it free, save that there shall always be a small toll, or other revenue; for keeping it in repair; this excess shall be laid out in bridge stock, or other productive funds, and the dividends, or annual product, shall be also added to this fund; and all private donations for freeing the bridge shall also be received and invested in like manner; but if by the operation of the fund herein proposed, there shall be a sufficient sum to free the bridge, at a period less than the said twenty-five years, then it shall be redeemed and become free, on the Stockholders' being paid the appraised value thereof, and of the profits thereof for the residue of the said term of twenty five years which may be unexpired;

and if the said fund shall not be adequate to the purpose last mentioned, the legislature may, at the expiration of the said twenty-five years, declare it a free bridge, providing at the same time the means of keeping it in repair and the Company shall be obliged to take such sum of money therefor, as shall be allowed on a fair appraisalment by indifferent persons; the like appraisalment shall take place, when the sinking fund is adequate to the redemption of the bridge and the establishment of a revenue, if a toll be not thought more eligible, for keeping the bridge in repair; but if the said bridge shall not be redeemed, and paid for as a free bridge, before or at the expiration of the said term of twenty-five years, the said corporation may and shall continue to hold the same, on the terms of this act beyond the said term, and until the same shall be redeemed and paid for in manner herein directed."

As a general observation and interpretation of this clause, we insert an extract from a report of the building committee, 31st January 1803. "Our stock will bear a comparison with any other, either in point of security or duration. It is secured to us for 25 years after the bridge is finished. A period long enough to gain a valuable profit. If it is made free, compensation must be previously made, by appraisalment, for both the bridge and its revenues. A circumstance, however desirable, not likely to happen. The company are to hold the bridge, after the twenty-five years, until they are amply reimbursed. The duration of their tenure is therefore sufficient, and no loss of capital can occur. The bridge will be elevated above all floods; and the piers and abutments of such strength and solidity, as to place it out of all danger." And this latter promise of that committee has, it is confidently believed, been faithfully complied with.

In pursuance of this law, the then governor, (Mifflin) on the 27th day of April 1798, incorporated the company; the number of subscriptions, previously required, having been filled.

The company was immediately organized; and the following named persons chosen according to law.

*President*, Richard Peters.

*Directors*, John Perot, William Sheaff, Joseph Anthony, John Dunlap, John Dorsey, John Miller, M. C. McConnell, Robert Ralston, David Evans, junr. William Bingham, Samuel Blodget, Nathan Sellers.

*Treasurer*, Richard Hill Morris.

The first building committee were Richard Peters, George Fox, William Sheaf, John Dunlap, and John Kean.

The general wish of the stockholders, at the commencement of the project, was strongly in favour of a stone bridge. A draft of a stone structure, elegant, plain, practicable and adapted to the site, with very minute and important instructions for its execution, was furnished to the president gratuitously, by William Weston, Esq. of Gainsborough in England: a very able and scientific hydraulic engineer, who was then here, and from friendly and disinterested motives, most liberally contributed his professional knowledge and information, to promote the success of the company. The foundations of the present piers, and abutments were laid nearly according to his plan, though circumstances compelled a considerable departure from it, as the work advanced. His communications were attended to with great advantage, wheresoever they could be applied. Having viewed the inefficiency of the eastern coffer dam—in the same spirit of liberality, he furnished the President, a draft for the western coffer dam, before his departure for England. This plan was original, and calculated for the spot on which it was to be placed. It was faithfully and exactly executed under the care of Samuel Robinson, who was then superintendent of the company's work in wood. Mr. Weston foresaw great risks and difficulties, arising from the peculiar character of the river, and the nature of its bottom, in so great a depth of water. He declared, that he should hesitate to risque his professional character on the event, though he was convinced that the whole success of the enterprise depended upon, and required, the attempt. Some ideas of its magnitude may be formed, when it is known that 800,000 feet (board measure) of timber, were employed in its execution, and the accommodations attached to it. Sufficient in quantity for a ship of the line.

But it was soon discovered that the expense of erecting a stone bridge, would far exceed any sum, the revenue likely to be introduced would justify. For this reason alone, no farther progress was made in the stone bridge plan. And though some other drafts, among them a very elegant one by Mr. Latrobe, were presented, the board of directors were under the necessity of returning them, as being objects, however desirable, too expensive to be executed with private funds. It was therefore concluded to procure plans of a bridge to be composed of stone piers and abutments, and a superstructure of either wood or iron.—Mr. Weston at the request of the president and directors, sent from England (after viewing most of the celebrated bridges there, and adding great improvements of

his own,) a draft of an iron superstructure, in a very superior style; yet with his usual attention to utility, strength, and economy, accompanied by models and instructions. Although highly approved, it was not deemed prudent to attempt its execution. All our workmen here, are unacquainted with such operations; and it was thought too hazardous to risque the first experiment.

The casting can be done cheaper here, than in England, and with metal of a better quality, though the amount of the erection would in the whole, far exceed one of wood. Mr. Weston's draft is preserved, and may yet be executed in some part of the United States; and it would do honour to those who could accomplish it. Finally, the plan so successfully perfected was agreed to; having been furnished by Mr. Timothy Palmer of Newburyport in Mass. a self-taught architect, who was employed to execute the work of the frame. He brought with him Mr. Carr, as his second, and four other workmen from New-England. They at once evinced superior intelligence and adroitness, in the business, which was found to be a peculiar art, acquired by habits not promptly gained, by even good workmen in other branches of framing in wood.—Both the materials and workmanship of this frame, are allowed to be remarkably faultless and excellent. It is also an evidence of prudence, in the President and Directors, in selecting a plan already practised upon, and workmen accustomed to its execution.

Previous to the decision upon the superstructure, the *piers*, without a certainty of the stability whereof, no superstructure could be attempted, were begun; with the intent, that when their completion was ensured, the stockholders might be justified, with confidence to proceed in the work.—There being no general engineer, the President and directors were under the necessity of paying more attention, than is usually required in such cases. The President, with the assistance of a building committee, undertook the charge of the execution of this arduous work, requiring much attention as well in the outline as in its minute details.

The president suggested, with the approbation of the committee, important parts of the plans of the masonry, and modes of securing the dams; and several improvements in the plan of the frame, which were adopted by Mr. Palmer; and occasioned a material difference from those in New England, and elsewhere, erected on similar principles.

The president's proposition and general design of the cover, were approved, and reported by the committee. The opinions of a very great proportion of the Stockhold-

ers were at first opposed to this measure ; though when perfectly understood, it was unanimously agreed to. Its novelty excited doubts and apprehensions, which time, and many violent assaults from storms, have proved to have been groundless. It will long remain an example for future similar undertakings ; and is the only covered wooden bridge in the world, a much inferior one over the Limmat, in the north of Europe, excepted.

Mr. Adam Traquair has merit in the draft of the cover, which he assisted to delineate. It was executed with singular fidelity and credit, by Mr. Owen Biddle, an ingenious carpenter and architect of Philadelphia ; who made additions to the design. He published an architectural work, entitled "The Young Carpenter's Assistant ;" useful as an elementary guide, and which should be encouraged as an American production. In it will be seen a plate of this bridge, and a concise account of it ; some parts whereof are herein repeated.

The whole of the masonry was performed by Mr. Thomas Vickers, who possesses not only integrity and practical skill, but is firm, constant, and prudently bold, in hazardous undertakings. His exertions were conspicuous on every emergency and casualty attending the dams, and other dangerous and difficult parts of the work.

Those who with the President, composed the building committee particularly, as well as the other members of the board, and the treasurer, meritoriously afforded every requisite assistance ; as well when their aid was necessary in the executive business, as in a laudable attention to its pecuniary affairs. It always happens in such associations, that some pay more attention, and thereby gain and apply more useful intelligence than others.

It would be unpardonable, not to mention the stockholders, with high approbation.— Their advances have been great, and their patience under privations of profit, truly commendable. The amount of expenditures is nearly \$ 300,000, though the dividends will be made on a much less sum, (about \$ 218,000) owing to the application of the floating bridge tolls, to the expense of the building. The company have evidenced a praiseworthy mixture of publick spirit, with a justifiable desire of pecuniary advantages ; in which it is to be ardently wished, they will not be disappointed. Although these advantages may be delayed, they are ultimately secured. Not the least gratifying, must be the satisfaction arising from the accomplishment of a publick improvement eminently beneficial, as well in its use as its example, not only to those, who now enjoy its accommodation, but to posterity.

(To be continued.)

### *From Ramsay's Life of Washington.*

The person of George Washington was uncommonly tall. Mountain air, abundant exercise in the open country, the wholesome toils of the chase, and the delightful scenes of rural life, expanded his limbs to an unusual, but graceful and well proportioned size. His exterior suggested to every beholder the idea of strength united with manly gracefulness. His form was noble, and his port majestic.— No man could approach him but with respect. His frame was robust, his constitution vigorous, and he was capable of enduring great fatigue. His passions were naturally strong, with them was his first contest, and over them his first victory. Before he undertook to command others, he had thoroughly learned to command himself. The powers of his mind were more solid than brilliant. Judgment was his forte. To vivacity, wit, and the sallies of a lively imagination, he made no pretensions. His faculties resembled those of Aristotle, Bacon, Locke, and Newton ; but were very unlike those of Voltaire. Possessed of a large porportion of commonsense directed by a sound practical judgment, he was better fitted for the exalted stations to which he was called, than many others, who, to a greater brilliancy of parts, frequently add the eccentricities of genius.

Truth and utility were his objects. He steadily pursued and generally attained them. With this view he thought much and closely examined every subject, on which he was to decide, in all its relations. Neither passion, party spirit, pride, prejudice, ambition, nor interest, influenced his deliberations. In making up his mind on great occasions, many of which occurred, in which the fate of the army or nation seemed involved, he sought for information from all quarters, revolved the subject by night and by day, and examined it in every point of view. Guided by these lights, and influenced by an honest and good heart, he was imperceptibly led to decisions, which were wise and judicious.



ous. Perhaps no man ever lived, who was so often called upon to form a judgment in cases of real difficulty, and who so often formed a right one. Engaged in the busy scenes of life, he knew human nature; and the most proper methods of accomplishing proposed objects. Of a thousand propositions, he knew to distinguish the best, and to select among a thousand the individual most fitted for his purpose.

As a military man he possessed personal courage, and a firmness, which neither dangers nor difficulties could shake. His perseverance overcame every obstacle, his moderation conciliated all opposition; his genius supplied every resource. He knew how to conquer by delay, and deserved true praise by despising unmerited censure. Inferiour to his adversary in numbers, the equipment and discipline of his troops, no great advantage was ever obtained over him, and no opportunity to strike an important blow was ever neglected. In the most ardent moments of the contest, his prudent firmness proved the salvation of his country.

The whole range of history does not present a character, on which we can dwell with such entire, unmixed admiration. His qualities were so happily blended, and so nicely harmonized that the result was a great and perfect whole.

The integrity of Washington was incorruptible. His principles were free from the contamination of selfish and unworthy passions. His real and avowed motives were the same. His ends were always upright, and his means pure. He was a statesman without guile, and his professions, both to his fellow-citizens and to foreign nations, were always sincere. No circumstances ever induced him to use duplicity. He was an example of the distinction, which exists between wisdom and cunning; and his manly, open conduct, was an illustration of the soundness of the maxim, that honesty is the best policy.

The learning of Washington was of a particular kind. He overstepped the tedious forms of the schools; and by the force of a correct taste and sound judgment, seized on the great ends of learning, without the assistance of those means which have been contrived to prepare less active minds for publick business. By a careful study of the English language; by reading good models of fine writing, and, above all, by the aid of a vigorous mind, he made himself master of a pure, elegant, and classical style. His composition was all nerve; full of correct and manly ideas, which were expressed in precise and forcible language. His answers to the innumerable addresses which on all publick occasions poured in upon him, were promptly made, handsomely expressed, and always contained something appropriate. His letters to Congress; his addresses to that body on the acceptance and resignation of his commission; his general orders as commander in chief; his speeches and messages as President, and above all, his two farewell addresses to the people of the United States, will remain lasting monuments of the goodness of his heart, of the wisdom of his head, and of the eloquence of his pen.

The powers of his mind were in some respects peculiar. He was a great, practical, self-taught genius; with a head to devise, and a hand to execute projects of the first magnitude and the greatest utility.

There are few men of any kind, and still fewer of those the world call great, who have not some of their virtues eclipsed by corresponding vices. But this was not the case with General Washington. He had religion without austerity, dignity without pride, modesty without diffidence, courage without rashness, politeness without affectation, affability without familiarity. His private character as well as his publick one, will bear the strictest scrutiny. He was punctual in all his engagements; upright and honest in his dealings; temperate in

his enjoyments; liberal and hospitable to an eminent degree: a lover of order; systematical and methodical in all his arrangements. He was the friend of morality and religion; steadily attended on publick worship; encouraged and strengthened the hands of the clergy. In all his publick acts he made the most respectful mention of Providence, and in a word, carried the spirit of piety with him both in his private life and publick administration.

Washington had to form soldiers of freemen, many of whom had extravagant ideas of their personal rights. He had often to mediate between a starving army, and a high-spirited yeomanry. So great were the necessities of the soldiers under his command, that he was obliged to send out detachments to seize on the property of the farmers at the point of the bayonet. The language of the soldier was, give me clothing, give me food, or I cannot fight, I cannot live.—The language of the farmer was, protect my property.—In this choice of difficulties, General Washington not only kept his army together, but conducted with so much prudence as to command the approbation both of the army and of the citizens. He was also dependent for much of his support on the concurrence of thirteen, distinct, unconnected legislatures. Animositities prevailed between the southern and northern troops, and there were strong jealousies between the states, from which they respectively came. To harmonize these clashing interests, to make uniform arrangements from such discordant sources and materials, required no common share of address. Yet so great was the effect of the modest, unassuming manners of General Washington, that he retained the affection of all the troops, and of all the states.

He also possessed equanimity in an eminent degree. One even tenour marked the greatness of his mind in all the variety of scenes through which he passed. In the most trying

situations he never dispaired, nor was he ever depressed. He was the same, when retreating through Jersey from before a victorious enemy, with the remains of his broken army, as when marching in triumph into Yorktown, over its demolished fortifications.—The honours and applause he received from his grateful countrymen, would have made almost any other man giddy; but on him they had no mischievous effect. He exacted none of those attentions; but when forced upon him, he received them as favours, with the politeness of a wellbred man. He was great in deserving them, but much greater in not being elated with them.

*For The Port Folio.*

#### LITERARY INTELLIGENCE.

A new edition of Pinkerton's *Modern Geography*, in 3 vol. 4to. has been recently published in London. The extension of this valuable work, to three very large volumes, has enabled the authour to give to its several parts a juster proportion and greater harmony than in the former edition: and in consequence of the foreign editions having excited the attention of statesmen as well as men of letters, he has received so much valuable assistance, that scarcely a country can be named, on which new information has not been given; derived from some distinguished native or scientifick traveller. During the authour's late residence at Paris, he procured many scarce works, the want of which he had before regretted, and the most recent Spanish materials concerning their colonies in North and South America. Hence the account of New Spain, of the three Vice Royalities in South America, of Chili, and the Government of Caraccas, will be found to contain much new, authentick, and important information. The description of the United States has also been greatly improved and enlarged from the most authentick materials; and that of the

West Indies extended as their importance required. Five new maps are added of the various subdivisions of South America. Mr. Aikin has carefully revised the Botanical part throughout. Dr. Shaw has added Zoological remarks at the end of each volume, and every exertion has been used to render the work as complete as possible.

*CAMPBELL'S LECTURES ON ECCLESIASTICAL HISTORY.*

We recently announced this excellent performance from one of the most learned clergymen of the Scottish schools; it is now ready for sale by Hopkins and Earle. This cheap edition of an expensive work, in its foreign dress, is enriched with the authour's acute Essay on Miracles, containing an examination of principles advanced by David Hume, Esqr. This dispassionate and logical tract has always been considered a masterpiece of controversy. The authour's zeal never makes him forget his urbanity, and his argument is always logical and clear. It is generally considered as irrefragable. This writer was so distinguished in Aberdeen for his wisdom, piety, and goodness, that he quickly attained general respect and high academical honour. His discourses on Church History were originally addressed to the students of Marischal College. They formed a complete course of Theological Lectures, and occupied their venerable authour for many years prior to his death. It was a favourite employment, and the labour of revision and correction was never spared. At the demise of the Doctor, men were importunate in their inquiries for this book, and its publication has added to the reputation of Principal Campbell.

*REECE'S MEDICAL GUIDE.*

Messrs. Hopkins & Earle have just published a medical manual for the use of families and young practi-

tioners, or students in medicine and surgery; being a complete Practical System of Modern Domestic Medicine, exhibiting in familiar terms the latest and most important discoveries relative to the prevention, distinction, causes, and cure of diseases by medicine and diet, particularly consumption of the lungs, asthma, indigestion, flatulence, gout, serophula, palsy, rheumatism, cancer, worms, nervous and bilious complaints, the diseases of children, &c. To which are added a family dispensatory, and a copious appendix, containing explicit instructions for the ordinary management of children, and such cases or accidents which require immediate aid, by Richard Reece, M. D. Fellow of the Royal College of Surgeons in London, authour of a treatise on the Lichen Islandicus, in diseases of the lungs, &c. The *first* American from the *fourth* London edition.

It is of importance, say the Critical Reviewers, that every man should be enabled to know something of the laws of life, the nature of diseases, and the most rational modes of cure. For this purpose Dr. Reece's book is better adapted than any with which we are acquainted; it is more scientific and judicious than the Domestic Medicine of Buchan, which, we have no doubt, it will soon entirely supersede. Considered in this light, Dr. Reece's Medical Guide is a valuable performance.

**ECCENTRICK ADVERTISEMENTS.**

There is a paper printed (occasionally) in Salem, called "The Fool," from which the following is taken:

Dr. Botherum Smokum, having quitted his former profession of chimney-sweeping, now carries on the business of inventing and preparing his much-approved mineral, vegetable, and animal go-to-bed-ical, get-up-ical, go-to-sea-ical, and stay-at-home-ical Medicines.

His patent cut-and-thrust phlebotomizing emetick, cathartick, and diuretick double distilled and double barrelled fire and brimstone cordials.—

An amiable, interesting, pleasing and agreeably innocent, unmedicinal sudorifick, nephritick, anthelmintick, narcotick, tonick, stimulant, alterant, astringent, stomachick, bellyachick, diaphoretick, aperient, emollient, carminative, sedative, rubefacient, antispasmodick, pectoral, crural, and femoral emmenagogue. It is a sovereign, specifick, and instantaneous remedy for *distempers*; acute, chronick, nervous, general, local, real and imaginary, and epidemick disorders; for gunshot wounds, simple and compound fractures, casualties of all kinds and sudden death. It operates equally on the body, mind, estate real and personal, and place of residence of the patient. It is an efficacious and safe cosmetick, removing the pernicious periosteum from the cuticle, and rendering it clear and smooth to a fault. It clears the bile and gastrick juice from the brain, and induces a calm train of ideas. It removes obstructions in the capillary tubes, viz. the thoracick duct, œsophagus, cæcum, &c. &c. It extirpates the spinal marrow, which is the cause of such frequent and fatal complaints. It dissipates adipose tumours and premature births, and is an effectual preventive against old age. It assists Nature in her attempts at amputation in disorders of the head and pluck. From its styptick qualities it is eminently useful in promoting excessive hemorrhages, by which surgical operations of all kinds become quite unnecessary. By rinsing the mouth daily with this cordial, the epiglottis becomes firmly fixed in its socket, and carious teeth adhere closely to the metatarsus, by which means deglutition and chylification progress regularly. The muscles which become flaccid by use are restored to an ossified state, as well as the arterial system. Applied to the eyes it removes the three humours and eradicates the optick nerve; and in disorders of the ears it is useful in perforating the tympanum. In extreme watchfulness and nervous irritability, it induces a permanent and uninter-

rupted sleep. In sudden attacks from the enemy's cavalry, it brings on an instantaneous coma which may save the patient's life.—From its drying qualities it is useful in cases of drowning; and hanging yields to its elevating stimulus.

*Price ten dollars per bottelum.*

To prevent counterfeits, every bottle is wrapped in a twenty dollar bill of Detroit bank. By this means a great saving is made by those who purchase by the dozen.

## ORIGINAL POETRY.

*For the Port Folio.*

MR. OLDSCHOOL,

After a long struggle between diffidence and vanity, in which the latter was victorious as is usual in all the contents of these heterogeneous powers, I determined, in despite of a full and complete sense of your reputation for taste and discrimination in matters of *belle esprit*, to send you the following.

I own that it was originally intended as an imitation of one of the odes of Anacreon: but not having the works of that poet before me, when I wrote; and only a vague idea of that particular ode, from having once or twice cursorily run over it, floating in my brain, the resemblance in many instances, is necessarily incomplete: If you accept it in its present form, vanity will gain such a triumph, that I doubt whether Diffidence will ever again dare to show its bashful brow in the concern of your obliged servant, (*in futuro*), who now subscribes himself, doubtingly, yours,

SCRIBLERUS.

*Portland, Jan. 18, 1808.*

TO ELIZA.

Come with thy pencil, painter, come  
And pallet on thy graphick thumb,  
Depict me soft some smiling fair,  
With Dian's shape and Venus' air,  
Lilly brow and lips of rose,  
Auburn tresses—heaving snows,  
Eyes, tho' mild yet dazzling bright,  
Beauteous beaming orbs of light!

Neck all glossy smooth and fair,  
 Shaded soft by flowing hair.  
 Give her the charm I love so well,  
 The graceful bosom's witching swell;  
 And arm of nicest symmetry,  
 Fair as polished ivory;  
 Then if thy art will serve thee so,  
 That from her tongue the words may flow,  
 Pourtray enchantment on her lips,  
 Where rosy love perennial sips;  
 But stay thee painted! hasty poet!  
 Beauteous picture; sure I know it!  
 Eliza's face and form divine,  
 Where all the graces mantling shine!  
 Thine will the picture ever be,  
 But give thy beauteous self to me.

### EPITAPHS.

*In Memory of Miss Mary Pelo, who died  
 July 12, 1763, aged ten years.*

Come, silly mortal, take your stand,  
 Here view the world unknown,  
 Nor would you wish me in your hand,  
 Or in my God's alone.

My innocence to rest is gone,  
 In preference to you;  
 Remember, tho' my work is done,  
 That yours is yet to do.

Then dry your tears, your duty know,  
 Rejoice that this is true  
 To her you certainly may go,  
 Who cannot come to you.

*From a village in Suffolk.*

Life is only a pain below  
 When Christ appears, then—up we go.

### MORTUARY.

Died in North Providence in the  
 39th year of her age, Mrs. ANN  
 SHELTON, the amiable and beloved  
 consort of William Sheldon, Esq.  
 She was born in Derbyshire, (Eng.)  
 and her endearing qualities rendered  
 her the joy of her family, and the  
 delight of all her connexions. Dur-

ing a residence of twelve years in  
 this country, she had not failed to at-  
 tach unto her many valuable and es-  
 teemed friends, who testify their re-  
 gret on the occasion of her being  
 called upon to obey, what may be  
 considered a premature summons to  
 her tomb!

How dark, though fleeting, are the days of  
 man!

What countless sorrows crowd his narrow  
 span!

For what is life? a groan, a breath, a sigh,  
 Weak as the flutt'ring moth, or gilded fly—  
 A lamp just dying in sepulchral gloom,  
 A voice of anguish from the lonely tomb!  
 Or wept, or weeping, all the change we  
 know;

'Tis all our mournful history below;  
 Pleasure is grief, just smiling to destroy;  
 And soon are past th' illusive dreams of  
 joy!

The deceased lived innocently and  
 virtuously, and her whole happiness  
 was centered in her family, to which  
 she faithfully performed the duties of  
 a wife and a mother. Like the true  
 Israelite of old, she was free from even  
 the smallest degree of hypocrisy and  
 guile; and a nice, a very high sense  
 of honour, rendered her feelingly  
 alive to every appearance of insult or  
 of injury. She felt that fear of death  
 which is common to human nature,  
 and always prayed earnestly that she  
 might be called away without a con-  
 sciousness of the moment of her de-  
 parture. In this respect Heaven kind-  
 ly heard and propitiously granted her  
 the full extent of her prayer. She  
 expired, as she had always wished, in  
 the arms of her husband, without the  
 least consciousness that the awful cri-  
 sis was at hand; but she had many  
 previous warnings, from sickness and  
 a gradual diminution of her bodily  
 powers—and lived in a constant state  
 of preparation for the sad event.

The price of The Port Folio is Six Dollars per annum, to be paid in advance.

Printed and Published, for the Editor, by SMITH & MAXWELL,

NO. 28, NORTH SECOND-STREET.

# THE PORT FOLIO,

(NEW SERIES)

BY OLIVER OLDSCHOOL, ESQ.



Various, that the mind of desultory man, studious of change and pleased with novelty, may be indulged—Cowp.

Vol. V.

Philadelphia, Saturday, March 26, 1808.

No. 13.

## ORIGINAL PAPERS.

For *The Port Folio*.

### TRAVELS.

#### LETTERS FROM GENEVA AND FRANCE.

*Written during a residence of between two and three years in different parts of those countries, and addressed to a lady in Virginia.*

—quâ me quoque possim  
Tollere humo. VIR.

Je dirai j'étais là, telle chose m'advint,  
Vous y croyriez être vous-mêmes.

LA FONTAINE.

(Continued from page 163.)

#### LETTER VIII.

Genève.

My dear E—,

WE had as yet constantly followed the course of the Garonne, through a highly cultivated but flat country, whilst the view on the left had been bounded by the steep declivity before-mentioned, which, however, was clothed with vines. At length, not long after we had left Agen, the road inclined to the left, and we began to ascend, and were soon on the summit of the high ground. It is here that I could wish for the powers of descrip-

tion. The country which now offered itself to our admiration was in gentle waves, such as you might suppose from a continuation of the inequalities between the dwelling house at B— and the overseer's cottage; of this every part appeared in high cultivation as far as the eye could reach, except where villages and gentlemen's houses intervened, or some rural church, or a clump of trees diversified the scene: it seemed the bosom of all-bounteous nature swelling with delight and plenty: behind us, on turning, we beheld the river we had left; its banks were crowned with all that human art with industry could collect; there were houses, and cottages, and ancient castles, and cultivated fields, and a navigable river, and beyond all these various objects, there were the Pyrenees. To me they appeared like the Slate River mountain, as it is seen from B—, but extending a great way farther to the east and west, and with the additional importance of being the barrier between two great nations. I can conceive how the very name of these celebrated mountains excites your imagination, and that you are already think-

ing of *Blanche* and her sweetheart, and of the *Banditti*, and of *Lodovico*. Our six horses had for the last two or three posts been diminished to four, and we were allowed to keep that number afterwards on paying for five. Our mode of travelling was to set off after an early breakfast, to dine on bread and cheese, grapes and peaches in the carriage, and to make our principal meal at night, relying always on finding a good supper in consequence of our courier preceding us by about an hour: towards evening we descended from the high grounds and entered *Moissac*, an ancient town on the *Tarn*, a few miles above its junction with the *Garonne*; the river was about as broad as the branch of *James's* river, which is cross-on the road to *Charlottesville*, but deep enough for large boats, and with extensive low grounds; half way across stretches what remains of a bridge built by the English, or by the Romans, the people were not certain which, with a brick causeway leading to it, and a little higher up is a building which of all the houses I have yet seen in France would be the most agreeable residence to a friend of ours in *Albemarle* who likes his mill the most of all things in the world, after his family. It is a handsome stone house with very comfortable apartments, united with a large mill, which is carried out upon arches into the river, and having the wheels directly under: so that the gentleman to whom it belonged, and who lived in it had the satisfaction of being at home, the pleasure of receiving his friends, and the delight of being all day in his mill. From an elegant parlour which was at the extremity of the building, the door opened into a gallery where worked twenty pairs of mill-stones in their several recesses, and the contrast must in former times have been great from the one scene to the other, at present it is less so. The proprietor having emigrated, his family were turned out, and the property confiscated, and to allure the peasantry by an expedient very fre-

quently had recourse to in these revolutionary times, it was sold out in shares so small as even to extend to the sixteenth part of a pair of mill-stones. I asked what was become of the *Marquis*, whose spirit of enterprise had enriched the neighbourhood, whose hospitality had descended even to the poor servants and horses that frequented his mill, and whose charity had long relieved the poor of his neighbourhood? He died, they told me, in exile. And his widow? She subsisted on the charity of a former *femme de chambre*. And his son? He had been there lately, but the proprietors of the mill, had formed a mob against him, and had driven him out of the town. From this new scene, and with mingled sentiments of admiration and of compassion, we returned to our inn and supped with a better appetite, than in sensibility we ought to have done. In the neighbourhood of *Moissac*, on the *Tarn*, and in several places on the *Garonne*, we saw floating mills; a mode of construction, which might very advantageously be adopted on many of our rapid streams in America. We were now soon again in the valley of the *Garonne*, and traversed the same fertile fields, as before; the peasantry were preparing to sow their wheat; hemp, tobacco, or artificial grass, occupied every spot, which was flat and moist, but whenever it swelled into somewhat of a hill, it was cultivated in vines, which were loaded with grapes, and these were as much at the discretion of travellers, as the cherries and peaches of an orchard by the road side, are in Virginia.

The houses, in general, were good, and the oxen the largest I had ever seen, but the persons at work in the fields, were principally women and old men; the young men had either been drawn away into the army, or were otherwise employed. We met with few travellers in carriages, or on horseback, but such was the succession of labourers, of soldiers and of other travellers on foot, that for the space of several hundred miles we

were never as much as five minutes without seeing some one: following us on the map, you will easily find Mountaban, where we halted at the gate, and sent to the posthouse for our houses; where for less than sixpence, we bought a basket of figs, grapes and peaches, besides being admired for our generosity.

I will not run the risk of tiring you by any further description of fine fields and fine prospects, but will hurry you along, although the vintage had begun, and might well deserve a few lines, up to the gates of the venerable city of Thoulouse; where you will be astonished to learn that notwithstanding the most diligent search I could not find a single person, who knew anything or indeed had ever heard of madame Cheron, who was afterwards madame Montoni. We passed on our way, not far from the town of Albi; which once gave name to a set of industrious and quiet people, whose religious opinions were so cruelly misrepresented, in the thirteenth century, and whose ruin brought on that of their sovereign, the Count of Thoulouse. It is, fortunately for the repose of mankind, of very little consequence, whether or not they believed in the tenets they were accused of holding: the probability is, that their interpretation of the Bible, was extremely similar to that of the protestants of a subsequent period; but it was their misfortune, as it was that of Marcel, Prevot des Marchands in Paris, in the fourteenth century, whose ideas of government and whose party-coloured hood have since been so successfully revived, to have made their appearance in the world some centuries too soon.

*For The Port Folio.*

### POLITE LITERATURE.

Jacob Wagner, Esquire, formerly the chief clerk in the Department of State, and who discharged his Bureau duties with great advantage to his

principals, and with great credit to himself has lately set up a valuable paper at Baltimore, which he edits with much ability. Its contents are principally political and commercial, but we are happy to perceive that the Belles Lettres are not wantonly neglected: Literature should always find some place in every miscellany, designed for general instruction. Some anonymous critick, who appears to be fortified by the skill of the scholar and adorned with the manners of a gentleman has recently commenced some liberal strictures upon the Memoirs of Anacreon, a work in expectancy and which we have more than once mentioned with the warmth of commendation. The ingenious author has very adroitly defended himself against the random blows of an invisible adversary, and we think that the record of this literary warfare, will not be uninteresting to those who feel generous pride with respect to the literature of their own country. We cannot forbear adding that although we find much to admire in the urbanity of the unknown critick, we differ with him *toto celo* in his opinion of the genius of Mr. Moore's poetry.

*For the North American.*

MR. EDITOR,

I cannot agree with the writer of some remarks prefatory to a work he has lately announced, in one or two of his observations on the merits of Moore's translation of Anacreon. I am surprised that any Greek scholar should have pronounced it the ablest work of the kind, or find in Mr. Moore the most adequate representative of Grecian poetry that our language affords. Rich he certainly is in poetical diction—nor is he deficient in ardour or fancy—yet his translation no more exhibits the poetry of Anacreon than the high-wrought copy by some modern artist resembles the chaste colouring and delicate touches of a master painter. The characters of Grecian poetry are *simplicity and fire*. Anacreon, though he consecrates his



lyra to festivity and love, is highly remarkable for these qualities. Pope versified the Iliad in a manner we wish to see imitated by no future poet. Under the studied and artificial graces of Mr. Pope's language the venerable form of the old bard disappears; and pomp and sound often usurp the place of significance and sense. Moore has done the same with Anacreon. I would not, however, be thought to insinuate a comparison between that great and consummate poet and the translator of Anacreon. This would be to compare the variegated flower of the parterre with the majestick and towering poplar of the forest. Much can be alleged in apology for Pope, where little can be said in extenuation of Moore. It appears to me, that in place of the simplicity of Anacreon his translator has substituted his own luxuriant conceptions, adorned at the same time with the highest finish of language. If Anacreon, in his own artless dress, is thought to be too engaging, how much more dangerous to morals must be his voluptuous strains when heightened and adorned by all the refinement of expression? I need not say how much literature is likely to suffer from this mode of translation. In many late versions which have been given to the publick, we may already discern the influence of the example, and the probability of its defeating in time the end and design of translation. For my part, having read Anacreon in Greek, I can find little of his manner in Mr. Moore. In expression, he is more simple; in thought, more chaste and dignified. Even Anacreon, were he alive, would blush at the licentious ardour of his translator. I make these observations because every thing that invites to literary discussion has a tendency to enlighten and invigorate the publick taste. And in this country it is of no small importance to maintain the honour and integrity of learning. Far from thinking myself adequate to this task, nevertheless I would strive, with that small portion of energy which I possess, to preserve the pu-

rity and lustre of our literature. I know no works that have been more undeservedly popular than those of Mr. Moore. Every school-miss glows with unhallowed raptures as she peruses his version of the Teian bard, and graver criticks, forgetting the dignity of their office, have pronounced their approbation in the pompous strain of eulogy. His original pieces have had an unexampled circulation—A proof that in this country we have not yet learned to distinguish between the inspiration of true poetry and the dictates of a loose and sensual fancy. It is the province of criticism to preside over the springs of Helicon, to guard their crystal waters from the stains of impurity and lust, and to prescribe, with exemplary severity, the poet who administers to the polluted affections, or pandars to the vitiated taste. I now return to the authour of the elegant preface, that gave occasion to these remarks. To him I deem it superfluous to mention the motives that led to these observations, and I declare to him, with the most undissembled sincerity, that I feel the highest regard for his taste and genius. The grace and energy of his style bespeak a long and intimate acquaintance with the most finished models of our language; and a work executed by his hand is likely to do no small honour to American literature. For my part I look forward with anxious expectation to the publication of the Memoirs of Anacreon; a work by which curiosity and taste will at once be gratified, and to the support of which I trust every votary of liberal science will lend his approbation and zeal.

J. N.

## MEMOIRS OF ANACREON.

To the Editor of the North American.

SIR,

Since my return to this city I have seen certain remarks in your paper on the preface to the *Memoirs of Ana-*

*freon.* The Jacobin Journalists with their wonted ignorance and impudence have published some strictures on this essay which were only calculated to excite the contempt of its author. Your correspondent adopts the style of a scholar, and though his vis or be down, yet the gentleman is plainly discernible. He, therefore, is entitled to a reply; and he shall have it in the same spirit of candour which has dictated his remarks. The following is the sentence of the preface, to which he alludes.

"To the genius and industry of Thomas Moore, Esquire, we are indebted for one of the best translations that English literature possesses, and the liveliest exhibition of Grecian poetry that English literature can boast."

Upon this sentence your correspondent expresses his surprise "that any Greek scholar should have pronounced it the *ablest* work of the kind, or find in Mr. Moore the *most adequate* representative of Grecian poetry that our language affords."

Without making any claim to the character of a Greek scholar, I am willing to defend my assertion. I have quoted the above passages, because, by contrasting them it will appear that your correspondent has rather misapprehended my meaning. When he says "the *ablest* work of the kind" I presume he means the *ablest translation*, because that is the subject of his essay. My language is not so strong. Nor can the praise, that it is "the liveliest exhibition of Grecian poetry," be fairly changed into "the most adequate representation," &c. *Adequate* signifies equality, or, correspondence to, so as to bear an exact resemblance. *Lively*, means brisk.—Dryden's Dufresnoy will show the idea which I meant to convey by this use of the word. "Since a true knowledge of nature gives us pleasure; a *lively imitation* of it in poetry or painting must produce a much greater."

The rugged consonants by which our tongue is clogged must always prevent an English writer from giving us an *adequate representation* of

the melodious cadence of the Grecian lyre: but he whose language is pure, whose imagination is luxuriant, and whose versification is copious, need not despair of producing a *lively exhibition* of its sweetness.

We should always distrust our judgment where the partialities of an intimate friendship may create a bias, and a long habit of reading a particular book, with the intention of displaying its beauties in the most conspicuous light, may have some influence upon opinion. When the grey hairs of age have silvered our locks we are apt to recount the days that are gone, with partial prolixity, and the scenes of our earlier years are drawn in the most glowing colours. So it is with an author, especially if he be a youthful one. When he has completed his task, vanity and ambition conspire to magnify his labours and he is apt to call upon the world in no very modest terms to admire his work. If the canons of criticism should decide that I have spoken in exaggerated terms of the merits of Mr. Moore, I may claim some indulgence.

Anacreon was a voluptuary who lived but in the joys of friendship, of love and of wine. He flourished at one of the most polished periods of Grecian history. At the court of Polycrates, whom the courtesey of history, has saluted as the happy tyrant of Samos, he enjoyed distinction, ease and pleasure to an extravagant degree. At Athens he was equally caressed and equally happy. His poetry therefore bespeaks the gayety and the careless tenour of his way.

Anacreon did not write for posterity, but he delighted in the smiles of his associates.

When we read his odes we fancy that we see him reclining on a bed of fragrant flowers, and the trembling notes of the lyre vibrate on our ears. The roses bloom around him and every line breathes their perfume. We behold a train of jocund Bacchanals partaking of the generous goblet.

while the loves are listening to the notes of his song.

I do not agree with your correspondent when he speaks of *simplicity* and *fire* as qualities for which the poetry of Anacreon is *highly remarkable*. In some of his odes many instances of ease and natural strokes are distinguished, but, generally speaking, I do not discover much simplicity in his thoughts although it is evident in the structure of his versification. It is difficult to characterize his genius by any words which are analogous. There is a vivacious, sprightly spirit which pervades his odes and they generally conclude with some ingenious turn that creates surprise rather than pleasure. Like Cowley, he has many conceits which impair the tenderness of his sentiments: and therefore I think Mr. Moore had his own version more immediately in his *mind's eye*, when he wrote this sentence: "The picture here has all the delicate character of the *semi-reducta Venus*, and is the sweetest emblem of what the poetry of passion ought to be; glowing, but through a veil, and stealing upon the heart from concealment." When a gentle inditer of a love-sonnet interrupts the tale of his woes to introduce a quaint witticism, we may laugh at his whim, but the tear of sensibility does not flow o'er his sorrows. Commiseration is lost in other emotions. The fine and delicate touches of the lover who writes from the inspiration of the best feelings of the heart, are speedily dissipated by Anacreon, in a stroke of wit or in a goblet of Falernian mingled with the fragrant wines of Chios. Mr. Moore writes differently. He appears to me to read an ode of his author, and with his ideas glowing in his own mind, to make Anacreon sing as he would have done, had he been toying port at the *Crown and Mitre*, instead of regaling on the juice of the Grecian grape. He makes him write according to modern refinement.

The literary world is much divided as to the proper mode of translation.

Some are in favour of this manner, and others would have every thing *done into English*, according to the letter of the original. This is an injury to the authour and must always be unsatisfactory to the reader. We are all taught to regard *the great father of epick song*, as one of the first of uninspired writers, but a majority of readers would laugh at him as an absurd heathen, if they had found the polished pages of *Rope* defiled by the epithet *ox-eyed*, applied as a feature of beauty in the goddess of Olympia.

Mr. Moore has adopted this manner of translation, and he may plead the unrivalled reputation of the poet of Twickenham to support his choice. Cowper has translated Homer with the persevering labour and honest fidelity of a Dutch commentator; but his version is as little admired as the monotonous flow and the sluggish regularity of a Dutch canal. The reason of this is, that common readers, will not take the trouble of carrying themselves back to the rape of Helen and the siege of Troy; and without this they cannot relish the translation of Cowper. But those who really wish to contemplate the rude revilings of rival princes and the coarse fare of valiant yet barbarous chieftains may read the lines of Cowper as a faithful representation, of the descriptions of Homer, as far as the difference of idiom and the language will admit. In Pope they may see the *Monsieur Hector* and *Madame Andromache* of Voltaire or any other finical French fop of literature. It ought to be added, however, that no translator has succeeded so well in imitating the sweetness of versification, which distinguishes the poetry of Homer.

Let this liberty with his text be set down as one of the demerits of Mr. Moore, and I will state another.

No writer of ancient or modern days is more remarkable for the paucity of his epithets than Anacreon. In his lines every noun stands valiantly upon the strength of his own consequence without the aid of any blustering adjective. In this respect, Mr.

Moore differs from his authour.— There is a prodigality of expletive words which weakens his works, although it is almost inseparable from the structure of English verse. It is impossible to translate Anacreon without using many of these adjuncts, but they frequently weaken, although they sometimes invigorate the original.

Mr. Moore differs, too, in his excess of metaphor. Many of Anacreon's odes are as barren in this respect as the sandy soil of Lybia; but in Moore the most brilliant metaphors sparkle like the waters of Potosi. In this he has improved his authour; and every reader will pardon such violations of the integrity of the original.

I have not leisure, at present, to enter into such a "literary discussion" as your correspondent might wish: but no one is more anxious to see the "publick taste" of this country, "enlightened and invigorated," than the writer of this letter. My ideas of Anacreon and of Moore have been written hastily, but I hope that they have some claim to the character of correctness.

Have I given a correct character of the muse of Anacreon? If I have succeeded in this attempt let the picture be compared with the copy which we owe to the vivid pencil of Mr. Moore. In some instances he has not succeeded in transfusing all the elegance of his polished original. His lines are occasionally weakened by expletives, and the sense is sometimes corrupted by an extravagance of metaphor. But he abounds in felicities of fancy, in graces of diction, and in strokes of genuine genius which evince that he is the rightful inheritor of the lyre of Anacreon.

I open the volume of Anacreon at random. It is the 4th ode, which corresponds with the 32d in Moore's version. The subject is, the brevity of life; a theme on which many poets, and particularly Anacreon have feelingly descanted.

*Reclining upon carpets of tender myrtles, and the leaves of the lotus, I wish to indulge myself in the delights of drinking.*

This is the original; let it be compared with Moore's translation:

Strew me a breathing bed of leaves,  
Where lotus with the myrtle weaves;  
And while in luxury's dream I sink,  
Let me the balm of Bacchus drink.

If we make a fair allowance for the amplification of translation, when compared with the comprehensive brevity of the original, these lines appear to be strongly marked with the characters of ease and fidelity. To prove the superiority of Moore, I will contrast two translators with him; the latter of whom is more recent and therefore might have avoided the errors of his predecessors.

Reclin'd at ease on this soft bed,  
With fragrant leaves of myrtle spread,  
And flowery lote, I'll now resign  
My cares, and quaff the rosy wine.

FAWKES.

In the original, the authour chooses to recline on flowers, but his translator, in tender regard to his constitution, has given him a bed instead of carpets; and to make him lie more easy, he makes him resign all his cares. Mad. Dacier informs us, that the ancients reposed on fragrant herbs, leaves, and flowers and considered it a delicious indulgence.

Next to Fawkes we will place the Rev. Hercules Younge. The modest reader will no doubt startle at finding a reverend gentleman laying aside his cassock, to dig in this unhallowed soil. Yet so it is, that this man, who, as we are told by his biographer, divided his time between "study and the conscientious discharge of his parochial duties," and who was "surnamed the Christian Socrates," has not been ashamed to translate Anacreon.

Where flourish young myrtles the lotos  
among:

I wish for a bowl and to stretch me along.

YOUNGE.

Undoubtedly there are fewer superfluous words in this translation,

but we shall in vain look for the graceful air of Anacreon. This is the true old namby pamby of A cobbler there was, and he liv'd in a stall, Which serv'd him for parlour, and kitchen, and hall!

Again, Cupid, or as some read, Eros his slave, being called upon to attend him in the capacity of a cup-bearer, he directs him "having folded his tunick round *his neck with a rush*, diakoneito methu moi, *serve me with wine*."

In this delicious hour of joy,  
Young Love shall be my goblet-boy;  
Folding his little golden vest,  
With cinctures round his snowy breast.  
MOORE.

In decent robe behind him bound,  
Cupid shall serve the goblet round.  
FAWKES.

Bid love with papyrus his tunick confine,  
Attend my commands and administer wine.

YOUNGE.

The ode concludes thus :

*I wish, O ! Cupid, to relieve my cares, before I travel to that dreary place—to the choir of infernal spirits.*

Yes, Cupid ! ere my soul retire  
To join the blest Elysian choir,  
With wine, and love, and blisses dear,  
I'll make my own Elysium here !

MOORE.

Now while I draw the vital breath,  
Ere yet I lead the dance of death,  
For joy my sorrows I'll resign,  
And drown my care in rosy wine.

FAWKES.

With pleasure my soul, little Cupid, shall glow

Till call'd, horrid call, to the regions below.

YOUNGE.

On such poetry comment is unnecessary. Macpherson's opinion, though not a very modest one in his mouth, with some deductions, is pretty correct. "No writer should attempt to translate what he cannot imitate." Mr. Younge understands his original, and some people indulge their prejudice against Mr. Moore, so far as to pronounce his poetry superior to that of the latter. With

them such verses as

When Bacchus has fully replenish'd the veins,

No trouble can reach or can teize us ;  
I sing o'er the bowl, am a stranger to pains,  
And think myself rich as a Cræsus.

p. 53.

So fruitful is liquor of mirth,  
Contented I stretch at full length on the ground.

ib.

Let others love war—bring a bottle, my boy !  
For have it I will and I must.

Dead drunk to lie stretch'd is allow'd to be joy,

But none to lie dead in the dust.

p. 54.

The horse we observe has a character on't ;  
And Parthians are guess'd by the shape of their bonnet.

p. 105.

have more elegance, more spirit, and more ease than any part of Moore ; and they are also so much more like Anacreon too, that they are ready to swear, with Launce over the old shoe, "here's my mother's breath, up and down !"—with such readers argument is useless.

I have a few words to add, on the tendency of Mr. Moore's writings. Your correspondent speaks of him in a tone of unnecessary harshness. His poetry is dictated by a warm and glowing fancy, but I think it does not degenerate so low as to authorize the epithets of *looseness* and *sensuality*. So far from Anacreon's blushing for his licentious ardour, I believe he would clasp him to his bosom as a congenial soul. I have no fear of the "unhallowed rapture" with which J. N. says that every "school-miss peruses his version of the Teian bard." Our women are distinguished by their prudence and virtue. Their modesty would revolt from licentious ardour, while their feelings would sympathize in the delicate emotions of affection. I admit that there is much in Moore which they should not read ; but if their morals are to be corrupted, we must ascribe the evil to those vitious and abandoned novels, by which the presses are polluted. If they had not Moore, they would amuse their fancy with the profligate

translations of some *Rousseau in petticoats*.

The good opinion which your correspondent expresses in the conclusion of his letter is very flattering and I hope he may not be obliged to alter it. In answer to his wish I can only state that I have no expectation of seeing the *Memoirs of Anacreon* published in this country until times more auspicious to the pursuits of literature may arrive.

SEDLEY.

*For The Port Folio.*

*A Statistical Account of the Schuylkill Permanent Bridge.*

(Continued from page 187.)

Common justice to the subject has compelled so detailed an account of this undertaking. Actuated by no motives of mere personal compliment, it is deemed of public utility to record for imitation, individual exertions, in cases wherein great objects have been accomplished by them, without any assistance from the public funds; and where the want of scientific and practical knowledge, was supplied by the constancy and singular attention of those who possessed no more talents or acquirements than are called for in the common affairs of life. Such successful examples are worthy of imitation; and will incite to perseverance, in laudable and necessary enterprizes; however apparently difficult and untoward; as many parts of this work have most undoubtedly been. Nor is it desired to recommend proceeding (where it can be avoided) in such hazardous undertakings, without professional engineers, both scientific and practical.

Few would have persevered under all the difficulties attending this work; which in its execution (unavoidably protracted by the embarrassments attendant on building under water) occupied six years after the law was obtained. However humble the merit of those who engage in such undertakings may be considered, they are far greater contributors to the happiness and convenience of mankind, than those who, with victories and triumphs, dazzle while they desolate, and ruin and oppress the human race.

#### DESCRIPTION OF THE BRIDGE.

The masonry is executed on a plan suggested to the mason, uncommon, if not new. The walls of the abutments and wings, are perpendicular, without buttresses, and supported by interior offsets.—

These are found completely competent to support the pressure of the filling (which gravitates in perpendicular lines) without battering or contreforts. The abutments are 18 feet thick.

The wing walls nine feet at the foundations, retiring by offsets, till at the parapets, they are only 18 inches. The eastern abutment and wing walls are founded on a rock. Those on the western side are built on piles. The inclined plane of approach to the bridge, is elevated at an angle of 3 1-2 degrees.

Although the western pier has attracted most attention, that on the eastern side of the river, was first erected; and was attended with difficulties appearing often insurmountable. It is from 21 to 24 feet deep, below the tide, to the rock, on which the lower course is laid and bolted. The coffer dam was on a bad plan, though constructed as well as that plan admitted. Its materials were too slight and incompetent. Constant exertion, and repeated remedies for defects, were incessantly called for by frequent accidents. Every thing was new to all employed; but it was a school to teach experience. The footing of the piles was secured, and the dam saved from impending destruction, by an embankment of stone and sand, thrown around the bottom on its outside; and the latter washed in, and consolidated by the current. The same means were used at the western dam, and their utility decidedly proved. Both piers are of course, similar in their general configuration and composition. The first stone of the eastern pier, was laid September 5th, 1801. That of the western pier, December 25th, 1802. The time preceding was occupied in procuring plans, gaining information, and providing materials. These precautions, (always essential in great undertakings) forwarded the work, and ensured against delay and disappointment.

The frame is a masterly piece of workmanship; combining in its principles, that of king posts and braces, or trusses, with those of a stone arch. Half of each post, with the brace between them, will form the *voussour* of an arch; and lines through the middle of each post, would describe the radii or joints. There are three sections of the frame, all similar. That in the middle divides the space into two equal parts, so that passengers in opposite directions, are prevented from interfering with each other.

The platform for travelling rises only 8 feet from a horizontal line, and the top, or cap pieces, are parallel to this. Of the sections, the middle one has the most pressure, owing to the weight of transportation, being thrown nearer to that section than towards the sides; to which the foot-

ways prevent its approach. These foot-ways are five feet in width, elevated above the carriage ways, and neatly protected with turned posts and chains. It has been conceived that the foot-ways would have been more advantageously placed on each side the middle section, to throw the weight of transportation to the sides of the bridge.

Mr. Palmer (who is believed to be the original inventor of this kind of wooden bridges) permitted with much candour, considerable alterations in the plan, accommodatory to the intended cover, the design whereof is original. These were so much approved by him, that he considers the Schuylkill bridge superstructure the most perfect of any he has built. It was finished in one season; and declared open for passengers and transportation, on the first day January, 1805.

The Schaufhausen bridge (which is now destroyed) much eulogized in Europe, was by no means equal to that on the Schuylkill.

Any candid and intelligent architect, on inspecting the drafts of the one, examining the other, and the principles of both, would give a decided preference to the latter.—The design of this is more simple, its strength is greater, its parts are better combined, and more assistant to each other: and there is no useless timber in any part.

The timber of which both the frame and the cover are composed, (the roof, of cedar excepted) is of the best white pine.

The flooring of the platform is doubled, and in the whole 5 1-2 inches thick. The under course of white pine, 3 inches thick, is permanent, and well spiked and secured. The upper course is of sap pitch pine, slightly attached (2 1-2 inches thick) to be renewed as often as worn, either partially or generally, and with this the joints are broken. This mode of planking has been found, on the floating bridges, highly advantageous and economical. The under course admits of two or three removals of the upper, which wears before it decays. The floorings of wooden bridges are generally of single planks.

The exterior of the cover is handsomely ornamented and painted. The under work imitative of stone, is well executed, by dashing the paint while fresh, with sand and stone dust. This is performed with so much ease and cheapness, that it is hoped it will introduce a like mode of ornamenting and protecting the surface of other wooden elevations. All apprehensions of scaling by frost, are proved to be imaginary.

A number of conductors, properly disposed, secure the superstructure from danger by lightning.

All that could be spared for ornament, was expended on the exterior; as the in-

terior neither admitted nor required it. The pediments of the entrances were intended to be finished with emblems of Commerce, on the east; and of Agriculture, on the west. They are designed, and were to be executed, by that eminent American naval sculptor, William Rush of Philadelphia; whose works as an artist, are admired, in whatever part of the world they are seen. It desirable that this finish, the expense whereof will be small, should yet be added. The pediments require it; to complete the design.

#### GENERAL OBSERVATIONS.

The Schuylkill bridge plan may be varied according to circumstances; and its principles preserved. In whatever varieties, projectors of other designs may indulge themselves, it is confidently believed that Mr. Palmer's plan will be found on long experience, to be the best. It is a unit in symmetry and movement; and all its parts support each other, like a *phalanx in tactics*. In some instances Mr. Palmer has placed the platform for travelling, over the cap pieces and cross ties; or rather these latter become part of the frame of the platform. The great body of the frame is of course below. But this was not found eligible, where ice and floods were likely to assault the haunches, when the frame was thus depressed. The elevation of the abutments would require, for this plan, immense weight and expense of filling, and expose the walls to dangerous pressure.—

Nor would it be so well calculated for heavy transportation. More important than all—it would be unfit for covering to such advantage. Notwithstanding this great improvement, was highly approved by Mr. Palmer it was not in his contemplation, as to mode, until the outline of the present cover was shown to him; although he said he had repeatedly, but fruitlessly, urged the measure of covering their bridges, in New-England. It is hoped this example will be followed, in all pontifical wooden structures of magnitude, hereafter. Bridges may, for most situations, be less expensive in the frame; the middle section may be omitted above the flooring; nor need they be more than 30 feet wide. This width was deemed sufficient by Mr. Weston, for bridges in general; though he considered that over the Schuylkill to require more than common space, for its constant and burthensome transportation. The Easton bridge, built under Mr. Palmer's directions, is 28 feet wide; and the frame of the middle section does not rise above the platform.—Its situation does not demand a plan, or call for dimensions, on a greater scale; and it is erected according to the improved work of the frame of the Schuylkill bridge.

Although the cover of the Schuylkill bridge compelled ornament, and some ele-

gance of design, lest it should disgrace the environs of a great city; these would not be necessary in such a degree, in other situations. Neatness of elevation and taste in design, may be shown at a small expense; and the workmanship and materials need be no more costly, than those for roofing and weather-boarding common frame buildings. The Schuylkill bridge roof required one hundred and ten thousand shingles, of 3 feet long and 6 inches wide; and other materials in proportion. Much of these may be saved, in narrower frames. The painting or coating, with the durable composition, in imitation of stone, which appears on the exterior of the work, below the platform, (for which a recipe is subjoined) may be done at a small expense.—Mineral paints are the worst, for coating exposed to weather. The oil does not combine with the mineral, as it does with absorbent earths: and being extracted by the sun, leaves the mineral particles without adhesion, and they drop, or are washed away by rains, dews, and moisture. All oils or fats, are known, *chemically*, to be alike composed; and are better or worse, as they are or are not mixed with foreign matter. Linseed oil may be had every where, and fish oil is common. Ochres for colouring, (far preferable to minerals) abound throughout the country; and only require judicious exploration for their discovery. Clarified turpentine is a good substitute for oils; but a mixture of both is best. The less forcing, to accelerate drying, the better. Though inconvenient in some respects, the composition will be more durable, the longer it is in drying; but care should be taken, that it be not so thin as to run; or not retain the sand and paint. Sea sand, or earth mixed with marine salt, should be avoided, as being hostile to compositions or cements; and particularly when calcareous substances are combined. Some of the Delaware stone-cutters' sand, used with the Schuylkill bridge coating, was found to be liable to this objection. We have daily before us proofs of this fact in our plastering: where the hair of salt hides is used. Every moisture of the room, or atmosphere, brings out stains and damp spots on our walls, to which papering will not adhere, as it does on other plastering, into the composition whereof, salt hair does not enter. Chymists may account for this: but to them it is not yet clearly ascertained, whence the muriatic acid is derived; nor are its nature, and properties, accurately known.† Long and frequent experience

† This acid forms, with calcareous matter, muriat of lime; which being deliquescent, will not indurate. Its strong affinity for water, attracts and retains the humid vapour of the air.

has evinced, that the least mixture of this acid, or common salt,\* with gypsum, produces a tertium, which renders it unfit for a cement; and also destroys its agricultural uses and properties.

#### RECIPE FOR COMPOSITION TO IMITATE STONE.

The work should not be primed; though part of that at the bridge was so done, before it was determined to coat it with composition.

The paint used was common white lead and oil; as the painters preferred their own way, and the scaffolding could not remain at risk, while experiments on other paints were tried. It was conceded afterwards, that if there had been time to prepare and use other paint, and the urgency of despatch had not precluded delay for drying, fish oil and clarified turpentine with ochres, would have been more eligible.

As fast as the painter proceeded in his work, an adroit hand dashed on the sand and pounded stone dust. This was mixed in proper proportions, as to colour and consistency, which is only to be known by preparatory experiments; easily accomplished. It was thrown on with a common tin dust pan. The sand and stone dust must be free from moisture, or any tincture from marine salt. It was dried in the sun or a large iron kettle over a slow fire. A small proportion of plaister of Paris, was mixed with the sand and stone dust. A long trough containing the sand and dust, was placed under the work; and caught what did not adhere, so as to be thrown up again and prevent waste. The despatch with which this operation can be performed, exceeded expectation, both as to facility and economy. With marble dust, it may be made to imitate that stone. As soon as one coat is dry the other must be laid on. Two coats, well attended to, are sufficient. But this is left to the choice of those, who think another coat is required.

The joints are imitated by convex strips, sprigged on the weather-boarding; and

\* Common salt is compounded of the muriatic acid, and soda. The latter substance abounds in the ocean, and other places, where common salt is found. The vitriolic acid of gypsum meeting with the muriatic, in the salt, expels it from the soda of the salt; and having a predominant affinity, forms sulphat of soda, or glauber salts. Good common salts should contain two thirds of soda, and one third muriatic acid; and is seldom pure in its combination as to proportion; or absence of foreign matter.



after the coating is put on, they are penciled off, with white paint.

The following is a recipe much followed, and with invariable success, for barns and other buildings, in the country : and being particularly applied to roofs, it is called "*fire proof*."

Take 20 gallons of fish oil ; boil it 4 hours over a slow fire ; and skim it as the feculence rises. Put in it 12 pounds of rosin, or an equivalent proportion of clarified turpentine. Before taking off the fire, mix ten gallons flax-seed oil, boiled in the common way. Grind and mix with the oil, a sufficient quantity of ochre (of what colour you please) to make the paint *thick* as can be well brushed on. As you brush on the paint, have your composition ready to sift, or dash on. It is thus made :

Take one bushel of ground plaister, calcined over a fire in a dry pot, or kettle. When cold, mix with it 3 bushels of stone dust or fine sand, dry, and the more gritty or siliceous, the better. Sift or dash on, as fast as the paint is laid on. When dry, the second coat is applied in the same manner. Live coals, in quantities, have been thrown on roofs thus coated, without injury. It does not scale with frost, or melt with the hottest sun. The above is sufficient for a large roof.

The whole expense of the preceding composition including labour and laying on will not exceed \$ 50.

	Feet.	In.
Length of the bridge, -	550	
Abutments and wing walls, -	750	
Total length, -	1300	
Span of small arches -	150	
(three in the whole number, including middle arch.)		
* Ditto of middle arch, -	194	10
Width of the bridge, -	42	
Curvature of the middle 12 } The curvatures		
ditto of small arches 10 } are catenarian.		
Rise of the carriage way	8	

\*The middle arch was originally intended to be only 160 feet, but the dam could not be placed on the spot contemplated owing to the bareness and inequalities of the rock at the bottom.

It is highly creditable to those concerned in the direction and executive branches of this work, that no delay ever occurred through want of supplies, or prompt payment. Yet one million and a half of feet (board measure) of timber, and above 22,000 perches of stone, with all the subordinate and auxiliary materials required, were employed in this structure. The labour, the cost whereof was a great proportion of the expenditures, was obtained below the com-

Height in the clear over carriage way, -	13
ditto from surface of the river to the carriage way, -	31
Depth of water to the rock at the western pier -	41
ditto at the eastern pier 21 to 24	
Amount of toll when the work began for 1799, -	\$ 5000
Present rate, (1805.) -	13,000

The company have established commodious wharves, which were necessary for the safety of the abutments ; and add greatly to the improvements of that front of the city.

*President and Directors at the close of the Work.*

*President.* Richard Peters.

*Directors.* John Dunlap, John Perot, Ebenezer Hazard, Thomas Savery, William Poyntel, Charles Biddle, Richard H. Morris, George Fox, Peter Browne, John G. Wachsmuth, George Reinhold, Anthony Cuthbert.

*Treasurer.* John Dorsey.

*Building Committee.* Richard Peters, Wm. Poyntel, Anthony Cuthbert, John Dunlap, Peter Browne, George Fox.

*This account ought not to be closed without presenting for information, as well as to gratify curiosity, part of the report of the building committee, dated July 14th 1803. Signed, Richard Peters, John Dunlap, Peter Browne, George Fox, Anthony Cuthbert.*

That it was thought proper to begin the work of this season on the eastern side, by laying the foundation of the abutment, and raising the eastern pier to the height required for the first timbers of the wooden superstructure ; so that the whole of the wood work will be elevated above all floods and substances which might injure it when floating on and carried with violence by high freshes. The highest fresh ever known having risen 12 feet 8 inches above high water mark, we have elevated the masonry 16 feet 8 inches above high tide, to guard against all danger. From 5 feet above the proposed spring of the arches of a stone bridge where our cut stone ceases, we directed it to be carried up in range work, with hammered stone, as a facing ; and the interior bonded with large, long, and heavy stone, except at the end of the pier, up stream, where the cut stone is continued as high as any floating ice will probably assail it.—The whole of the work is well filled, laid

mon rate, in most instances ; owing to the regularity and certainty of payment.

in common mortar and grouted, so as to compose a solid mass, capable of resisting the most severe assault from ice, floods or floating timber. The terras mortar and clamping, cease with the cut stone, about five feet above high water mark.

When this pier arrived at its present height, the masonry of the eastern abutment was proceeded in ; and so far completed, as to be out of all difficulty. We then directed the workmen to commence the raising the western pier. This had been carried up, last winter, within eighteen inches of low water mark. The dam having stood the winter without much injury, though roughly treated by the ice, was pumped out on the 27th day of May last.—

On examining the masonry with much attention we found to our great satisfaction, that there had not been the least alteration in the work by any accident. It had not settled an hair's breadth; but stood firm on its foundation, which we can now pronounce perfectly good, sound and immoveable. We were agreeably struck with the perfect state of the whole masonry ; which does great credit to Mr. Vickers the master mason.— The terras mortar used on the exterior, is as hard as the stone ; and the common mortar of the interior, as dry and indurated, though covered with water four months, as any cement, exposed in masonry to the open air for 12 months.

“ We mention for the instruction of those who may have occasion to build where water covers or flows round the work, that rich mortar should never be used. Our common cement is composed of three parts sharp, clean, coarse sand, and one part lime. Sand is thrown into a bed of thin wash of slacked lime, and agitated till every grain is coated with lime, it then receives additions of sand till brought to its proper consistency for use.

*(To be continued.)*

#### AMERICAN BIOGRAPHY.

EDWARD G. MALBONE.

There are several events which, from the importance of their nature, and the particular constitution of the human mind, can never lose their claim to its deepest interest. The impressions they produce, are not weakened by the frequency of their recurrence—although they come unsolicited, their influence is felt with undiminished strength. Such is the premature fate of men of talents—a subject that has ever filled the breast with solemn and affecting sympathies; sympathies which will attend it as long as man feels, and is mortal.

The death of Edward G. Malbone, which suggested these reflections, will prove their truth to all the admirers of merit. It has deprived his country of an ornament which ages may not replace. It has left a blank in the catalogue of American genius, which nothing has a tendency to supply. His talents as a painter, have rendered him celebrated in his own country and admired abroad. They secured to him that liberal patronage in America, which his professional associates have been compelled to seek in European cities.

It has long been a subject of regret, that the names of West and Copely are all we can boast of these eminent men, while their works are destined to grace the palaces of princes, and to add to the splendour of foreign capitals. Prevailing causes have precluded the possibility of fostering genius in this country. Wealth is the pillow upon which the nursing must be reared.— Wealth alone can requite the labours of the artist. But these causes are gradually yielding to the influence of taste and the advancement of our national prosperity. Hence we have been enabled to keep in his native land, an artist who would have been everywhere received with applause, and encouraged with liberality.

Mr. Malbone was a native of Newport R. I. He discovered a propensity for painting at an early period of life, which strengthened with his other affections, became at length so predominant, that he neglected every other amusement for its indulgence. When a boy, it was his delight to be wherever he could gain any insight into his favourite pursuit. He frequented the Theatre, to contemplate the illusions of scenery ; and by the regularity of his attentions behind the scenes, in the forenoon, attracted the notice of the painter, who discovering unusual genius in his young acquaintance, permitted him to assist him with the brush, and at length suffered him to paint an entire new scene. The reward of young Malbone was a general ticket of admission, which was the more acceptable,

as it gave him the opportunity of hearing in secret the commendations of his work. While he thus amused himself at the Theatre, he filled up his little intervals at home with drawing heads; at length with attempting likenesses. Whether or no he was more pleased with his improvement in the latter occupation, he soon devoted himself solely to it. His rapid progress convinced him that he possessed talents, and gave alacrity to his endeavours. Prospects of fame began to open upon his mind, and that propensity which hitherto had been nourished by the mere force of nature, derived additional vigour from the hopes which reputation and wealth inspired. He began now to be known and patronized as a miniature painter. He visited the principal northern cities, and resided successively in New-York, Philadelphia, and Boston. In the winter of 1800 he came to Charleston, where his talents, and the peculiar amenity of his manners, enchaned the attentions which he received from the hospitality of its inhabitants. Although he delighted in conversation, the pleasures of the table never led him to neglect the more congenial occupations of his Painting Room.—It was his regular habit to begin study before breakfast, and to continue occupied the greater part of the day. So great an economist was he of time, that he even contrived a method of painting by candle light, by the means of glasses which condensed the rays, and threw them upon the ivory. But this was merely an experiment, which did not answer as he wished; it serves, however, to show the ardour of his mind in the pursuits of his favourite object. This ardour after excellence, induced sedentary habits, which, although they sensibly affected his health, he could not discontinue. In May 1801, he sailed from Charleston to London, where he resided some months, absorbed in admiration of the paintings of celebrated masters. With a mind improved by study and observation, and animated by the enthusiasm of genius,

he visited the different galleries of living painters, enlarging his ideas through the medium of their labours, and profiting by the contemplation of their works.—When in England, he was introduced to the President of the Royal Academy; who, conceiving a high opinion of his talents, gave him free access to his study, and showed him those marked and friendly attentions, which were more flattering than empty praises, to the mind of this young countryman. He even encouraged him to remain in England, assuring him that he had nothing to fear from professional competition—but he preferred his own country, and returned to Charleston the winter of 1801, where his improvement, in the short space of his absence, was very manifest. After this, he continued his pursuits in different parts of the Continent always finding employment.

Although by nature he had a strong constitution, it became of late so sensibly impaired by confinement and application, that he was compelled last summer, by the solicitation of his friends, to relinquish his pencil, and indulge in exercise; but his frame had become too weak, and he felt every symptom of an approaching consumption—His physicians recommended him to try a change of climate, and in the beginning of the winter he took passage in a vessel for Jamaica, but the change not producing much benefit, he returned to the first port in the United States, which was Savannah, where he languished until the 7th of this month (May, 1807) when death relieved him of his sufferings.

As we have followed Mr. Malbone through his professional walks, it may not be amiss to mention his private character, the prevailing features of which were amiableness and equanimity. He possessed a warm and generous heart, whose operations always discovered themselves in his actions and conversation. The profits of his profession, which were very considerable, he shared with honora-

ble liberality amongst his relations, to promote whose happiness was an object that always seemed to animate his exertions. Native diffidence promoted his favourite views, for he was unconscious of his merit, when improvement was to be obtained. Knowing that the painter's great secret is to learn to imitate nature, he disdained to make a mystery of his art, but was always ready to communicate without jealousy the result of his observation and experience. Although he was unable to devote much time to reading, yet he by no means neglected the improvement of his intellect, for it was his delight to procure a friend to read to him when painting. He had pursued with taste and attention many of the most approved English authors, and with a mind naturally acute and discriminating, selected and retained what he read.

As Miniature was the department he chose, it limited those powers which would have been eminent even in historick painting; but it was a style peculiarly congenial to the benevolence of his feelings. He imparted such life to the ivory, and produced always such striking resemblances, that they will never fail to perpetuate the tenderness of friendship, to divert the cares of absence, and to aid affection in dwelling on those features and that image, which death has forever wrested from it.

His style of painting was chaste and correct, his colouring clear and judiciously wrought, and his taste altogether derived from a just contemplation of nature.—In his female heads particularly, there was, when his subject permitted, an enchanting delicacy and beauty. We have never seen a pencil more happy in representing “the mild light of love,” the “*Lumen purpureum Juventæ*.” For these excellencies he would not suffer even from a comparison with Guido or Albani.

The memory of such a man will long be preserved with respect by those who knew him; his pencil, whose language is universal, will rescue his name from oblivion.

## ORIGINAL POETRY.

*For The Port Folio.*

## MR. OLDSCHOOL.

Having, unexpectedly, a little leisure, I am enabled to present you, before my departure, with a few more specimens of the poetry of *INDIANUS*, some of which you may perhaps think not totally unworthy of a place in your interesting miscellany. I must repeat, however, that I will not be answerable for their merits—neither Euterpe nor Calliope ever favoured me with their smiles or honoured with their friendship; to you, therefore, as their *miniater and confidant*, I shall consign the verses in question, convinced that whatever may be your decision, it will be the result of a taste and judgment discriminating and impartial.

## FRAGMENT

Of a manuscript Poem on the future happiness of America.

—————No cloud obscured  
The face of heaven serene, and wandering rode  
Full orb'd, with silent majesty, the moon  
In bright meridian skies; still was the night,  
Save where the midnight owl in distant woods  
Rais'd her complaining note, or chanticleer  
With shrillest voice proclaim'd the solemn hour.  
At that lone hour o'er Gibbon's splendid page,  
My eye, inquiring rov'd; mark'd the dread fall  
“Of wide imperial Rome,” once the proud nurse  
Of Scipio's virtues and of Virgil's fame.  
Is this, I musing paused, the fate of power?  
Of arms heroick and of boasted arts,  
The final doom? Is this the end of man!  
Sudden a form, than human more appear'd  
In Roman drapery clad; in withered hand  
He held a glass that told the parting hour,  
And rays ethereal circled o'er his brow,  
His aged step and double visage spoke,  
Janus, the hoary sovereign of years,  
And slow in solemn speech, he thus began.  
“Lament not, erring mortal, o'er the fall  
Of gorgeous greatness and of guilty power  
Throned on the ruins of a groaning world,  
Turn from the blood-stained page to brighter scenes  
Favour'd by Heaven and dear to free-born man.  
Ere Time began to roll his length of years,  
The present, future, and the past I knew;

In Fate's mysterious volume wond'ring read  
 The annals dark of each revolving age,  
 And from my ken no power, save one, can  
 hide,  
 The firm immutable behests of Heaven.  
 Curious, I read of Empires' rise and fall,  
 The secret springs of Man's disastrous fate  
 Thro' the long gloom of twice three thou-  
 sand years,  
 And saw in all the wond'rous round of time,  
 No age unsullied by the lust of sway  
 No year unstained by blood and tyrant pow-  
 er."

INDIANUS.

*For The Port Folio.**ODE—from HAFIZ.*

O thou who breath'st the matin air,  
 Sweet gentle Zephyr, tell me where  
 My well beloved dwells,  
 That moon of beauty, love, and joys  
 Who rash admirers soon destroys,  
 Who ev'ry one excels.

The night is dark, and Aiman's vale  
 Appears obscure; the moon is pale  
 Which late with splendour drest  
 The rising hills. Ah! who will lead  
 The anxious lover o'er the mead,  
 With his sweet maid to rest?

In ev'ry climate fools abound,  
 E'en now we see men searching round,  
 But who can find a sage?  
 Who understands the sense concealed,  
 Let him rejoice; when unrevealed,  
 Shall we explain our page?

With each dark ringlet of thine hair,  
 I have a thousand things my fair,  
 To regulate alone:  
 Ah! where's the sense I once could boast?  
 Alas in wine and love all lost;  
 Ah! where's the censor's frown?

Thy musky tresses charm my heart  
 I feel each raptur'd sense depart  
 Ah! why am I thus moved?  
 No joys the wine, dance, roses have  
 Without thee, life is like the grave,  
 Ah! where is my beloved?

From autumn's winds securely plac'd  
 In bow'rs with ev'ry beauty grac'd  
 Still Hafiz is forlorn;  
 He feels without thee pain in joy,  
 In every pleasure some alloy,  
 In ev'ry rose a thorn.

S.

## ACROSTICK.

Mild modest muse, oh! once again,  
 Inspire your poet's humble strain,  
 So may the bard a wreath entwine,  
 Sacred to love, and mirth and wine.

Lethe's streams that oft impart  
 Useful oblivion to the heart,  
 Can never form its station there,  
 Remove the image of my Fair;  
 Even the loud din of Mars's train  
 That haunts us on the direful plain  
 In vain would try, with ceaseless art,  
 Alas! to tear her from my heart.

Bacchus' sons that love the vine  
 And oft, in sportive mood, entwine  
 Curling wreaths to deck the hair,  
 Kindred wreaths shall now prepare,  
 Unite the myrtle to the vine  
 Sacred to love and mirth and wine.

INDIANUS.

JOHNE E. HALL, Esq. of Baltimore,  
 has completed, and will speedily publish  
 a Translation of "PRAXIS SUPREMÆ  
 CURIÆ ADMIRALITATIS," written  
 by Francis Clerke, who was Register of  
 the Court of Arches, during the reign of  
 Queen Elizabeth. This is almost the only  
 work on the practice of the Admiralty  
 Court, and is esteemed as unquestionable  
 authority at the bar. A translation of the  
 third edition was published, about the com-  
 mencement of the last century; but the fifth  
 edition, which Mr. Hall has used, possess-  
 es the advantage of much additional mat-  
 ter, both in the text and the notes. The  
 present work will contain notes on the  
 practice in this country, and a variety of  
 such precedents as have been established  
 in our own courts of maritime jurisdic-  
 tion.

The accuracy, learning and talents of  
 Mr. HALL powerfully recommend his  
 work; and as its subject is not confined to  
 the law and the practice of this state, there  
 can be no doubt of its being considered as  
 a valuable gift to the American Bar ge-  
 nerally.

\* The price of The Port Folio is Six Dollars per annum, to be paid in advance.

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NO. 28, NORTH SECOND-STREET.

# THE PORT FOLIO,

(NEW SERIES)

BY OLIVER OLDSCHOOL, ESQ.



Various, that the mind of desultory man, studious of change and pleased with novelty, may be indulged—Cowp.

Vol. V.

Philadelphia, Saturday, April 2, 1808.

No. 14.

## ORIGINAL PAPERS.

*For The Port Folio.*

### TRAVELS.

#### LETTERS FROM GENEVA AND FRANCE.

*Written during a residence of between two and three years in different parts of those countries, and addressed to a lady in Virginia.*

—quâ me quoque possim  
Tollere humo. VIR.

Je dirai j'étais là, telle chose m'advint,  
Vous y croyiez être vous-mêmes.

LA FONTAINE.

*(Continued from page 194.)*

#### LETTER IX.

Geneva.

My dear E—,

HAVING crossed the canal of Languedoc at a small distance from the city of Thoulouse, and driven, for at least half a mile, by the side of an ancient wall, which looked more like a Roman, than a modern work, we entered into a gloomy grass-grown square, and passed along a continuation of narrow streets to an inn, which without the plenty of the house of Agen, was infinitely more defective in point of cleanliness. Any geogra-

phical dictionary, or common book of travels will give you an ample account of this well known city, of its academy, its Floral games, of its capitols, and of the Calas family. It is situated in a fertile country, and in the vicinity of the canal; neither its trade, however, nor its population have been ever such, as might have been expected, and are both much declined, since the revolution: it is, in a few words, a large, old-fashioned gloomy place, with several ancient and venerable churches, with a handsome theatre, and with a choice of beautiful publick walks. Of the canal, which terminates within a short distance of the city, on forming a junction with the Garonne, you may easily conceive the importance by placing a map of Europe before you, and by observing that it connects the navigation of the Mediterranean with that of the Atlantic. See what a length of stormy sea is avoided from Cette, through the straits of Gibraltar, along the coasts of Spain and Portugal, and across the bay of Biscay; see and admire the never-ceasing glory of Louis the XIV in having effected that which is honourable to the Romans even to have

b b

thought of. From the waters of the Mediterranean to those of the Garonne, near Thoulouse, the distance is near two hundred and ten miles along which space, and notwithstanding the intervening obstacles, of rivers, of mountains and of an inequality of six hundred feet, an uninterrupted intercourse is kept up by boats, some of which draw five feet water, and are of the burthen of four hundred tons. This required, as you may suppose, a great number of locks, with all the contrivances in use to guard against too much water, and to provide enough, and had I been differently situated, I could very well have employed a month in examining them.

This magnificent work was planned and in a great measure executed by a gentleman of the name of Riquet;\* such services are surely the best sources of distinction in society, and they found in Louis XIV, who upon some occasions knew how to act the monarch to perfection, the reward which they deserved; the family of Riquet was ennobled, they were exclusively intrusted with the manage-

\* It appears, by the memoirs of Besenval, that after Riquet had made some experiments which convinced the most incredulous that his plan was practicable, and had obtained the consent and approbation of the government, it was still impossible to begin the undertaking for want of money; Colbert with every good wish for the success of so noble an enterprise, could advance nothing, and the monied men of the times were too well satisfied with the interest they received to venture their fund, upon a scheme in any degree uncertain. It occurred at length to Riquet that it might promote his views to be thought intimate with the superintendent of the treasury, and he prevailed upon Colbert to consent, that he should enter his cabinet, without knocking at the door at a time when he should be known to be in conference with the former general of the revenue—it might have appeared an accidental thing the first time, and the experiment was therefore repeated. Riquet found afterwards no difficulty in getting as many subscriptions as he wanted; every body was now desirous of being concerned with a person who was so much in the confidence of Col. Morriew Colbert, as to be in the habit of entering his cabinet without knocking.

ment of the canal in perpetuity, and were authorized to apply the profits arising from the tolls to their own use: but, in the late unhappy period of the revolution, the family having remained faithful to the descendant of their benefactor, became liable to the penalties of emigration, and lost their estate by confiscation.

The number of men employed in digging the channel, and constructing the works, was never less than eight thousand for fourteen years, and they were sometimes increased to twelve thousand, and the expense incurred was about a million sterling: the present annual expense for repairs and attendance is about seventeen thousand pounds sterling, but the government derives an income of nearly twenty five thousand pounds from the tolls, clear of all deductions, and the saving to the community at large is not less than two hundred thousand pounds a year.

If the sum appear a large one, you must look at what Adam Smith says in his *Wealth of Nations*, on the comparative advantages of land and water carriage: a vessel of two hundred tons, and navigated by six men, plying between Leith and London is shown to be equal in effect to fifty waggons, drawn by four hundred horses, and conducted by one hundred men: and Michaux, a very well-informed traveller, says that the inhabitants of our upper country, at the distance of fifty miles from Pittsburg find it easier and cheaper to send their produce for sale to New-Orleans by Pittsburg, along a stream of 2100 miles, than to have it conveyed to Baltimore, at the distance of little more than 100.

At the Museum of Thoulouse, we saw some good pictures and casts of antique statues, there were some busts also, and one in particular, of a Roman lady, which must have been executed at least fourteen hundred years before the discovery of America; her face was that of a pretty woman, and notwithstanding her very great age, it was full of life, and

her hair was dressed precisely in the modern fashion. In my walks over the town, I could never *get the better* of the impression which had been made upon my mind on entering it; but the environs are beautiful; on one side, a stately bridge connects them with the city, and from that bridge we had a much nearer prospect of the Pyrenees than before, and could perceive the snow already fallen in several places. We here remedied the defects of our carriage for a trifle more than seven Louis, and after two day's residence in what seemed then, and still seems the worst inn we ever stopt at, we again set forward. I was sorry to leave a place so renowned in history as Thoulouse and so much spoken of by travellers, after so short a stay; but your brother was before us, the expense was great, and more of our senses were in continual sufferance than I would wish to enumerate: from such a place the transition into well cultivated fields and loaded vineyards amidst carts and baskets filled with grapes, and all the hurry, plenty and jovialness of the vintage, was really delightful.

Our course, if you will allow me a sea term, was generally in the direction of the canal, and we frequently saw and sometimes crossed it; the banks were everywhere planted with Lombardy Poplars, and the locks appeared in perfect order. We were soon at the little town of Bazieges, and were on the point of setting off with fresh horses, and as usual at a full gallop from the posthouse, when it was perceived and pointed out to us by an idle by-stander, that the nut which ought to contain one of the hind wheels had worked off and been lost; detention in such a place was disagreeable, but nothing when compared to the evil we had escaped; we submitted, therefore, with a good grace, had the carriage dragged opposite to the blacksmith's and were looking about us where there was nothing to be seen, when a lady stepped out of a neighbouring house, and invited us to take shelter there: she

seemed about twenty, had her first child in a cradle by her in the neat little parlour she conducted us into, was rather handsome, had brilliant eyes, and all that politeness and that unaffected grace, which nature seems sometimes to go out of her way, in order to bestow on her favourites: the lady's husband, who shortly after joined us from his vintage, was a well behaved, well looking man of thirty, who had gone out a private soldier to Egypt, had served the whole of the war there, and had returned a non-commissioned officer of dragoons: there could be no want of conversation with such a person and I passed a couple of hours with him very agreeably. It was very customary he told me during the siege of Alexandria for the advanced sentinels to approach each other amicably, after a signal given and returned, and to exchange their rations, the British giving pork and sometimes brandy, and the French bread; it was allowed in their army that the descent of General Abercrombie was a very gallant exploit: a body of boats was seen at a distance laying on their oars, as a bird of prey is seen floating in the air over the spot it is about to dart upon; until at length they began to move, and three distinct lines were observed approaching, protected by gunboats at their extremities, preserving the most exact order, and rowing, as if by clock work: not a soldier appeared, but the seamen were erect, and seemed insensible to the French artillery, which thundered upon them from the batteries among the sand hills, and from the fort of Aboukir: the action commenced at the water side and even in the boats, but the French were soon overpowered: though liberal in his praises of the British seamen, he would not allow their soldiers any great degree of merit: on my asking him, however, if they did not deserve some credit for their march in order of battle a day or two after the descent and for repulsing the attack of Menou, I would not say for defeating



him, he paused a moment, and then, as if recollecting himself and recovering from a dilemma, he begged of me to observe, that they had added by that time in all probability several French deserters to their army. If I were writing a novel, or an imaginary tour through Europe, what a fine episode might this simple adventure be worked up into with a little embellishment and exaggeration!—You have only to suppose these young people crossed in love by their parents and that, with the suit of some wealthy admirer, and her being locked up, and his being sent to Egypt and the war in that strange country, which might give occasion for so many interesting descriptions, and his return home with the spoils of a Mameluke whom he had slain in battle, and their meeting at a dance in their native village, and their parents relenting at so much true love, would be sufficient not only for an episode but for a novel of as many volumes, as Sir Charles Grandison.

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*For The Port Folio.*

### EDUCATION.

The trustees of Union College, having in the year 1804, prescribed a course of reading and adopted a system of government which were thought by many, at that time, to be more extensive and rigid than the publick sentiment would bear, have hitherto forborne to make any statement of the situation of the institution, or to furnish any vindication of the system they had adopted, other than that contained in the effects it produced. They were content to abide the issue; preferring to number a few diligent and exemplary students to the crowding of their walls with idle and dissipated youth.

Of late, however, the applications for admission, and the inquiries concerning the expense, the studies, and the government and laws of the se-

minary, have become so frequent as to render it inconvenient to communicate by private letters, the necessary information to all who request it. To remove this inconvenience, they submit to the publick the following brief and simple statement.

They begin with the grammar school, in which candidates are prepared for admission into college.—This school is subject to the direction of the President; and is under the immediate government of a principal, who is one of the professors of the college. The officers of instruction are, a professor of the French language, seven tutors, and two writing masters. The school is divided into seven forms, and goes through the following course of reading:

In the first form—The English and Latin Grammars, Corderius and Æsop.

Second form—Erasmus, Eutropius, Nepos, Latin Primer.

Third form—Cicero's Epistles, Livy, Cæsar, Greek Grammar.

Fourth form—Ovid's Metamorphoses, Prosody, Æsop's Fables in Greek, Sallust, French Grammar.

Fifth form—Cicero's Orations, Epictetus, Anacreon, Greek Prosody, Telemaque, Juvenal, Terence.

Sixth form—Virgil, Greek Testament, Lucian's Dialogues.

Seventh form—Xenophon, Cicero de Officiis, Horace, Arithmetick. English and Latin compositions in the three highest forms.

The seventh form constitutes the Freshman class in college. It is subject to the same government as the rest of the school, and the members of it pursue their studies in a large room with a professor.

No student is admitted into the grammar school under eight, nor into college under fourteen years of age.

The foregoing statement shows the manner in which the pupils in the grammar school are fitted for entrance into college.—With respect to the

admission of students from abroad our laws are as follow:

"No student shall be admitted into the Freshman class unless he can read, construe, and parse Virgil's *Æneid*, Cicero's Select Orations, and the Greek Testament, and shall have learned English Grammar and Vulgar Arithmetick. He must also exhibit suitable testimonials of his good moral character.\*

"The *Sophomore Class* shall study Geography, Sheridan's Lectures, Logick, Cicero de Oratore, and also such parts of *Collectanea Græcæ minora, et majora*, as the President shall direct. They shall also study Euclid's Elements, and review the principal studies of the preceding year.

"The *Junior Class* shall study Tacitus, Longinus, Moral Philosophy, Blair's Lectures, such parts of Locke as the President shall direct, Algebra, Trigonometry, Mensuration, Surveying, Navigation, and Conick Sections.

"The *Senior Class* shall study Homer, Kaimes' Elements of Criticism, Astronomy, Natural Philosophy, Chymistry, and such parts of Steward's Philosophy of the Human Mind as the President shall direct. They shall also review the more important studies of the preceding years, and read select parts of the Latin and Greek poets and apply the rules of criticism.

The annual expense of a student in the institution, including board, tuition, books and stationary, firewood, candles, &c. will be about 140 dollars. The year is divided into two sessions or terms of study, and the expense of each term is to be paid in advance by all students who may hereafter enter the institution. The commencement takes place on the fourth Wednesday in July, after which there is a vacation of seven

weeks. The other vacation comprises the six weeks subsequent to the third Wednesday in January.†

Each student furnishes his own bed or mattress, and room furniture, and pays for entrance into the Grammar School, or Freshman Class, five dollars; for entrance into the Sophomore class, seven; the Junior, nine, and the Senior, twelve dollars.‡

With respect to government.—The plan of this institution is a literary seclusion. The youth are not permitted to associate in town—to breakfast, dine, or sup out of college—to go to any party of pleasure, or partake in any amusement out of their own territory. The Students of the Grammar School never leave the college yard, but by special permission, nor do the students of college, except in certain hours allotted for recreation, in the day time. In the evening, no member of the institution ever goes out unless accompanied by an officer.

The government of the youth is not submitted to tutors, but to the President and permanent Professours who are all to reside on the college territory, and most of whom do at present.

Every student offered, spends a season, not less than one third part of a year, on probation. And all those who do not appear to yield a willing obedience to the laws, and to pursue their studies to the satisfaction of the President are refused admission.

The most scrupulous attendance on Church, Prayers, Recitations, and all collegiate exercises is required, and no excuse, except sickness or unavoidable necessity, is admitted. The Penalties are Fines, Admonitions, Rustications, Suspensions, and Expulsions. An accurate and daily

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† The vacations in the Grammar school are shorter, and an instructor continues in the institution during the recess to attend to such students as are not called home.

‡ This law respecting entrance money does not apply to students entering from other Colleges, and nothing is paid for the regular advancement from one class to another.

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\* This law does not go into operation till the last of July, 1808. At present the requirements are, six books of the *Æneid*, four orations in Cicero, the four Evangelists in Greek, and a knowledge of Vulgar Arithmetick and English Grammar.

account is kept of all the transgressions of laws by each student, and a copy of the same is transmitted to his parents or guardian at the end of the term.

The trustees are sensible that these restraints will appear severe to many. They do not publish them to vindicate or to recommend them. It is not their wish to invite students, but to give information. Their numbers have increased faster than their means of providing for their accommodation; and they will only add, that, severe as their laws may appear to those who read them, there are at present two hundred students cheerful and happy under them. That the system was adopted after mature deliberation, and that they feel themselves pledged to maintain it.

They wish all those who entrust the education of youth to them to be previously apprized of their laws; and they conclude by requesting that no parent or guardian may send his children to this seminary, who wishes them to spend more money, to enjoy greater indulgence, or to be placed under a laxer government.

P. S. VAN RENSSLAER, }  
JOHN WOODWORTH. } Committee.  
*Schenectaday, 29th July, 1807.*

## BIOGRAPHY.

JOSHUA BARNES, B. D.

Joshua Barnes, from constantly perusing and talking Greek, had the name of Greek Barnes. The son of a London tradesman; while in Christ's Hospital he wrote poems in Latin and in English, though he never much valued the latter language. From a student of the lower order he became fellow of Emanuel college, Cambridge, and Greek professor of that university. His memory and facility in writing have been greatly extolled. He would, and he always did, quote many Greek passages in conversation.\* He wrote

\* Though Mr. Barnes had so wonderful a memory, yet he read over a small Bible,

incessantly, but seldom well. His poetry is rarely to be met with; his History of Edward III, I have read with astonishment; that he who had perused such perfect models should compose a master-piece of diligence without elegance, a work interspersed with scraps of his own poetry: his History of Edward the Black Prince still remains in manuscript. Absorbed in his studies of Greek authors, he knew nothing of English manners; he would have been at "home" in Athens. Bentley loved money to excess; Barnes valued it only as giving him an opportunity of befriending another: "If I give I shall receive." To the wretched ragged beggar he has bestowed the coat from his back. When a young man, Mrs. Mason, a widow of Hemmingford near St. Ives, in Huntingdonshire, admired him, for what she did not understand—his Greek: she declared she meant to leave him 100*l.* per annum; he wished a present advantage, and therefore proposed to take the relict and her jointure of 200*l.* per annum; he obtained both. The vanity of Barnes as a linguist, a poet, historian, and critick, made him enemies, who, joined with the envious, caused his acquirements to be more slighted than they deserved: Bentley's sarcasm, that he would have been in no higher estimation than a cobbler at Athens, has yielded to Warton's "*Opportuno tempore vixit Barnesius ad nomen sibi comparandum,*" &c. given in his preface to his edition of Theocritus. Barnes will always be respected by the lovers of Euripides, Anacreon, and Homer. Dying August 3, 1712, aged 58, he was buried by his lady, again left a widow, at Hemmingford, who placed over his remains a monument with an inscription in Latin, ending with some Anacreontick lines. A gentleman, considering his judgment as not being equal to the quickness of his wit, or the strength of his memory,

which he always carried about with him, one hundred and twenty-one times at leisure hours.

proposed this addition to his *Hic Jacet*,

JOSHUA BARNES,  
Felicis Memorizæ, Judicium expectans.\*

### LIFE OF PARNELL.

Thomas Parnell, D. D. was born in Dublin in the year 1679. His ancestors, who were of great respectability, had been long fixed at Congleton, in Cheshire; but his father, in consequence of a strong attachment to the Republican Party, quitted the country at the Restoration, and purchased several large estates in Ireland, which, together with the family seat in England, became the property of the subject of our memoir.

Young Parnell received his school education under the tuition of Dr. Jones of Dublin, and was admitted a member of the college of that metropolis, so early as at the age of thirteen. He acquired his degree as Master of Arts on July 9, 1700, and was ordained a deacon the same year, by Dr. King, Bishop of Derry; but being under twenty years of age, it was necessary that he should apply for a dispensation from the Primate. Three years after this event, he entered into priest's orders; and on the 9th of Feb. 1705, he was collated to the archdeaconry of Clogher, by Dr. Ash, Bishop of Clogher.

He afterwards married Miss Anne Minchen, a lady of great beauty, and of most amiable temper; and on whom, during the period of his addresses, he wrote the beautiful little song beginning, "My days have been

so wondrous free." Hitherto Parnell had led a very retired academical life, but he now began to make yearly excursions to England, and soon became familiar with the first literary characters of his age. To great sweetness of disposition, he added interesting manners, and powerful talents for conversation, and being possessed of an ample fortune, with a liberal and benevolent turn of mind, he wanted not, nor did he neglect numerous opportunities of conferring favours, and succouring distress.

To Gay, to Swift, to Pope, and to Arbuthnot, he was endeared by daily intercourse and mutual kindness, by that reciprocation of talent and harmless gayety, which can alone render life a scene of rational enjoyment. They together formed the celebrated Scriblerus Club; and of the facetious *Memoirs of Scriblerus*, our author wrote that part termed an *Essay concerning the Origin of Sciences*.

His connexion with Swift proved the occasion of a change in his political opinions: he had early imbibed from his family and friends an admiration of Whig principles; but the influence and arguments of the Dean which were brought forward at a time when the Tories were in full possession of power, shook the firmness of Parnell, and he finally arranged himself beneath the banners of Oxford and Bolingbroke.

About this time, an event occurred, from the shock of which, our amiable poet never perfectly recovered, and which, for a time, overwhelmed him in the deepest affliction. In the year 1711, died Mrs. Parnell; she had brought him two sons, whom they lost while very young; and one daughter, who was living, I believe, in 1793; they were examples of conjugal felicity, and the stroke was irreparable. Swift, in his *Journal to Stella*, August 24, 1711, thus mentions this melancholy incident: "I am heartily sorry for poor Mrs. Parnell's death; she seemed to be an excellent good natured young woman; and I believe the poor

\* It has been observed by an eminent critick, that it was singularly absurd in Barnes to inscribe his edition of *Anacreon* to the Duke of Marlborough, who would think as little of *Anacreon* as he knew of Greek; with how much greater propriety did Dr. Clarke consider the character of his Grace, when he dedicated to the hero of his age and country his edition of "*Cæsar's Commentaries*"—the pride of the English press.

lad is much afflicted: they appeared to live perfectly well together."

Parnell had always been subject to much inequality of spirits; he was either greatly elevated, or greatly depressed; and the loss of his wife, which preyed unceasingly upon his spirits, induced him to seek relief from a source to which no man has applied without injury to fame or to health. It is the only weakness of his life; and Pity drops the tear, when she records, that to the oblivion of sorrow, thus imprudently sought from the exhilaration or the stupor of wine, his premature death has been attributed.

The habit, however, cannot have been flagrant or gross; for the succeeding year opens to us the busiest portion of his life. Swift had induced him to write a poem "On Queen Ann's Peace," and seized the opportunity of rendering this production subservient to his wish of introducing him to the ministers. "I gave Lord Bolingbroke," says he, in his Journal, dated Dec. 22, 1712, "a poem of Parnell's. I made Parnell insert some compliments in it to his lordship. He is extremely pleased with it, and read some parts of it to-day to the Lord Treasurer, who liked it as much; and indeed he outdoes all our poets here a bar's length. Lord Bolingbroke has ordered me to bring him to dinner on Christmas day, and I made the Lord Treasurer promise to see him; and it may one day do Parnell a kindness." The interview between Lord Oxford and Parnell took place through the intervention of Swift on the 31st of the January following. The Dr. on that day carried Parnell to court,—"and I contrived it so," he tells Stella, "that the Lord Treasurer, came to me, and asked (I had Parnell by me) whether that was Dr. Parnell, and came up to him, and spoke to him with great kindness, and invited him to his house. I value myself upon making the ministry desire to be acquainted with Parnell, and not Parnell with the ministry. His poem

is almost fully corrected, and shall soon be out.

The connexion, thus begun, between Harley and our authour, was soon ripened into a disinterested friendship; the minister found Parnell one of the most benevolent of men, and one of the most pleasing of companions, and the poet discovered many great and amiable qualities in his lordship.

Pope, in his epistle to Lord Oxford, written after Parnell's decease, thus pathetically alludes to an intimacy so honourable to both parties:—

O just beheld, and lost! admired and mourned!

With softest manners, gentlest arts adorned;

Blest in each science, blest in every strain,  
Dear to the Muse, to Harley dear in vain!  
For him thou oft hast bid the world attend,  
Fond to forget the statesman in the friend,  
For SWIFT and him despised the farce of state,

The sober follies of the wise and great;  
Dextrous the craving fawning crowd to quit,  
And pleased to 'scape from Flattery to Wit.

Nor was Bolingbroke less pleased with the character and manners of Parnell; he showed the poet much attention, and frequently invited him to his house. Swift, in his Journal of Feb. the 19th, 1713, says, "I was at court today to speak to Lord Bolingbroke. Parnell and I dined with him. Lady Bolingbroke came down to us while we were at dinner, and Parnell stared at her, as if she were a goddess. I thought she was like Parnell's wife and he thought so too. Parnell is much pleased with Lord Bolingbroke's favour to him, and I hope it may one day turn out to his advantage."

There can be no doubt, that, had not the death of the Queen so soon dissolved Lord Oxford's administration, Parnell would have met the preferment which he merited. He was possessed of considerable pulpit eloquence, and thought it necessary, with a view to forward his own elevation, to display his oratory in the

churches of the metropolis, which he did with such success, as to acquire no small share of popularity.

What he looked for, in vain, from the ministry, he soon obtained from another quarter. Swift had strongly recommended him to William, Archbishop of Dublin, in a letter, dated April the 30th, 1713; in consequence of which, he, the same year, received a prebendal state; and in 1716 his Grace gave him the vicarage of Finglass, a benefice the value of which was nearly 400*l per annum*.

Parnell wanted not preferment from pecuniary motives, for his paternal estates were adequate to his expenses, though he lived when in London, in a style of much elegance; but he felt the ambition of attaining the dignities of his profession; and it is probable he would have risen to considerable rank in the Church, had not death prematurely terminated his career. He died on his way to Ireland, in the city of Chester, in July, 1718, and in his thirty-ninth year, and was buried in the Trinity church of that place.

Few men have been more beloved by their friends than Parnell. He was generous, affable, and kind; he was learned without pedantry; and he was a poet, of considerable merit, without vanity. His passions were easily moved, for he was possessed of great sensibility; but he had in general sufficient control over himself to check them before they had the power of resistance.

As an authour, he is to be considered as a poet and essayist. His poetry, with the exception of two or three pieces, appeared not until after his death; when Pope, with a laudable solicitude for his reputation, selected those, which he thought would do most honour to his friend, and dedicated them to the Earl of Oxford.

They form one of the most generally pleasing and elegant volumes in the collected works of our poets, and present us with some of the best specimens in the language, of sweetness of versification, and perspicuity

of diction; while, at the same time, their moral tendency, and purity of sentiment, endear them to the heart.

*Hesid, or the rise of woman*, with which the volume opens, displays a very playful imagination in the expansion of a mere hint of the Grecian poet. It was originally printed in one of the miscellanies of Jonson, and excited much attention on its first appearance.

*The Fairy Tale* is, perhaps, more than any other production of our authour, the offspring of genuine genius; the incidents are exquisitely imagined, the diction artfully tinted with the hues of antiquity; and the moral which gives the due preference to mental over corporeal accomplishments, is drawn with interest and effect. The concluding stanzas point it with uncommon force:

This tale a Sibil nurse arod,  
She softly stroked my youngling head,  
And when the tale was done,  
Thus some are born, my son, she cries,  
With base impediments to rise,  
And some are born with none;  
But Virtue can itself advance,  
To what the favourite fools of Chance  
By Fortune seem designed;  
Virtue can gain the odds of Fate,  
And from itself shake off the weight,  
Upon the unworthy mind.

A considerable portion of originalness is likewise to be found in the *Allegory on Man*, which contains a very bold and novel personification of *Time* in the era of his *Youth*; and who having assigned to *Care* the union of the soul and body, Jove ordains the latter to preside over and regulate the junction:

Our umpire Time shall have his sway,  
With Care, I let the creature stay,  
Let Business vex him, Avarice blind,  
Let Doubt and Knowledge rack his mind,  
Let Errour act, Opinion speak,  
And Want afflict, and Sickness break,  
And Anger burn, Dejection chill,  
And Joy distract, and Sorrow kill—  
a picture, but too faithful, of the frailties and misery of human nature!

The *Night-Piece on Death*, though it contains some very striking and impressive imagery, has been too lavishly applauded; few will agree

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with Goldsmith, when he asserts that it "deserves every praise," and that "with very little amendment, it might be made to surpass all those night-pieces and churchyard scenes, that have since appeared." Goldsmith either did not relish, or he envied the poetry of Gray, and this indirect satire on by far the most beautiful of elegiac productions, must subject the critick to the unpleasant alternative of want of judgment, or want of candour.

It has been suggested by Johnson that Parnell was indebted to Cleveland, for the hint on which he has founded his *Hymn to Contentment*. I do not perceive, however, in the works of that now obscure poet, any passages which can justly be considered as the *prima stamina* of this beautiful effusion; which, in point of versification, imagery, and sentiment, may be pronounced one of the highest finished pieces that Parnell has written.

The most interesting and celebrated poem, however, in the works of our bard is *The Hermit*, a tale, of which the moral is intended to inculcate the superintendence of a particular Providence; and the management and execution of which is highly creditable to the taste and judgment of the authour. Yet the incidents, it must be confessed, are of ancient date, and were certainly in circulation so early as the fourteenth century, though not printed until the latter end of the fifteenth; when they appeared in a collection of tales, under the title of *Gesta Romanorum*, whence they were copied by Sir Philip Herbert, in his *Conceptions*; by Howell, in his *Letters*; and by Dr. Henry More, in his *Divine Dialogues*. As the reader may wish to compare the original story with the improvements of Parnell, I shall copy it from Warton's analysis of the *Gesta*, who agrees with Goldsmith, in supposing it to have been originally derived from an oriental source.

"A devout Hermit lived in a cave, near which, a shepherd folded his

flock. Many of the sheep being stolen, the shepherd was unjustly killed by his master, as being concerned in the theft. The Hermit seeing an innocent man put to death, began to suspect the existence of a Divine Providence, and resolved no longer to perplex himself with the useless severities of religion, but to mix with the world. In travelling from his retirement, he was met by an angel in the figure of a man, who said "I am an angel, and am sent by God, to be your companion on the road." They entered a city, and begged for lodging at the house of a Knight, who entertained them at a splendid supper. In the night, the angel rose from his bed and strangled the Knight's only child, who was asleep in the cradle. The hermit was astonished at this barbarous return for so much hospitality, but was afraid to make any remonstrance to his companion. Next morning, they went to another city. Here they were liberally received in the house of an opulent citizen—but in the night, the angel rose and stole a golden cup of inestimable value. The hermit now concluded that his companion was a bad angel. In travelling forward, the next morning, they passed over a bridge, about the middle of which they met a poor man of whom the angel asked the way to the next city. Having received the desired information, the angel pushed the poor man into the water, where he was immediately drowned. In the evening, they arrived at the house of a rich man, and, begging for a lodging, were ordered to sleep in a shed with the cattle. In the morning, the angel gave the rich man the cup which he had stolen. The Hermit, amazed that the cup, which was stolen from their friend and benefactor, should be given to one who refused them a lodging, began to be now convinced that his companion was the devil, and begged to go on alone. But the angel said, "Hear me, and depart. When you lived in your hermitage, a shepherd was killed by his master. He was innocent of the supposed offence; but had he

not then been killed, he would have committed crimes in which he would have died impenitent. His master endeavours to atone for the murder, by dedicating the remainder of his days to alms and deeds of charity. I strangled the child of the Knight, but know that the father was so intent on heaping up riches for his child, as to neglect those acts of public munificence, for which he was before so distinguished, and to which he has now returned. I stole the golden cup of the hospitable citizen. But know, that, from a life of the strictest temperance, he became, in consequence of possessing this cup, a perpetual drunkard, and is now the most abstemious of men. I threw the poor man into the water; he was then honest and religious. But know, had he walked one half of a mile further, he would have murdered a man in a state of mortal sin. I gave the golden cup to the rich man, who refused to take us within his roof. He has, therefore received his reward in this world, and in the next will suffer the pains of hell for his inhospitality." The Hermit fell prostrate at the angel's feet, and, requesting forgiveness, returned to his hermitage, fully convinced of the wisdom and justice of God's government."

This, says Warton, is the fable of Parnell's hermit, which that elegant yet original writer, has heightened with many masterly touches of poetical colouring, and a happier arrangement of circumstances. Among other proofs, which might be mentioned of Parnell's genius and address in treating this subject, by reserving the discovery of the angel till a critical period at the close of the fable, he has found means to introduce a beautiful and interesting surprise. In this poem, the last instance of the angel's seeming injustice is that of pushing the guide from the bridge into the river. At this, the hermit is unable to suppress his indignation:

Wild sparkling rage inflames the Father's eyes,

He bursts the bonds of fear, and madly cries  
"Detested wretch!" But scarce his speech  
began,

When the strange partner seemed no longer man:

His youthful face grew more serenely sweet  
His robe turned white and flowed upon his feet;

Fair rounds of radiant points invest his hair,

Celestial odours fill the purple air,  
And wings, whose colours glittered on the day,

Wide at his back the gradual plumes display.

The form ethereal bursts upon his sight,  
And moves in all the majesty of light.

The attainments of Parnell as a classical scholar were highly respectable; he was intimately acquainted with the Greek and Latin languages; and his critical knowledge of the former was of infinite service to his friend Pope, when engaged in the arduous task of translating Homer. How necessary to him was the assistance of our authour is evident from a passage in one of his letters, where, writing to Parnell from Binfield, he exclaims, "The moment I lost you, *Eustathius* with nine thousand contractions of the Greek characters, arose to my view. *Spondanus* with all his auxiliaries, in number a thousand pages (value three shillings) and *Dacier's* three volumes; *Barnes's* two, *Voltaire's* three, *Cuperus* half in Greek, *Leo Allatius*, three parts in Greek, *Scaliger*, *Macrobius*, and (worse than all) *Aulus Gellius*! all these rushed upon my soul at once, and overwhelmed me under a fit of the head-ach. I cursed them all religiously, damned my best friends among the rest, and even blasphemed Homer himself. Dear sir, not only as you are a friend and a good-natured man, but as you are a Christian and a divine, come back speedily and prevent the increase of my sins, for at the rate I have begun to rave, I shall not only damn all poets and commentators, who have gone before me, but be damned myself by all who come after me." The translation which Parnell has given us of the *Pervigilium Veneris*, ascribed to *Catullus*, and of the *Battle of the*



*Frogs and Mice*, attributed to Homer, are executed with great fidelity and spirit.

The characteristick excellences of Parnell as a poet, are simplicity, sweetness, and perspicuity. There is little which is either sublime or pathetick in his writings, nor are there many traits of a bold and vigorous imagination; but there is a beauty, a delicacy, and an amenity in his style and versification, which charm the more by repeated consideration. "Those compositions," remarks Hume, "which we read the oftenest, and which every man of taste has by heart, have the recommendation of simplicity, and have nothing surprising in the thought, when divested of that elegance of expression and harmony of numbers with which it is clothed. If the merit of a composition lies in point of wit, it may strike at first; but the mind anticipates the thought in the second perusal, and is longer affected by it. When I read an epigram of Martial, the first line recalls the whole; and I have no pleasure in repeating to myself what I know already. But each line, each word in Catullus has its merit, and I am never tired with the perusal of him. It is sufficient to run over Cowley once; but Parnell, after the *fiftieth* reading, is as fresh as at the first."

The prose of Parnell is but small in quantity, nor is it in quality equal to his verse. Independent of what he wrote in the *Memoirs of Martinus Scriblerus*, he published the life of Homer, prefixed to Pope's version, and a severe but just satire on Dennis, under the title of the *Life of Zeilus*. He contributed, likewise, both to the *Spectator* and *Guardian*; in the former work he wrote two numbers, No. 460 and No. 501, both visions: the first, a description of *The Paradise of Fools*; the second, an allegorical picture of *Patience* under the pressure of affliction. The style of these papers is by no means so sweet and flowing as might have been expected from the authour of

The Hermit; they exhibit, however, considerable powers of imagination; and *The Grotto of Grief*, in No. 501 discloses a group, which, from its circumstantiality and minute finishing, might be easily transferred to the canvas.

In the *Guardian*, Nos. 56 and 66, are from the pen of our authour; and, like those in the *Spectator*, consist of visions or allegories, a mode of composition which Addison had rendered fashionable. No. 56 contains *The Vision of Reproof and Reproach*, between which, though the resemblance be considerable, the proper distinction is well marked, and supported with appropriate imagery. No. 66 details the *Vision of Common Fame*, in which the scandal and loquacity of the tea-table are satirised with much force and ingenuity.

"In the middle of the hall of Common Fame," says the authour, "stood a table painted after the manner of the remotest Asiatick countries upon which the lamps of the silver vessel and cups of a white earth were planted in order. Then dried herbs were brought collected for the solemnity in moonshine;\* and water being put to them, there was a greenish liquor made to which they added the flower of milk, and an extraction from the canes of America for performing a libation to the Powers of Mischief. After this, Curiosity, retiring to a withdrawing room, brought forth the victims, being to appearance a set of small waxen images, which she laid upon the table one after another. Immediately then Talkativeness gave each of them the name of some one, whom for that time they were to represent, and Censoriousness stuck them all about with black pins still pronouncing at every one she stuck something to the prejudice of the person represented. No sooner were these rites performed and incantations ut-

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\* In the moonshine, typical of witchcraft and sorcery.

tered, but the sound of a speaking-trumpet was heard in the air, by which they knew the deity of the place was propitiated and assisting. Upon this, the sky grew darker, and a storm arose, and murmurs, sighs, groans, cries, and the words of grief and resentment were heard within it. Thus the three sorceresses discovered, that they, whose names they had given to the images were already affected with what was done to them in effigy. The knowledge of this was received with the loudest laughter, and in many congratulatory words they applauded one another's wit and power.

To these visions, as published in the *Spectator* and the *Guardian*, a fifth was added by Pope, when he collected the works of his friend. It may be entitled the *Vision of a Library of Books*, and can justly establish a claim to the epithets *ingenious* and *amusing*.

### THE LARK'S NEST.

*A Fable—from Æsop.*

"Trust only to thyself;" the maxim's sound;  
For, though life's choicest blessing be a friend,

Friends do not very much abound;  
Or, where they happen to be found,  
And greatly thou on friendship should'st depend,

Thoult find it will not bear  
Much wear and tear;

May, that even kindred, cousin, uncle, brother,

Has each, perhaps, to mind his own affair;  
Attend to thine then; lean not on another.  
Æsop assures us that the maxim's wise,  
And by a tale illustrates his advice.

When April's bright and fickle beams  
Saw every feather'd pair  
In the green woodlands, or by willow streams,

Busied in matrimonial schemes;  
A Lark, amid the dewy air,  
Woo'd and won a favourite fair;  
And, in a spot by springing rye protected,  
Her labour sometimes shared;  
While she with bents, and wither'd grass collected,

Their humble domicile prepar'd;  
Then, by her duty fix'd, the tender mate  
Unwearied, prest  
Their future progeny beneath her breast;  
And little slept and little ate,

While her gay lover, with a careless heart,  
As is the custom of his sex,  
Full little reck'd  
The coming family; but, like a dart,  
From his low homestead, with the morning springs,

And, far above the floating vapour, sings  
At such a height,  
That even the shepherd lad upon the hill,  
Hearing his matin note so shrill,  
With shaded eyes against the lustre bright,  
Scarce sees him twinkling in a flood of light.

But Hunger, spite of all her perseverance,  
Was one day urgent on his patient bride,  
The truant made not his appearance  
That her fond care might be a while supplied,

So, because Hunger will not be denied,  
She leaves her nest reluctant; and in haste  
But just allows herself to taste

A dew drop and a few small seeds——  
Ah! how her fluttering bosom bleeds  
When the dear cradle she had fondly rear'd  
All desolate appear'd,

And, ranging wide about the field, she saw  
A setter huge, whose unrelenting jaw  
Had crush'd her half-existing young;  
Long o'er her ruined hopes the mother mourn'd,

Ere from the clouds her wanderer return'd:  
Tears justly shed by Beauty, who can stand them?

He heard her plaintive tale with unfeign'd sorrow,

But, as his motto was "*Nil desperandum*,"  
Bade her hope better fortune for tomorrow;  
Then from the fatal spot afar, they sought  
A safer shelter, having bought  
Experience, which is always rather dear;  
And very near

A grassy headland, in a field of wheat,  
They fixed, with cautious care, their second seat——

But this took time; May was already past,  
The white thorn had her silver blossoms cast,

And there the Nightingale to lovely June  
Her last farewell had sung;  
No longer reign'd July's intemperate noon,  
And, high in Heaven, the reaper's moon,  
A little crescent hung,  
Ere from their shells appear'd the plumelless young.

Oh! then with how much tender care  
The busy pair  
Watched and provided for the panting brood!

For then, the vagrant of the air  
Soar'd not to meet the morning star,  
But, never from the nestlings far,  
Explor'd each furrow, every sod for food;  
While his more anxious partner tried  
From hostile eyes the helpless group to hide:  
Attempting now, with labouring bill, to guide

The enwreathing bindweed, round the nest;  
Now joy'd to see the cornflower's azure crest

Above it waving, and the cockle grow,  
Or poppies throw  
Their scarlet curtains round;  
While the more humble children of the ground,

Freak'd pansies, fumitory, pempernel,  
Circled with arras light the secret cell.—  
But who against all evils can provide?  
Hid and o'ershadowed thus and fortified  
By teasel and the scabious thready disk,  
Corn, marygold and thistles too much risk,  
The little household still were doom'd to run,

For the same ardent sun  
Whose beams had drawn up many an idle flower

To fence the lonely bower,  
Had, by his powerful heat,  
Matured the wheat,  
And, chang'd of hue, it hung its heavy head,

While every rustling gale that blew along  
From neighbouring uplands brought the rustick song

Of harvest merriment: then full of dread,  
Lest, not yet fully fledged, her race  
The reaper's foot might crush, or reaper's dog might trace,

Or village child, too young to reap or bind,  
Loitering round, her hidden treasure find;  
The mother bird was bent

To move them ere the sickle came more near;

And, therefore, when for food abroad she went

(For now her mate again was on the ramble)

She bade her young report what they should hear:

So the next hour they cried, "They'll all assemble

The farmer's neighbours, with the dawn of light,

Therefore, dear mother, let us move to-night."

"Fear not, my loves," said she, "you need not tremble;

Trust me, if only neighbours are in question  
Eat what I bring, and spoil not your digestion

Or sleep for this." Next day, away she flew,

And that no neighbour came was very true;  
But her returning wings the larklings knew,

And, quivering round her, told, their landlord said

"Why, John, the reaping must not be delay'd,

By peep of day tomorrow we'll begin  
Since now so many of our kin

Have promis'd us their help to set about it."

"Still," quoth the bird, "I doubt it;  
The corn will stand tomorrow." So it proved;

The morning's dawn arrived—but never saw

Or uncle, cousin, brother, or brother-in-law;  
And not a reap-hook moved.

Then to his son the angry farmer cried,  
"Some folks are little known till they are tried;

Who would have thought we had so few well-wishers!

What, neither neighbour Dawes, nor cousin Fisher,

Nor uncle Betts, nor even my brother Delves

Will lend a hand to help us get the corn in?

Well then, let you and me, tomorrow morning

E'en try what we can do with it ourselves."

"Nay," quoth the lark, "'tis time then to be gone."

What a man undertakes himself is done."

Certes she was a bird of observation,

For very true it is, that none,

Whatever be his station,

Lord of a province, tenant of a mead,

Whether he fill a cottage or a throne,

Or guard a flock, or guide a nation

Is very likely to succeed

Who manages affairs by deputation.

#### *For The Port Folio.*

#### *A Statistical Account of the Schuylkill Permanent Bridge.*

(Extract concluded from page 204.)

The grout is fluid, but composed of the like proportion of materials. The mortar used in the foundation once intended for a pier, near the eastern toll house, but abandoned as a pier, and now usefully employed as the end of our wing walls, was covered more than a year with water. We had occasion to take part of it up. The mortar, having been improperly made rich, was friable, and had not the least tenacity or binding quality. The tarras mortar is composed of one part tarras, two parts lime, and three parts sand."

"The western pier is now completed to the same height, and except in depth, of the same dimensions with the eastern pier. The span between these piers is 187 feet 6 inches, from the piers to each abutment the span will be 150 feet each. No formidable difficulties have occurred in the work of the present season; and every thing has been conducted to our satisfaction."

"We think it proper to give a short description of this pier (the greater proportion whereof is invisible) that its structure may be known; and its embarrassing, ex-

pensive, and tedious progress may be accounted for. We confine ourselves to the masonry, a description of the dam will be hereafter presented that it may be of service to others who may have occasion to use such auxiliaries, in aquatick structures. The plan of the dam, and instructions for its establishment, do much honour to Mr. Weston who furnished them. Mr. Robinson our superintendant, has great merit in faithfully executing this plan. But many dangerous casualties and unforeseen embarrassments baffled all previous arrangements; and required the immediate and unceasing efforts of the committee and the workmen to combat them. The members of the board, and others of our fellow citizens, who voluntarily assisted us in endeavours to evacuate the dam of the obstructions which prevented our totally baring the rock, have our thanks for their exertions. These have afforded conviction that the plan we adopted for the foundation, was indispensable. The result has undeniably proved its efficacy, competency, and permanence; and leaves no doubt of its being in contact with the rock; which, though somewhat irregular, rises at the interior circumference of our dam and forms in the middle a tolerably regular cavity, well calculated to prevent (if the weight on it were not sufficient) any injury to, or movement of the foundation."

#### DESCRIPTION OF THE PIER.

"Not being able to arrive nearer to the rock than three feet six inches, without the most imminent danger of ruin, and failure in our object, it was deemed (after every effort to evacuate the dam had been tried) most adviseable, and dictated by evident necessity to lay a rough foundation, before the masonry of cut stone commenced, about eight feet below the common bed of the river. This foundation was accordingly directed by the building committee; and on the 25th of December 1802 began to be formed. It consists of large foundation and smaller stone intermixed. Roach lime and sharp sand cover and fill the interstices of each layer of these stones; which are all well rammed; and reaching the rock, compose a solid mass, four feet thick, filling the whole interior of the dam; the area whereof is 42 feet six inches in breadth, by 92 feet in length. On this foundation, the cut stone was laid, and the pier shaped to its proper dimensions; which are here 30 feet in breadth, by 71 feet 6 inches in its extreme length; the ends being semicircular. It continues of these dimensions to the first offset, about four feet from the foundation. There are six offsets to low water mark; each diminishing the pier about four inches; so that at that point it is twenty-six feet eight inches in breadth and six

ty-seven feet two inches in length. There are from this point, to 18 inches above high water mark, three offsets, each diminishing the pier 10 inches. So that the dimensions, at this point, are twenty-one feet eight inches in breadth, and sixty three feet two inches in length; the whole continuing semicircular at the ends. From this point the pier begins to batter and the cut stone ceases. The hammered stone in range work, begins, and rising sixteen feet, lessens regularly to nineteen feet four inches in width, and in length sixty feet ten inches. When finished it will be in height fifty-five feet nine inches from the rock; and will be neatly surmounted with cut stone, at each end, formed in the shape of a half dome. The cut stone are all clamped at every joint, with iron clamps, well secured. The outer ashlers are all laid in tarras mortar. There are a proper number of headers, dove-tailed in each course; running into the pier many feet. On these are laid vast rough stone, some whereof are twelve tons in weight. These large stones of various sizes, are common in the interior of the pier, which is laid in a workmanlike manner, in common mortar, and properly filled with smaller stone; the whole being grouted and forming a solid mass. Six large and heavy chains, are worked into the masonry, crosswise of the pier, at the foundation; and a large curb of timber, hooped with iron, surrounds the cut stone at this point. Fifteen other massive chains, fastened at proper places, with perpendicular bolts, well wedged, are dispersed in various parts of the pier, crosswise thereof, as high as low water mark. The whole masonry of the pier, was performed (including the winter work with all its disadvantages) in seventy four working days, after we had been seven months preparing and fixing the dam. Two months of this period were employed in incessant pumping, clearing, and combatting casualties and impediments the most embarrassing and expensive.—The courses of cut stone vary in depth, the least course being ten inches, and the largest two feet eight inches in depth."

"The foundation is further secured by the embankment of stone, intermixed and embodied with sand, thrown around the dam, on the bed of the river, to the height of fourteen feet. The interior piling will be cut off below low water mark, and connected with the pier by chains. Building stone are thrown in, between this piling and the masonry, about ten feet high, the whole forming a strong barrier against any attacks on the foundation."

"Had we foreseen that so many casualties, difficulties, and dangers would have attended our enterprise, we should probably not have hazarded the undertaking."

"We were convinced that the whole of our success depended on completing this pier; and persevered against casualties and impediments, which frequently appeared insurmountable. It is at length accomplished, and the completion of our whole work thereby ensured. We mention, not as it respects ourselves, but for the emulation and encouragement of others, who may be obliged to encounter similar circumstances, that by perseverance, we have prevailed over the most discouraging obstacles. A pier of solid masonry, having 7250 tons on its foundation, which is twenty-nine feet below low water mark, and at high tide, 38 to 40 feet deep, was begun on Christmas day, in a severe winter, in a depth of water uncommonly forbidding, and in forty days carried up from necessity, during the inclemency of the season, to near low water mark; the point aimed at in our original design, for the work of an earlier and more temperate period."

### ORIGINAL POETRY.

*For the Port Folio.*

MR. OLDSCHOOL,

The following is sent for insertion when nothing better offers.

CARLOS.

*O, why should man weep, or the son of man mourn.*

Ah! the sorrows of youth they are cruelly keen

As the cold northern blast on the rosebud expanding,

Deep they fix in the breast that but visions has seen

And whose well-belov'd castles of Fancy are standing,

Alas! for the heart,

It is forc'd to depart

From Nature's own vales to the gardens of art,

The bright views of the valley will never return,

But, O! why should man weep, or the son of man mourn?

Proud manhood arrives with a whirlwind of cares,

And the demons of Sorrow forever attending,

Still they haunt up the spirit of life as it wears,

Still they point to the terrible storm that's impending,

And now he has found

That mirth's but a sound,

Shame, Sickness, and Poverty hem him around:

The years that have fled they will never return,

But, O! why should man weep, or the son of man mourn?

Cold, cold is the bosom of feeble old age,

The ties of his heart in the grave are decaying,

No warm shielding breast the chill winds to assuage,

They buffet his head, unrelenting, un-staying.

Alas! from the womb

He has fled to the tomb,

How damp are its walls, and how fearful the gloom!

Ah! the life that thou spent, it shall never return,

Yet why should man weep, or the son of man mourn?

Go roam to the forest and green breasted hill,

Go roam through the sweet-scented wilds of the valley,

Go learn from the birds, who with gratitude thrill,

It is weak thy existence in sorrow to dally:

Let not Hope deceive,

And for fear never grieve,

But uprightly walk, and contentedly live, And cry, when on past life exploring you turn,

O! why should man weep, or the son of man mourn?

When thy temples are furrowed, thy locks are all grey,

And low to the valley of death thou art bending,

Then a hope shall arise that fades never away,

There's a Father in Heaven to forgive thy offending.

Sing, sing, son of man,

That so short is thy span,

Rejoice that thy sorrows so rapidly run, Thou shalt wing to a world from thy comfortless urn,

Where no eye shall weep, and no bosom shall mourn.

CARLOS.

The price of The Port Folio is Six Dollars per annum, to be paid in advance.

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# THE PORT FOLIO,

(NEW SERIES)

BY OLIVER OLDSCHOOL, ESQ.



Various, that the mind of desultory man, studious of change and pleased with novelty, may be indulged—Cowp.

Vol. V.

Philadelphia, Saturday, April 9, 1808.

No. 15.

## ORIGINAL PAPERS.

*For The Port Folio.*

### TRAVELS.

#### LETTERS FROM GENEVA AND FRANCE.

*Written during a residence of between two and three years in different parts of those countries, and addressed to a lady in Virginia.*

—quâ me quoque possim  
Tollere humo. Vir.

*Je dirai j'étais là, telle chose m'advint,  
Vous y croyriez être vous-mêmes.*

LA FONTAINE.

*(Continued from page 212.)*

#### LETTER X.

Geneva.

My dear E—,

We got to Ville Franche about 8, and the next day to Mons. you will think our progress a slow one, if, as is not improbable, you follow us on the map. The reason was, that, at first, we turned aside to see a place, where the canal is carried over a small river, in an aqueduct of masonry, and then again to visit Naurose, the highest point between the two seas, on the line of the canal, where the In-

spector of the works lives, and, drawing his resources from reservoirs at a distance, supplies either side of him with water, as he is informed it is required. The principal of these is, the reservoir of St. Feneol, which, to my very great regret, I had it not in my power to visit. This enormous basin is 160 feet deep, and 14,466 feet round; it is formed by a circle of mountains, and confined at the only outlet by a wall, which is 234 feet thick. The Inspector put me in mind of Virgil's Æolus, directing the fury of the winds, at pleasure, from the hollow mountain, which served him as a palace; he was civil to us, however, notwithstanding his empire over an element as formidable as the winds, and explained all the particulars of his employment, with great good nature. He then showed us his garden, in which were espaliers and dwarf apple trees: many of these last, though not a foot high, had several apples, which seemed out of all proportion large. We passed more quickly than I could have wished, by the ancient city of Carcassonne, whose walls seem-

p d

ed as old as those of Troy, and whose dismantled castle would have suited us exactly, had we been in the situation of Lamotte and his family, (you remember Lamotte,) it was gloomy and terrific in the extreme, and no path could be discovered leading up to it. We began now to perceive fig-trees, in abundance, and greater quantities of Indian corn: as to the roads, nothing that I could say could give you an idea of their magnificent perfection. There are causeways for miles together, kept up by stone walls, and handsome bridges, wherever an accidental torrent from a winter shower might, sometimes, make the water a foot deep. Arthur Young's Tour through France will give you proper ideas on this subject, and a great deal of other information. We now quitted the direction of the canal, and proceeded towards Narbonne, across a country similar to that we had hitherto travelled through for scenes of plenty and population; but with this difference, that olive trees began to appear, and the herbs, which grew by the road side, were either thyme or sweet marjoram: in the villages which we passed, as well as in the fields, the people were busily employed in their vintage: several of the men had their legs red with the juice of the grape, and one young lady, with her petticoats neatly tucked up about her knees, was making wine in a tub by the door of her house. We dined at Narbonne, once so distinguished in Roman history, as giving name to a large portion of Gaul, but now distinguished for little more than the honey, which is made in its neighbourhood. At a time when the ocean was navigated in much smaller vessels than at present, Narbonne was more of a sea-port, than it is now. and Cæsar embarked thence, after escaping the effects of a conspiracy, which he seems never to have known of. The communication with the Mediterranean, was then kept up, as it is now, by means of a canal and a lagoon; but this canal has, of late years, been joined to that of

Languedoc, and is far more than sufficient for all that exists of trade and intercourse at Narbonne, and in its neighbourhood. There were once to be found here very considerable remains of Roman architecture, but they have been sacrificed, on various occasions, to the defence of the town, and to the construction of those antique walls, which still retain a very respectable appearance.

The Episcopal residence of former times, (I am not certain to what use it has been since applied) looks like the palace of a Prince, and the Cathedral is one of the most stately and solemn buildings I ever beheld. The Sacristan, who attended us, told us, with tears in his eyes, of the ravages, and of the horrible outrages committed during a period of the revolution; when it was fashionable to decry and to destroy everything any way connected with religion. His family had filled the same office, from father to son, for the greater part of two centuries, and the Cathedral was to him the Holy of Holies: he pointed out to us, with honest pride, certain sacred ornaments, as we walked about the church, which he had found means to secrete, and some valuable pictures, which he saved in the same manner. I observed too, that the workmen were at that moment, employed upon the great organ, which had been very much mutilated.

From Narbonne to Beziers, the road is short, and we arrived at a very early hour, through crowds of people returning into town from the vintage of the day: some very pretty girls were of the number, and mounted, two at a time, upon asses, with old and young people, and children in carts, and servants, carrying baskets of grapes on their heads. It seemed a procession in honour of Bacchus. We here joined the line of the canal again, and, admiring the neighbouring hills, whose sides were covered with olive trees, we drove up a very steep ascent, under an ancient gateway, into

a narrow street, which conducted us to our inn. Mulberry trees had become common for the last two or three posts, and we were now in a country where wine, oil, grain of all sorts, and honey abounded. Read what Young says of the locks at the commencement of the canal at Beziers, and of the subterranean passage at Malpas, for I could give you but a very incorrect idea of either. It rained excessively the next day, and was so cloudy that we could see nothing, not even the Mediterranean, though we were frequently upon very high ground and within a few miles of it.

We were disappointed also in not being able to see and to admire the approach to Montpellier, of which we had heard a great deal, as we did not arrive until after night, and during a hard rain. I had observed during the day, however, that the country rose in gentle hills, and that there was a profusion of all that could cheer the heart of man, amid towns, and villages, and castles, and countryhouses, and that these last were in a style of greater magnificence, and in greater numbers as we approached the city.

### CRITICISM.

*For The Port Folio.*

*Ode on the death of a favourite cat:*

Trifling as the ode on the death of a favourite cat was probably held to be by Mr. Gray. and as it is denominated by his criticks, it furnishes many topics of remark. Dr. Johnson has been unusually diffuse:—"the poem on the cat was doubtless considered as a trifle, but it is not a happy trifle. In the first stanza, *the azure flowers that blow*, show resolutely a rhyme is sometimes made when it cannot easily be found. Selima, the cat, is called a nymph, with some violence, both in language and in sense; but there is good use made of it when it is done; for, of the two lines,

What female heart can gold despise?  
What cat's averse to fish?

The first relates merely to the nymph, and the second only to the cat. The sixth stanza contains a melancholy truth, that a favourite has no friend; but the last ends in a pointed sentence of no relation to the purpose; if *what glister'd* had been *gold*, the cat would not have gone into the water; and, if she had, would not less have been drowned!"

"This ode," says Mr. Wakefield, "is, beyond all dispute, the least excellent of all Mr. Gray's productions; but the cause of this inferiority must be sought for in the tenuity of the subject, which was incapable of great things; and not in the meanness of its execution, or the imbecility of his genius. A gayety of imagination, and a spriteliness of humour, invested with melodious verse and elegant expression, are its undoubted recommendations; and of what other excellence was such a simple event susceptible."

Allowing for the ill humour with which Dr. Johnson writes, we are not indisposed to admit his objections to this ode. In describing the fish as *angel forms*, and denominating the cat a *nymph*, and *presumptuous maid*, the poet has only assumed the indisputable privilege of elevating his subject, and giving an allegorical turn to his narration. Dr. Johnson is certainly right in his concluding criticism; that *all that glisters is not gold* is nothing to the purpose; but here it may be agreeable to extend the observation. If we reconsider the poem, it is evident that Gray's design in the composition, was to produce a moral fable, and so relate the story as that it should equally evince the fatal consequence of a cat's heedlessness in catching fish, and beauty's in catching gold. If he have failed in so simple an undertaking, it is not easy to excuse him; and yet, if we decide impartially, we must allow that the failure has happened, in as far as the concluding lines do not express what is intended. The *angel forms* which occupy the place of the *beautiful forms*, as originally written,



are intended to create an equivocal between *fish* and *lovers*; between *gold-fish* and *gilded beaux*. They betray a *golden gleam* irresistibly captivating; for,

What female heart can gold despise?  
What cat's averse to fish?

as if it were said, how could she be indifferent, as she was female, to gold, or, as she was a cat, to fish?

What follows!

The slipp'ry verge her feet beguiled;  
She tumbled headlong in.

In the next stanza, which is one of the best, the poet forgets his allegory, and runs after another moral; insomuch that he is scarcely entitled to begin that which succeeds it with the form of deduction, *From hence*:

From hence, ye beauties, undeceiv'd  
Know, one false step is ne'er retriev'd,  
And be with caution bold.

This is the natural inference to be drawn; but, why *undeceived*? Beauties may need to be *admonished* but not *undeceived*, upon the consequences of a false step; they labour under no *deception* upon this subject: the true precept is that which follows,

And be with caution bold.

But, the *deception* that was in the poet's mind belongs to that which *glistens but is not gold*, matter which had no connexion with the subject, and in introducing which he has sacrificed all perspicuity of thought, and created a confusion which cannot be concealed: the stanza ends—

Not all, that tempts your wand'ring eyes,  
And heedless hearts, is lawful prize,  
Nor all that glisters gold.

There is not a particle of sense in these lines, as applied to the fate of the cat. She died not through any mistake of one thing for another, but through want of caution. She stretched to reach what she believed to be fish, and fish it was; so that what glistened was gold. *Lawful prize* is a very poor expression. The poet does not mean *lawful* but *valuable*. But here he quite forgets his argument; which is, to be with caution

bold. The story of the cat may properly inculcate *caution*, but has nothing to do with *discrimination*.

There is one particular, however, with respect to which we are of an opinion decidedly opposite to that of Dr. Johnson and of Mr. Wakefield, by whom, in this instance, he is followed. We allude to the exception taken to the phrase, *the azure flowers that blow*; but before we submit what we have to offer in its defence, we shall quote the stanza, together with Mr. Wakefield's criticism:

'Twas on a lofty vase's side,  
Where China's gayest art had dy'd  
The azure flowers that blow,  
Demurest of the tabby kind,  
The pensive Selima reclin'd,  
Gaz'd on the lake below.

"*The azure flowers that blow.*

"This is, perhaps, the only redundancy that the most scrupulous examiner would be able to detect in Gray. For, *the flowers that blow*, if intended in contradistinction to *flowers unblown, or in the bud*—is a trivial and unmeaning thought. Milton acquits himself with much more happiness and dexterity:

Iris there with humid bow  
Waters the odorous banks that blow  
Flowers of more mingled hue,  
Than her purpled scarf can shew."

COMUS, 992.

So far are we from thinking the expression defective, that we regard it as possessed of one of the highest beauties of composition. That in which the verb which might be of a general import, is made specifick; thus, in the line,

Though mountains *rise* and oceans *roll*  
between.

The general meaning is, though *mountains* and *oceans* ARE between; but can this latter expression stand a comparison with the former, in which not abstract being, but the mode of being is presented to the mind? To write in this manner is to paint with the pen, it is to fix the mind upon the colours and forms of a picture.

It is thus in the line of Gray. He did not mean, as in Johnson's inter-

pretation, *the flowers THAT blow*, distinguishing them from *flowers that do NOT blow*; nor, as in that of Mr. Wakefield, *the flowers that BLOW*, and not those only in the bud; as in the lines of Milton, the verb active,—banks that BLOW, that is, that produce flowers: he meant the flowers ARE on the vase's side; and, to express himself picturesquely poetically, he says, the flowers, not that ARE, but that BLOW on the vase's side. We might cite, if leisure allowed, or necessity required, a thousand examples of this beauty in writing; we shall content ourselves with stamping it with our warmest approbation, and with recommending it to practice: thus, if a poet had to describe hills that are in a picture, we should be glad to see him, in defiance of false criticism, or misapprehension, write—

The purple hills that rise.

### LEVITY.

*For The Port Folio.*

To the Editor of The Port Folio, or his Agent, or either of the Correctors of the PRESS, within said Office GREETING:

By authority of the God of Musick, you are hereby commanded to summon A B C, Printer of the eighth number of said Port Folio, (present series) to appear before the High Court of the Muses, to be holden at Parnassus, at the 19th of Instant March: then and there to answer to Astolpho, of Griffin memory, in plea of a case, whereupon the Plaintiff declares and says that sometime, during the course of the month last past he, the said Plaintiff duly forwarded to the office of said Port Folio a certain piece or parcel of poetry, (fairly written and in legible characters) being, and purporting to be an Imitation of an Italian Poem by Menzini: Which said piece or parcel receiving the approbation of the Editor, it then and there became the duty of the said A B C, to insert the same *verbatim*:

Which, his said duty notwithstanding, he the said A B C, instigated by the spirit of blundering, and not having the fear of criticism before his eyes, did traiterously and maliciously change, alter, and endamage the same, in manner and form as follows; viz. in the 10th l. thereof, in lieu of "A heart that love's soft passion feels," as written in the original, he the said A B C did feloniously insert, "A heart that love of passion feels;" thereby much injuring the harmony and totally destroying the sense thereof; which is to the damage of the Plff. the sum of one hundred lines, for the recovery of which, with just costs of suit, the Plff. brings this action. Hereof fail not, but of this writ, with your doings thereon, make due return, according to law.

*Dated at Helicon, this 7th day of March, in the year of Poetry 3328.*

LONGINUS, Jus. Quo.

### MISCELLANY.

The following very valuable communication was sent in manuscript, and in the guise of an original essay, but unless our memory be a very treacherous deceiver, we perused it many years ago, in a British Journal. However, it richly deserves preservation in The Port Folio, on account of the solidity of advice which it offers to those who are studying jurisprudence, with a view to eminence in a noble profession. The essay is entitled to great attention on another account. It is the production of one of the brightest luminaries of law,

SIR,

The habits of intercourse, in which I have lived with your family, joined to the regard which I entertain for yourself, makes me solicitous, in compliance with your request, to give you some hints concerning the study of the law.

Our profession is generally ridiculed as being dry and uninteresting; but a mind anxious for the discovery of truth, and information, will be amply gratified by the toil in investigating the origin and progress of a jurisprudence, which has the good of the people for its basis, and the ac-

cumulated wisdom and experience of ages for its improvement. Nor is the study itself so intricate as has been imagined, more especially since the labours of some modern writers have given it a more regular and scientific form. Without industry, however, it is impossible to arrive at any eminence in practice; and the man who shall be bold enough to attempt excellence by abilities alone, will soon find himself foiled by many who have inferior understanding, but better attainments; on the other hand, the most painful plodder can never arrive at celebrity by mere reading, a man calculated for success must add to native genius, an instinctive faculty in the discovery and retention of that knowledge only, which can be at once useful and productive.

I imagine that a considerable degree of learning is absolutely necessary. The elder authours frequently wrote in Latin, and the foreign jurists continue the practice to this day. Besides this, classical attainments contribute much to the refinement of the understanding, and the embellishment of the style. The utility of grammar, rhetorick, and logic, are known and felt by every one. Geometry will afford the most apposite examples of close and pointed reasoning, and geography is so very necessary in common life, that there is less credit in knowing, than dishonour in being unacquainted with it. But it is *history*, and more particularly that of his own country, which will occupy the attention, and attract the regard of the great lawyer. A minute knowledge of the political revolutions, and *judicial decisions* of our predecessors, whether in the more ancient or modern eras of our government, is equally useful and interesting. This will include a narrative of all the material alterations in the *Common Law*, and the reason and exigencies on which they were founded.

I would always recommend a diligent attendance on the courts of

justice, as by that means the *practice* of them (a circumstance of great moment) will be easily and naturally acquired. Besides this, a much stronger impression will be made on the mind by the statement of the case, and the pleadings of the counsel, than from a cold uninteresting detail of it in a report. But above all, a trial at bar, or a *special argument*, should never be neglected. As it is usual on these occasions to take notes, a knowledge of short-hand will give such a facility to your labours, as to enable you to follow the most rapid speaker with certainty and precision. Common-place books are convenient and useful; and as they are generally lettered, a reference may be had to them in a moment. It is usual to acquire some insight into real business under an eminent special pleader, previous to actual practice at the bar; this idea I beg leave strongly to second, and indeed I have known but a few great men who have not possessed this advantage.

I here subjoin a list of books necessary for your perusal and instruction, to which I have added some remarks, and wishing you may add to a successful practice that integrity, which alone can make you worthy of it,

I remain, &c.

Read Hume's History of England, particularly observing the rise, progress, and declension of the feudal system. Minutely attend to the Saxon government that preceded it, and dwell on the reigns of Edward I, Henry VI, Henry VII, Henry VIII, James I, Charles I, Charles II, and James II.

Blackstone. On the second reading turn to the references. Coke, Lyttleton—especially every word of Fee Simple, Fee Tail, and Tenant in Tail. Reports of Burrow, Term, and Peere Williams.—Paley's Maxims.

### POLITE LITERATURE.

*For The Port Folio.*

An English gentleman at New York has, in a very obliging manner,

communicated the ensuing elegant article for preservation in *The Port Folio*. We perused it, some time since, in an English paper, and from internal evidence as well as from common fame we are persuaded that it was the production of **GEORGE CANNING**, Esq., who is not less distinguished for his attainments in polite literature than for his diplomatic skill. At a very early age Mr. Canning, when at Eton, distinguished himself by a series of periodical essays which need not shrink from any comparison. He afterwards contributed to *The Anti Jacobin*, a work matchless in its kind, and his recent correspondence, as one of His Majesty's Ministers, is not more remarkable for correctness of sentiment than for the perspicuity, elegance and vigour of the style. Better specimens of the bureau manner of writing have not appeared. No, not since the era of My Lord Bolingbroke. With respect to the execution of the following poem it certainly is entitled to great praise. The pamphlet which contains it has run through five editions, and it contains a dedication and a biographical sketch which we have thought proper to preserve. Of the subject of the ensuing stanzas it is scarcely necessary for the Editor to dilate in commendation. When Mr. **PITT** triumphed over the Genius of Jacobinism he saved more than one country from total perdition. Eloquence and Energy were never more successfully excited than by this illustrious minister.

## ELIJAH'S MANTLE;

BEING

### VERSES

Occasioned by the death of that illustrious statesman

*The Right Honourable*

**WILLIAM PITT.**

Dedicated to the Right Rev.

**THE LORD BISHOP OF LINCOLN;**

In testimony of the high sense which is entertained of his learning and his worth;

and as the preceptor of that unrivalled patriot and preeminent character, the late Right Honourable **WILLIAM PITT**; this Poem is presented, with all possible respect and veneration, by his Lordship's most obedient, and most devoted servant,

THE EDITOR.

### PREFACE.

Among the many illustrious characters in every age and country which have been held up to the admiration of posterity, by the genius of the poet, or the discernment of the historian, the name of that great statesman, the **RIGHT HONOURABLE WILLIAM PITT**, will ever maintain a distinguished place. With the grandeur and prosperity of Britain, the mind, by an involuntary impulse, associates the talents of this extraordinary man; and in contemplating its splendour and its preeminence over other states, reflects with a degree of veneration, bordering on enthusiasm, on the vigour, integrity, and consummate abilities of the Minister to whom England is indebted for its present glory.

To endowments of the most elevated kind, and eloquence the most impressive, he united great intrepidity and unsullied probity of character. His speeches breathe sentiments of the purest patriotism; and all his views, his measures, and desires, were devoted to one grand and important object—to uphold the dignity—extend the power—and enlarge the commerce of this, his native isle.

In defending his country from the incursions of anarchy, and protecting its rights from being corrupted or destroyed, if, as pretended, he intrenched on the liberties of the subject, and added to the burthens of the realm, let it be recollected that he lived in times of uncommon difficulty, which demanded all the faculties of his great and enterprising mind, all the resources of his superior and vigorous intellect, to stem the torrent of principles which had hastened the downfall of neighbouring governments, and threatened to

bury, in one common ruin, every thing which, as Britons, we had been taught to esteem. To his foresight, his vigilance, and his energy, we owe, perhaps, our very existence as an independent state. With a promptitude, a vigour which can never be sufficiently extolled, he crushed the seeds of revolt and disaffection—restrained the baneful effects of a contagious frenzy—frustrated the machinations of internal enemies, and repelled the ambition of an avowed and gigantick foe. But for the timely and spirited exertion of his prodigious powers, our laws had been subverted—our domestick comforts invaded—our property absorbed;—liberty had degenerated into licentiousness—subordination into disorder—truth had been exchanged for scepticism, and religion for infidelity.

With the exception of a few tranquil years, at the commencement of his brilliant career, when he established a system of finance, which is the theme of general eulogium, and brought the nation to a pitch of grandeur almost unparalleled, his administration was one continued scene of warfare, replete with great events and unprecedented occurrences. At the important crisis when, from the melancholy illness of the Sovereign, all appeared to anticipate a regency, his character shone with peculiar splendour. Then, solely actuated by his inviolable attachment to his King and country, he resisted the efforts of a party vehemently struggling for power, and preserved the empire from tumult and confusion. The revolution of France, so fatal in its consequences to the interests and happiness of Europe, generated a thousand evils, and gave birth to a series of calamities, which nothing but his matchless talents could have prevented from undermining the constitution, and feeding on the vitals of the kingdom. Still in every arduous trial, in every impending gloom, such was the confidence of all ranks and descriptions of persons in his fidelity to his Sovereign—in

his zeal for the publick welfare—and in the ascendancy of his genius, that they felt a conscious security against projects, however vast or stupendous, which menaced destruction to every well organized and civilized state. But to delineate his various excellencies would require a volume. Suffice it then to say, that having devoted the labours of an active life to the service of Great Britain; to reflect a lustre upon his character beyond the power of language to express, and to engrave his memory in the bosom of every Briton, he expired with this ejaculation of solicitude for its future glory, quivering on his lips;—

“O! MY COUNTRY!!!”

To depict his merits as a statesman, and his virtues as a man, various have been the effusions of the Muse. But among the numerous verses, which have appeared in testimony of his superlative talents, and commemorative of his irreparable loss, nothing can convey a more delicate compliment to his memory, or paint in stronger colours the preeminence of his abilities, than the poem of ELIJAH'S MANTLE. It is at once simple, dignified, classical, and correct,—and without any parade of learning,—or ostentatious display of poetical ornament, exhibits, in a strain of refined panegyrick, much erudition and good taste. The satire is poignant, but divested of coarseness and asperity—the allusions eminently happy—and the prominent features of the political characters whose conduct it would censure, admirably described.

To preserve, then, an anonymous production of such acknowledged merit, from sinking into that oblivion so frequently the lot of fugitive pieces, however ably written, or momentous the occasion to which they owe their existence, this poem is presented to the publick in a form suitable to the importance of the subject, and befitting its intrinsic worth. It will now, doubtless, be received with avidity into the library of every ad-

mirror of that immortal statesman,  
**WILLIAM PITT**, and gliding to pos-  
 terity down the stream of time, par-  
 take a portion of his fame, and an  
 emanation of his glory.

When by th' Almighty's dread command,  
 Elijah, call'd from Israel's land,  
 Rose in the sacred flame,  
 His Mantle good Elisha caught,  
 And with the Prophet's spirit fraught,  
 Her second hope became.

In **PITT** our Israel saw combin'd  
 The Patriot's heart—the Prophet's mind,  
 Elijah's spirit here;  
 Now, sad reverse!—that spirit rest,  
 No confidence, no hope is left;  
 For no Elisha's near.

Is there among the greedy band,  
 Who've seized on Power with harpy hand,  
 And Patriot worth assume,  
 One on whom publick faith can rest—  
 One fit to wear Elijah's vest,  
 And cheer the nation's gloom?

Grenville,—to aid thy Treasury fame,  
 A portion of his mantle claim,  
 Pitt's generous ardour feel;  
 'Bove sordid self resolve to soar,  
 Amidst Exchequer gold be poor,  
 Thy wealth—the publick weal.

Fox,—if on thee some remnant fall,  
 The shred may to thy mind recall  
 Those hours of loud debate,  
 When thy unhallow'd lips oft prais'd  
 "The glorious fabrick" traitors rais'd  
 On Bourbon's fallen state—

Thy soul let Pitt's example fire,  
 With patriot zeal thy tongue inspire,  
 Spite of thy Gallick leaven;  
 And teach thee in thy latest day,  
 His form of prayer, (if thou canst pray)  
 "O, save my Country, Heaven!"

Windham,—if e'er thy sorrows flow  
 For private loss, or publick wo,  
 Thy rigid brow unbend:  
 Tears over Cæsar, Brutus shed,  
 His hatred warr'd not with the dead—  
 And Pitt was once thy friend.

Does Envy bid thee *not* to mourn?  
 Hold then his Mantle up to scorn,  
 His well-earn'd fame assail;  
 Of funeral honours rob his corse,  
 And at his virtues, till thou'rt hoarse,  
 Like curst Thersites rail.

But know that these ungenefous deeds,  
 As long as age to age succeeds,  
 Shall prove thy glory's bane;  
 That noxious as the vernal blast,  
 Shall on thy blighted memory cast  
 An everlasting stain.

Illustrious Roscius of the State,  
 New breech'd and harness'd for debate,  
 Thou wonder of thy age!!!  
 Petty or Betty art thou hight  
 By Granta sent to strut thy night  
 On Stephen's bustling stage!

Pitt's 'Chequer robe will Petty wear!  
 Take of his Mantle then a share,  
 'Twill aid thy Ways and Means;  
 And should Fat Jack, and his Cabal,  
 Cry "rob us the Exchequer, Hal!"  
 'Twill charm away those fiends.

Sage Palinurus of the realm!  
 By Vincent call'd to take the helm,  
 And play a proxy's part;  
 Dost thou a star, or compass know,  
 Canst reef aloft—or steer below?  
 Hast conn'd the seaman's chart!

No! from Pitt's Mantle tear a rag,  
 Enough to serve thee for a flag,  
 And hoist it on thy mast:  
 Beneath that sign (our prosperous star)  
 Shall future Nelsons rush to war,  
 And rival victories past.

Sidmouth,—though low his head be laid  
 Who call'd thee from thy native shade,  
 And gave thee second birth;—  
 Gave thee the sweets of Power and Place,  
 The tufted robe—the gilded mace,  
 And rear'd thy puny worth:

Think how his Mantle wrapp'd thee round:  
 Is one of equal virtues found  
 Among thy *new* compeers?  
 Or can thy cloak of Amiens stuff,  
 Once laugh'd to scorn by blue and buff,  
 Screen thee from Windham's jeers?

When Faction threaten'd Britain's land,  
 Thy new-made friends—a desperate band,  
 Like Ahab—stood reprov'd;  
 Pitt's powerful tongue their rage could  
 check,  
 His counsel sav'd, midst general wreck,  
 The Israel that he lov'd.

Yes, honour'd shade; whilst near thy grave  
 The letter'd sage, and chieftain brave,  
 The votive marble claim;  
 O'er thy cold corse—the publick tear  
 Congeal'd, a chrystal shrine shall rear  
 Unsullied—as thy fame!!!

For the Port Folio.

## CLASSICAL LEARNING.

(Continued from page 166.)

As Horace was a philosopher as well as  
 a poet, he attended always to morals except  
 when his favourite vices stood in his way,  
 and even for these sometimes to check

himself, and to have felt some transient fits of remorse—*Fabula quanta sui?* His Epicurean Philosophy appears also to have been sometimes staggered; and in one ode, he fairly renounces it, though it is evident, he returned to it afterwards. Few Poets have more or better moral sentences interspersed through their poems. What a pity that they should have been stained with indecencies, so that we are obliged sometimes to blush for our author, and to decline explaining his sentiments, for fear of corrupting the imaginations of youth. Virgil is more sensible of propriety and decency, and, except in one Eclogue, we have no reason to blush for him. Horace appears to have been one of those men of pleasure, who either seem to reckon on the confession of their vices a sufficient excuse for them, or even to glory in them, and defend them by the example of others. This was, in a great measure, the spirit of the times in which he lived, as we may learn from the example of Ovid, and the account that Suetonius has left us, of the life of Augustus. Horace displays a deep knowledge of human nature, and appears to have studied the Greek Philosophy with success. His Odes and Epodes comprehend all that variety of subjects that are thought proper for the Lyric Muse. He augured the immortality of his own works, and exulted in the prospect of it. Friendship, love, politicks, raillery, devotion, flattery, history, mythology, and criticism, occupy his Muse by turns, and he never dwells too long on one subject. In his satires he uses what is called polite raillery, rather than indignant censure. He reproves men in that very manner in which they wish to be reprov'd, *i. e.* without being put out of humour with themselves or their vices. In this sort of composition he had no assistance from the Greek poets, as none of them thought of satire, except perhaps the writers of the old comedy, who exposed real and living characters on the stage. Horace did not approve of this practice, and therefore set a pattern of a more soothing mode of reproof, which represents vice rather as ridiculous than abominable or mischievous, and his example, though it wanted imitators among the ancients, has found both imitators and admirers among the moderns. Perhaps Horace's court delicacy was shocked at the asperity with which Lucilius, in a former age, had attacked the vices of his contemporaries, and run, which is not extraordinary, from the one extreme to the other, so that his satire often resembles flattery. Juvenal and Persius, who succeeded him in this line, followed the plan of Lucilius, and treated the vices of their countrymen with great asperity of language. It is pity that even those who reprove vices, should

use indecent language, and imitate in so far, the vices they profess to censure. In Horace's Satires, however, we find many rational and moral observations, which constitute their chief merit. His Epistles comprehend a variety of subjects, and exhibit the character of a courtly and polite philosopher, anxious for his friends, grateful to his benefactors, and solicitous to support the character he had assumed. Horace was employed by Augustus to compose the hymn that was sung at the Secular Games or Jubilee of ancient Rome, in which we see nothing but prayers for the outward and temporal prosperity of the Roman Empire, with scarce anything of morals. The state prayers of the ancient Pagans had no reference to the souls of men, and perhaps Horace added the short petition, *Dii probos mores docilis juventa*, of his own authority, and in conformity to the custom he observed in his odes. In both his Satires and Epistles he delivers many useful lessons and observations on human life. His Art of Poetry is a system of good sense and sound criticism, in which, without formality or solemnity, the rules of writing with propriety, either in prose or verse, are carefully and plainly laid down, and the contrary errors pointed out with judgment and accuracy. It is scarce to be wondered that in the last age students were obliged to commit the greatest part of this author to memory, to fix in their minds a variety of moral precepts and instructive observations of human life, with which he abounds. The works of Horace have been the subject of much contention and disputation among his editors and commentators. No less than thirty thousand various readings have been discovered in the manuscript copies of this author. One may be sure that they are not very important, when we consider with what ease the sentiment of the author may be collected from the common reading. But a scrupulous exactness, that was perhaps necessary at the first publication of books from manuscripts, and the error or humour of many transcribers, some of whom depended too much on their memory, have been sufficient to raise numerous contentions among the critics, a race of men that have always been easily provoked to anger and foul language.

TERENCE was a Carthaginian captive, who became a slave to Terentius Lucanus, a nobleman of Rome, by whom he was introduced to the acquaintance of Scipio and Lælius, who were supposed by some to have assisted him in writing his comedies. This suspicion the poet himself mentions without contradicting it, and appears rather to boast of it, as doing him honour. The purity of Terence's Latin has been admired by all the critics, even in his own time. When a dispute arose concerning

the propriety of a word in a publick inscription, we find Terence's authority quoted even against Cicero and Pompey, who certainly were no mean judges of their own language. It is not a little extraordinary that an African slave should have been able to rival the most learned and eloquent of the Romans in the propriety of the Latin language. Terence wrote a number of Comedies, of which only six are now extant, sufficient, however, to demonstrate the genius and ability of the authour. Menander was a favourite Greek comedian, and the Romans, who do not appear to have had any great inclination to dramatick poetry, were commonly content to translate Menander, either literally or with a few small variations. It is probable that Andronicus, Accius, and Nævius, followed this method strictly. Plautus adventured to invent for himself, but Terence professes to copy from Menander and Diphilus, of whom a few fragments only are now extant. Terence is famous for his simplicity, and the ease and beauty of his style in describing and exhibiting the human passions. Horace does justice to his merit, and professes himself his admirer. The lovers of antiquity will find the best description of Greek and Roman manners in the plays of Terence, as he copied exactly from nature, and seems to have despised all ornament of style. And those who would be acquainted with the nature of the human mind will likewise find their account in perusing him. It was acknowledged by the most sanguine admirers of Terence, that he wants the *vis comica*, and rather pleases and surprises his readers than provokes them to laughter. But the Romans were a very grave people, and the style that they most delighted in was the serious comedy, of which Terence is a bright example. Comedy, in their apprehension, was a faithful representation of the actions of common life, without any intention of exposing them to ridicule. Yet Julius Cæsar in an epigram, still extant, acknowledges the defect of his favourite authour in this respect.

As the Romans had no fixed stage, they seldom applied themselves to Comedy, and though many distinguished persons among them wrote tragedies, to exercise their genius, and imitate the Greek Poets, it does not appear that they had the least intention of getting them acted, or even of making them publick. Pantomimes, consisting of action without language, engrossed the admiration of the people. Terence's comedies were acted on occasion of the great Games, *Ludi Megalenses*, and made a part of the entertainment of the people on that occasion.

Plays were considered in Rome as a Grecian luxury, or polite pastime, and Ho-

race, in his Art of Poetry, though he lays down rules for dramatick compositions, and mentions what is proper for them, yet does not seem to consider them as anything more than occasional and innocent entertainments. It does not seem ever to have occurred to him that the stage was a school of virtue, a paradox which has taken its rise in modern times, and which would have been applied with much more propriety to the decent performances of the Greeks and Romans, than to that tissue of bawdry, ribaldry and blasphemy, that is reckoned the soul of dramatick composition in modern times.

Phædrus was a Thracian and likewise a slave, but he was happy in being the slave of the Emperour Augustus, who generously gave him his freedom, on discovering his abilities. Phædrus translated Æsop, as Terence did Menander, and obtained equal praise for purity of language. Shall we wonder that slaves should succeed in the art of pleasing, either by language or complaisance? Arbitrary government itself is supposed to contribute to the increase of politeness, as those who are entirely dependent have every reason to be attentive to please those who have them wholly in their power. The power of pleasing, in the slave, as in the weaker sex, is all their armour, and all their fortune. It is not to be wondered, therefore, that they should succeed best in a thing so necessary for them, and what is the only resource of their unhappy condition. As slaves dare not say what they think, they must be particularly careful to say what will be pleasing to those who hear them. Much of Phædrus, as well as of Terence, is lost, and our present copies contain only a few versions of those many fables that were attributed to Æsop. Phædrus's Latin is pure, and his style simple, and exceedingly proper for the subject he treats.

Aristotle observes that the Iambic verse was chosen as the most proper for dramatick poetry because it approaches the nearest to prose, for, says he, we utter many Iambicks, unwittingly, in conversation. If we might make a short digression in this place, that it is possible that men may, even unwittingly, utter rhyme, or a sort of verse, which seems to require great labour. St. Augustine in the beginning of a most grave and pious meditation, utters unwittingly two Leonine, or rhyming verses, which were much admired in the middle age. *Quisquis amas mundum, tibi prospice quod sit eundum.*—*Nam via qua vadis, via peris; ma, plenaque cladis.* But to return. Phædrus's verse is natural, easy, and such as one would think might be spoken without any premeditation. Like Terence, he pretends not to the honour of invention, and where he tries it, is extremely unhappy:



His talents were of the inferior kind, and reached not to loftiness of sentiment, or grandeur of expression, but in his own sphere, of narrating perspicuously, expressing himself easily, and thinking justly, he may truly be said to excel; and as Morality is the great subject he has in view, he is most properly recommended to the perusal of youth.

(To be continued.)

## VARIETY.

In the rough blast heaves the billow,  
In the light air waves the willow;  
Every thing of moving kind  
VARIES with the veering wind:  
What have I to do with thee,  
Dull, unjoyous Constancy?

Sombre tale, and satire witty,  
Sprightly glee, and doleful ditty,  
Measur'd sighs, and roundelay,  
Welcome all! but do not stay.  
What have I to do with thee,  
Dull, unjoyous Constancy?

Extracted from Poems by *somebody*.

DUBLIN, 12th, November, 1806.

### ALL ALONE,

When others think me all alone  
And Pleasure's mandate glad obey,  
To breathe the Ball room's torrid Zone,  
Till tapers fade in blushing day;

I, in my solitary shades  
Far happier regions gayly trace;  
Mazes more bright, where Fancy leads,  
And scenes that lovelier beauties grace.

I plant a fairy garden bright,  
I place each faded pleasure there,  
And soon each wither'd, lost delight,  
Revives in this enchanted air.

I careless rest at Fancy's feet,  
And cull the flowers around her throne;  
Lose all my soul in concord sweet;  
Then think you, am I all alone?

I hear some well-remember'd strain,  
Delightless now in Reason's hour,  
But dearly priz'd in Memory's chain,  
A golden link of magick power.

Some ancient tale of artless wo,  
In touching tuneful numbers told;  
Strains that have caused the tears to flow  
From eyes long closed in slumbers cold.

Each form to recollection dear,  
Each form that now I live to love,  
Some that have even pressed the bier,  
I place in this aerial grove.

I string my harp at Fancy's smile  
Soon every earthly care is flown;

And while the hours I thus beguile,  
Tell, tell me, am I all alone?

### BONAPARTE.

The Emperour Napoleon rises early in the morning for he sleeps very little, not more than three or four hours a night. After having taken his coffee, of which he is very fond, as he never drinks less than thirty cups a day made very strong, he goes to his bath, the water of which is mixed with some medical preparation, to cure the effects of the impurity of his blood, which is visible upon his skin. As he never can be a moment idle, and makes the most of his time, he is attended by a person who understands the English language perfectly, and has the ability of translating it without hesitation into the French. He therefore reads the English newspapers to the Emperour, as if he had a French paper in his hands. This he calls his hour of amusement, and sometimes laughs at the absurdity and ignorance of the English writings as he calls their contents. The person who reads to him is instructed not to pass by any expressions, or to soften them; he must read as he meets them; for he likes to know what the enemy think and write of him. After having bathed, he dresses himself and goes to the chamber, where he has always some one to attend him; his ministers or officers have the preference, next his private secretary. He is called at the hour of dinner, and but half an hour is occupied with that meal, for he eats very little; and has almost never any appetite, on account of the quantity of coffee which he drinks from time to time.

In the afternoon he is as busy as in the morning, but allows himself, sometimes thrice a week, an hour, to go to some theatre or other; but it is never known when he goes, or which theatre he means to visit; he very seldom knows it himself till dinner time, when he inquires for the different plays which are to be given in the night. The Empress accompanies him always; she is fond of him, and he is very much attached to her. He is always attended by Rostan, a Mameluke, who is very much attached to him. He was a common man, whose family and relations suffered greatly in Egypt; Bonaparte, when in that country, took a fancy to him, and, after having proved his fidelity, employed him in his service; he raised him from time to time, and he is now a colonel. He is not only with him everywhere in the day time, but in the night is the nearest to his person. Madame Bonaparte does not sleep with him. Rostan sleeps before the door of his bed chamber, so that it is impossible it can be opened without disturbing him. When he is upon his post, the Emperour thinks him-

self safe; for he relies much more upon his Mameluke, than upon all the pages, guards and watchmen that are placed in the different avenues to his bed room.

### THE BATTLE OF BLENHEIM.

It was a summer evening,  
Old Kasper's work was done,  
And he before his cottage door  
Was sitting in the sun,  
And by him sported on the green  
His little grandchild Wilhelmine.

She saw her brother Peterkin  
Roll something large and round,  
That he beside the rivulet  
In playing there had found.  
He came to ask what he had found,  
That was so large and smooth and round.

Old Kasper took it from the boy  
Who stood expectant by;  
And then the old man shook his head,  
And with a natural sigh,  
'Tis some poor fellow's scull, said he,  
Who fell in the great victory.

I find them in the garden, for  
There's many here about,  
And often when I go to plough,  
The ploughshare turns them out;  
For many thousand men, said he,  
Were slain in the great victory.

Now tell us what 'twas all about,  
Young Peterkin he cries,  
And little Wilhelmine looks up  
With wonder-waiting eyes;  
Now tell us all about the war,  
And what they kill'd each other for.

It was the English, Kaspar cried,  
That put the French to route;  
But what they killed each other for,  
I could not well make out.  
But every body said, quoth he,  
That 'twas a famous victory.

My father lived at Blenheim then,  
Yon little stream hard by,  
They burnt his dwelling to the ground  
And he was forced to fly;  
So with his wife and child he fled,  
Nor had he where to rest his head.

With fire and sword this country round  
Was wasted far and wide,  
And many a childing mother then,  
And new born infant died.  
But things like that, you know, must be  
At every famous victory.

They say it was a shocking sight  
After the field was won,  
For many thousand bodies here  
Lay rotting in the sun;  
But things like that you know must be  
After a famous victory.

Great praise the duke of Marlbro' won,  
And our good prince Eugene.—  
Why 'twas a very wicked thing!  
Said little Wilhelmine.  
Nay—nay—my little girl, quoth he,  
It was a famous victory.

And every body praised the duke  
Who such a fight did win.  
But what good came of it at last?  
Quoth little Peterkin.  
Why that I cannot tell, said he,  
But 'twas a famous victory.

### TOBACCO

*The Marrow of Compliments (London, 1654) contains the following song in praise of tobacco:—*

Much meat doth gluttony procure  
To feed men fat as swine;  
But he's a frugal man indeed  
That with a leaf can dine.

He needs no napkin for his hands,  
His fingers' ends to wipe,  
That hath his kitchen in a box,  
His roast-meat in a pipe.

### SHAKSPEARE.

The readers of Shakspeare do delight in his writings, and their admiration and delight increase in proportion as they study them. His mind was an entire globe of light, which, like the glorious orb of day, illuminated the world by unborrowed rays. Truly has Dryden declared, that Shakspeare needed not the spectacle of books to read Nature. He looked inwards, and he found her there. There is not a passion nor an emotion, honourable or base—there is not a sigh of the heart, which you will not find in his writings, most correctly delineated and most clearly displayed, not only in their general current, but in their particular turnings and windings—not only in their simple, uniform operations, but in their effects when combined and complicated. The truth of his investigations on man, in his relation with society, is so clear and so evident, that it would “glimmer through a blind man's eyes.” They cannot be read without being realized, for they are clothed with circumstances, and embodied by fact and experience. *Anthology.*

### THE OLD WEDDING RING.

I see, my dear, your wedding token  
Is grown so thin, 'tis almost broken,  
By days of service told;  
Its alter'd form and weaken'd frame  
Whisper that we shall be the same:  
In short—we're growing old.

Tis now just two-and-twenty years,  
 Since with alternate hopes and fears  
 Our beating bosoms heav'd ;  
 When at the altar's sacred base  
 This golden pledge of fond embrace  
 Was given and receiv'd.

Then was it polish'd, bright, and neat,  
 Its form a circle quite complete,  
 Stamp'd with the mark of truth :  
 So to the newly wedded pair  
 Each prospect seemed bright and fair ;  
 The fond ideas of youth.

But we have found, and others must,  
 That joys are only joys on trust ;  
 That troubles will accrue.  
 Still you and I should not complain,  
 For though we've had our share of pain,  
 We've had our pleasures too.

Can we forget those happy days,  
 When oft we join'd in sports and plays,  
 Our infants to delight ?  
 Or when we turn'd th' instructive page,  
 Forming them in maturer age  
 "To do the thing that's right."

This was the solace and the balm  
 Of early life ; and still the charm,  
 Maintains its glad'ning powers :  
 Though growing now to men's estate,  
 We see them come with hearts elate  
 To cheer our social hours.

As for this ring, we'll lay it by,  
 A new one shall its place supply,  
 And this no more adorn ;  
 Except on days of festive note,  
 When your new gown and my best coat  
 For compliment are worn.

### THE GAMES OF LIFE.

The little Miss at three years old,  
 Plays with Doll, and prattles ;  
 But little Master stout and bold,  
 Plays with drums and rattles.

The boy, detesting musty books,  
 Loves romping with the lasses ;  
 And Miss, grown older, studies looks,  
 And plays with looking glasses.

The jolly toper, fond of fun,  
 Plays with his friends at drinking ;  
 The sportsman plays with dog and gun,  
 And wise men play at thinking.

The beauty, full of haughty airs,  
 When young, plays at tormenting ;  
 But wrinkled, turns to other cares,  
 And sports at last repenting.

Wretched, from self-created wo,  
 The miser's game is hoarding ;  
 And when he meets his country's foe,  
 The sailor plays at boarding.

The alderman with bloated face,  
 A glutton plays at eating ;  
 And such as long to have a place  
 In *Parliament*—at treating.

With leger busied, merchants take  
 A game at calculation ;  
 And ministers too often make  
 A plaything of the nation.

With looks profound, and thoughtful mind,  
 Projectors play at scheming ;  
 Till worn with care, at last they find  
 They've all along been dreaming.

The lover sad, and woful wan,  
 Plays day and night at fretting ;  
 Whilst laughing at the silly man  
 His Delia sports coquetting.

Cowards, while none but cowards nigh,  
 Are fond of gasconading,  
 And courtiers fawn, and cringe, and lie,  
 And play at masquerading.

The loungee plays at killing time,  
 The soldier plays at slaying ;  
 The poet plays at making rhyme,  
 The methodist at praying.

The player plays for wealth and fame,  
 And thus all play together ;  
 Till death at last disturbs the game,  
 And stops the play forever.

### ORIGINAL POETRY.

*For The Port Folio.*

MR. OLDSCHOOL,

If the following lines, sent to a  
 much loved friend of the authour, can  
 afford you any amusement, accept  
 them with the homage of my esteem  
 and respect.

Bell' era e ne l'eta fiorita e fresca :  
 Quanto in piu gioventute en piu bellezza,  
 Tanto par ch'onestà sua laude accresca.  
*Trionfo della Fama.*

Sweet girl, while care assails thy mind,  
 And all thy heart to grief resign'd,  
 Unconscious, heedless of the morrow,  
 Beats but in unison with sorrow :  
 Forgive the bard who pours the lay  
 Of tribute to this festive day.  
 No idle scenes of boisterous joy,  
 His numbers or his mind employ,  
 Ah no, the heart with grief oppress'd,  
 He fondly strives to sooth to rest,  
 And soft, the troubled soul to calm,  
 With Resignation's holy balm.  
 Sacred to him the hour of grief,  
 He sighs his wishes of relief,

And fondly striving to impart  
The feelings of an honest heart,  
He trembles as he grasps the lyre  
And strikes, with timid hand, the wire.  
How sweet to smoothe the brow of Care  
To chase the sorrows hov'ring there,  
To pluck the thorn of grief away  
And give each sweet emotion play :  
To bid corroding Care depart,  
And sooth to joy the aching heart :  
A share in each misfortune claim  
In Friendship's mild endearing name :  
Oh could that sacred task be mine  
I'd be with joy thy Valentine.

ASTOLPHO.

Valentine's day, 1808.

—  
*For The Port Folio.*

MR. OLDSCHOOL,

If the enclosed will answer for a  
vacant column of The Port Folio, it is  
at your service.

To her who alone can comprehend it.

—Tutto e' menzogna.

GUADINI.

Near Housatonick's winding stream,  
Secure from Summer's sultry beam,  
I chose a sheltered mild retreat,  
Upon a soft and verdant seat.  
With ——— at my side,  
In youthful beauty's glowing pride.  
While friendship's joys our bosoms warm,  
She fair reclined upon my arm,  
I fondly whispered, Love, behold,  
The glowing sky is ting'd with gold,  
The sun his fiery chariot laves,  
Beneath the western ocean's waves,  
The noon day heats have pass'd away,  
And soft the evening breezes play.  
The early Lark has gone to rest,  
And the wood Robin seeks his nest,  
The shades assume a deeper hue,  
And the wide landscape fades from view.  
Oh ! look around you, nature see,  
Tun'd to love and harmony.  
Soft she reelin'd, her glowing cheek  
The crimson blushes eager seek :  
While I in flowing accents strove,  
To move her tender heart to love.  
Arise my dear, my fair one see,  
The power of love has vanquished me,  
In vain I long have strove to part  
Your much-lov'd image from my heart;  
In vain with friendship's joys elate,  
I strove to rule ungovern'd fate,  
And Reason oft in vain has told,  
The attempt too high, too daring bold.  
All-powerful Love the day has won,  
And all his warmest fires I own,  
My heart I pledge you past recall,  
Oh, deem not such a tribute small,  
'Tis generous, ardent, firm, and true,  
Believe me, love, 'tis worthy you.

Then take the wand'ring fugitive,  
And thine in ample payment give,  
Come then sweet girl, oh ! don't deny,  
The joys mild beaming in thine eye.  
But let me in these arms enfold thee,  
And to my panting bosom hold thee ;  
Oh let me on thy lips impress,  
One tender, glowing, burning kiss.  
No, no, she cried, yet sweetly smiled,  
And Hope's soft beams my soul beguild.  
Oh then what joys those smiles impart,  
As fond I clasp'd her to my heart,  
Our lips in amorous transport met,  
Oh heaven, methinks I feel it yet.  
While often through the waving air,  
I breathe an anxious, trembling prayer,  
That such impassion'd scenes of joy,  
May every future hour employ.

ASTOLPHO.

—  
*For The Port Folio.*

To ———,

Dear girl ! for whom each closing night,  
I drop the mournful tear,  
Again, oh ! bless my anxious sight,  
Still thy vision hover near.

Let thy fair form yet gild my dreams,  
Once more illumine those eyes ;  
Cheer me again with their bright beams,  
E'en now thy lover dies.

Ah no ! our blissful days are past,  
And I must cease to love ;  
My nights with gloom are overcast,  
Soon, soon I'll cease to love.

SEADLEY.

—  
*For the Port Folio.*

The following ballad, which the author entitled "The Resolute Maid, or the Miser well treated," was suggested by a comick scene in a French translation of one of the eccentric plays of Lopez de Vega, the celebrated Spanish dramatist, and was written to divert the *tadium* of the time whilst ascending the beautiful stream of the Wabash, during a voyage to Vincennes. It is hoped that the author intended his heroine (who after having wedded the Miser in obedience to the commands of her father, resolves never to give him her affections and finally elopes with her lover) rather as an instance of the probable effects of such horrible sacrifices on the altars of avarice, than as a pattern for the imitation of the unhappy vic-

tims ; for no "tyranny of circumstances" can induce a woman of honour to deviate from the path of rectitude, though it may be planted with thorns or rugged with precipices.

Should Nature's frame in ruin fall,  
And chaos o'er the sinking ball,  
Resume primeval sway,  
Her courage, chance, and fate defies,  
Nor can the wreck of earth and skies  
Obstruct her destined way."

LESBIA.

*Multa putans, fortemque animo miseratus  
iniquam.*

VIRGIL.

Miser, cease, nor hope to win me,  
Age and care frown on thy brow ;  
Cupid whispers still within me,  
Bids recall th' unwilling vow.

Bars of steel shall ne'er restrain me,  
Love hath long defied their power ;  
Not thy heaps of gold shall gain me,  
Venus ruled my natal hour.

Henry, graceful, youthful, blooming,  
Vowed my virgin charms to wed ;  
A father, tyrant-power assuming,  
Fore'd me to thy hated bed.

Love and Henry smil'd upon me,  
Ah ! his name my bosom warms ;  
Wretch, think not thy riches won me,  
What is wealth to Henry's arms ?

His cheek with gen'rous valour glowing,  
His brow, where youth and beauty join,  
His hair in golden tresses flowing,  
His form—how faultless ! how divine !

With him I'd smile in humble station,  
With him could break the barren clod,  
With him would roam thro' every nation  
Or where no human foot hath trod.

Not thy sighs thy am'rous languish,  
E'er shall gain me to be true ;  
Not thy soul's pretended anguish,  
Not the wealth of famed Peru.

Cease then, wretch, nor hope to win me,  
Cease, thy arts, thy sighs are vain,  
Cupid lives, he lives within me,  
Bids me all thy arts disdain.

Am'rous God, oh ! haste, relieve me,  
And make thy wily weapons mine ;  
No more shall Hymen's torch deceive  
me,  
God of enchantment ! I am thine.

Henry come, with wild emotion,  
Thy Emma seeks her Henry's arms ;  
Come, we'll fly beyond the ocean,  
Where Love reigns free from Wealth's  
alarms.

INDIANUS.

March 11, 1808.

For the Port Folio.

TO JULIA.

Oh, cheer again that clouded brow,  
And turn away those scornfuleyes ;  
Anger will chill the kindly glow,  
That on thy cheeks so sweetly rise.

See, Julia, see ! my wo-fraught tear,  
It falls in sorrow's strain ;  
Thy words, sweet girl, were too severe,  
Ah, softly sooth thy lover's pain.

Couldst thou believe, too lovely fair !  
That one who liv'd but in thy smile,  
Who daily kiss'd that pledge, thy hair,  
Had practis'd base Deception's guile !

Then shun the mean intruder's art,  
That with pale Envy's treach'rous hand,  
Would cheat thy unsuspecting heart,  
And rudely sever Love's soft band.

SEDLAY.

## MERRIMENT.

Two village sportsmen discoursing about a horse that had lost a race, one of them, by way of apology, observed, that the cause of it was an accident in his having run against a waggon ; to which the other, affecting not to understand him, very archly replied, " why, what else was he fit to run against ?"

A gentleman meeting his gamekeeper returning from shooting, asked him where he had been " I have been trying Drayton wood, your honour." " Why, what took you that way ?" " Please your honour, I went to attend my poor wife's funeral at Drayton this morning, so I thought I'd try the cover as I came back."

A jockey once selling a nag to a gentleman, frequently observed, with emphatic earnestness, that " he was an honest horse." After the purchase the gentleman asked him what he meant by an honest horse. " Why, sir," replied the seller, " whenever I rode him he always threatened to throw me, and he certainly never deceived me."

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# THE PORT FOLIO,

(NEW SERIES)

BY OLIVER OLDSCHOOL, ESQ.



Various, that the mind of desultory man, studious of change and pleased with novelty, may be indulged—Cowp.

Vol. V. Philadelphia, Saturday, April 16, 1808. No. 16.

## ORIGINAL PAPERS.

*For The Port Folio.*

### TRAVELS.

#### LETTERS FROM GENEVA AND FRANCE.

*Written during a residence of between two and three years in different parts of those countries, and addressed to a lady in Virginia.*

*(Continued from page 227.)*

#### LETTER XI.

My dear E—,

IT was dark, when we entered our inn, and as it was a spacious and well-fashioned house, it had the air of a palace; our apartments too seemed to unite every thing we could wish; a French publick house looks always best at candle-light, and it is never until the next day that the great and universal fault of uncleanness begins to appear; a well-furnished table, a good bed, handsome curtains, and a civil reception are frequently found connected with circumstances, which ought, one would suppose, to be as far from such luxury, as the manners of the most polished society are from the filth of a

Hottentot. I rose early next morning, and passed through narrower streets than I had expected, to the Esplanade, a publick walk, whence a highly cultivated, most beautiful, and thickly inhabited country appeared, and then to the place de Peyron, a square projecting from the inclosure of the town on an elevated spot, and commanding, in addition to all that I have mentioned, a distant prospect of the Alps on one side, of the Pyrenees on the other, and of the Mediterranean below me. Of these three great objects, the sea attracted my attention most forcibly. The states and empires which have existed at various times upon its shores glanced across my imagination, as I reflected for a moment upon the bloody contests which have taken place, and of the hostile fleets that had floated upon its surface, from the triumph of Duillus, to the victory of Lord Nelson: the sea was attractive also, as a scene familiar to my mind, and as affording the means of communication with my native country.

Having looked about, for some time, I had next the leisure to admire a receptacle for water, which is

f f

brought there for the use of the town, by an aqueduct from a distance; it is, in appearance, a handsome marble temple, such as the zeal of an opulent and pious heathen, might have erected, in former times, to the tutelary deity of the stream, which furnished water to his native city; and as if my attention had not been sufficiently excited, I beheld, at a distance, those mountains of the Cevennes, so distinguished for the religious war, which originated there in the reign of Louis the XIV, and which contributed so much to people the wilds of South Carolina. We had the pleasure to find a second letter here from F—, he seemed well and cheerful: we had reason indeed to be satisfied with all the accounts we had received of him upon the road; he had been remarked at every house he stopt at, for something singular in his dress, or from his speaking very little French, and we were universally told, that the English boy we inquired after, seemed amused, and that every body was very kind to him.

Passing rapidly along and staying but a day or two at most in the largest towns, I should only have to borrow from books, if I were to pretend to enter into a minute description of persons, places, and manners. I can only tell you, therefore, of what we saw. Montpellier is an ancient city but long posterior to the times of the Romans; it had never, therefore, any antiquities to boast of, but it has been distinguished for carrying on an extensive trade; ever since the days of Jacques Cœur, who was so ill rewarded for his services to Charles VII, to the period of the Revolution, and being placed in a mild climate, and known as the residence of several distinguished physicians, was almost proverbially the resort of consumptive people. It was to Montpellier that the celebrated Dr. Young repaired with his daughter when in the hour of sickness and decay he bore her, as he says, nearer to the sun: in the botanick garden

we were shown a spot, near which, as tradition says, she was buried:—it was at the upper end of the garden, and amidst a cluster of cypresses that the unhappy father carried his lifeless daughter in his arms, and committed her to the earth: the gardener, who was alive not many years ago, mentioned the fact, and showed the place to a person, whose testimony may be relied on. Figure to yourself a poet of Young's extreme sensibility, himself the bearer, himself officiating as clergyman, on this last, most solemn, most affecting of all occasions! Had his life been protracted to a subsequent period, the delicacy of his affection would have received an additional wound, for the rage of innovation, which during some time bewitched all France, extended its destructive effects even to this solitary spot; the trees of the grove have been destroyed, a part of the earth removed, and the remains of poor Narcissa have been disturbed: one may conceive, I think, what a burst of pious indignation his melancholy Muse would have drawn from the priest, the father, the protestant, and the poet.

### POLITE LITERATURE.

In political compositions men have been generally more studious of vehemence and strength than of amenity, grace, and splendour. Bolingbroke and Junius always accepted, most writers, who have chosen to inveigh against their political enemies, have adopted a style of a coarse texture. But it is not generally known, that even Junius has been followed by a writer, who to fertility of allusion and pungency of period adds much of Addison's and Goldsmith's suavity. The publisher, in a brief advertisement prefixed to the work, apprises us, that "about the commencement of the year 1790, a Newspaper was established at Edinburgh, under the title of THE EDINBURGH HERALD, which was honoured, not only with the patronage and approbation of many persons of the highest rank, but by the occasional assistance of some of the most celebrated literary men in that part of the kingdom. Among the valuable communications that have been made to the readers

of that paper are the Letters now presented to the publick. They have been so much admired in Scotland, and so much talked of in the political circles of London, where The Edinburgh Herald is not unknown, that an edition of them separately seemed to be generally expected. The authour, like Junius, has chosen to conceal himself, and has even left the publishers uncertain whether his residence is in the Metropolis of South or of North Britain. Whatever are his motives for this concealment, they are not those of Junius; and this, perhaps, is the only circumstance in which the Letters of *Brutus* will refuse a comparison with those of his celebrated predecessour."

The curious and polite reader, if he will take the trouble to compare these letters with many passages in Mackenzie's *Man of the World*, *Man of Feeling*, *Julia de Roubigne*, and, above all, with the more serious and sentimental papers in the *The Mirror* and *The Lounger* distinguished by the letters V I Z. will soon be convinced that *Brutus* is no other than the Scotch Addison, as Henry Mackenzie, Esq. has, with so much propriety, been denominated.

These letters, which may boast such a name for their authour, and which, for vivacity of description, and elegance of manner, are scarcely inferior to Lord Lyttleton's, deserve preservation on account of their great rarity in America, as well as from their intrinsic merit, and the rank and the character of the persons, to whom they are addressed. They are nine in number, and will be published in *The Port Folio* *seriatim*. Pitt, Burke, Fox, and Sheridan are all minutely characterized, and in a very masterly manner; and there is a certain gentlemanlike air in the style of these elegant epistles, which denote an authour of courtesy as well as of sagacity, observation, and genius.

## LETTER I.

To Lieutenant General Burgoyne.

SIR,

Every moralist has told us, that there are certain situations which try the conduct of men, which afford a criterion to judge of the strength of their understandings, and the goodness of their hearts. Of these the most unfavourable is supposed to be prosperity, which not only endangers the propriety of our conduct, but awakens that envy by which our conduct will be criticised. Misfortune, on the other hand, while it less-

sens our propensity to many vices and follies, produces in others that compassion from which slighter vices and follies find pardon and indulgence.

It has been your peculiar ill fortune, Sir, to meet with distressful and mortifying circumstances, which neither improved your mind, nor produced compassion for its weakness. Your own estimation of your abilities always kept pace with the proofs of your incapacity; and you claimed from the world its respect and applause, in moments when you should have left it to forget its contempt, or to retain its indifference. In the course of the disastrous war, in which you acted so conspicuous a part, it was one great cause of our national calamities, that publick shame was lost, and publick indignation seemed to be asleep; but you, Sir, came boldly forth to disclaim the one, and to provoke the other. Still, however, while you appeared to act but on the defensive, moderate and good-natured men were inclined to overlook your presumption; and, believing you to mean no harm, and to feel no malice, were contented to smile at your self-conceit, and left the trappings of your dignity and the tinsel of you language to decorate, or at least to shade your retirement.

But of late, Sir, you have ventured on several occasions to step into the field as a challenger, and to assume a tone of censure on the actions of others, which the easier disposition of other times had not been provoked to fasten upon yours. In the recent case of Captain Williams in particular, you took on yourself the character of an accuser and a judge; and, plumed in the experience of a soldier, ventured to pronounce his conduct to be *murder*. Did it never strike you, Sir, that any application could be made to yourself? or does the mention of military duty, on which you were so eloquent, touch no string that jars within you? If you are so blind to your own character; and if in that blindness you cease



to be inoffensive, I shall be justified in making you a little better acquainted with that sort of estimation in which you are held by the discerning part of the world.

That part of the world, indeed, did not augur much from the habits of your early life, or conceive that the idle and dissipated society of London could fit a man for performing the duties of a general, or bearing the hardships of a soldier. There were men, however, whose levity could smile even after the disaster of Saratoga, who observed that your education was not ill-suited to your circumstances; you had, at least, learned to bear the vicissitudes of fortune at the university of St. James-Street: where you had acquired your *style*, it was not so easy for them to determine, unless it might be supposed, from your early propensity to comedy, that you had borrowed it from a well-known character in Ben Jonson. But though generally very faithful in your comick imitations, you had, in this, somewhat departed from your model. Every body has admired the distinction that great author has made between the style and deportment of his Bobadil in the insolence of prosperity, and under the pressure of mortification and disgrace. You suffered disgrace like Bobadil; but you did not, like him, abate the swell of your language. You told us the fate of that gallant army, which your blunders had led on to defeat and captivity, in the same pompous jargon with which you announced the early success which accident had gained you, of which, by a singular felicity of misconduct, you contrived to throw away all the advantage. Classical allusion is your *forte*, and the hackneyed quotation of

*Pauper et exsul  
Projicit ampullas et sesquipedalia verba,*

could not but be familiar to you: but you were not in the predicament of the poor heroes of the poet; your poverty was only of the mind, your losses only those of reputation; with

the insolence which often accompanies the first, and with that callousness of mind which the latter could not reach, you retained the *ampullas et sesquipedalia verba* still.

But men of more serious and considerate minds lamented your misfortunes as connected with those of your country, and pitied you when they thought how poignantly, on that account, you must feel them. They supposed you suffering every hardship incident to your ill-fated army, trebled to you by the reflection of having yourself been the principal cause of their disasters. They pictured you visiting the wounded, the sick, the dying, with all the anguish of the chief, as well as the sympathy of a man ministering assistance and comfort where you could, or at least affording them that consolation which soldiers always feel when their leader participates their distresses. What were our feelings when we saw you arrive in England! When we had understood that you had left your unhappy followers, the remains of that brave army which had so often bled under your command, starving on the barren frontiers of Virginia, while you lived daintily at the tables of your noble friends, displayed your white teeth, and read your little verses in the Ruelles of Pall-mall and Piccadilly, or enjoyed at your ease the "Green Delights" of the Oaks, which your sportive muse was then contriving to celebrate!

All this, Sir, admitted but of one palliation; that vacancy or dissipation of mind, which does not listen to the voice of honourable fame, or of honest censure. But in the late instance which I have mentioned above, you have shown that this was a mistake. You have stated yourself a critic in military duty, and laid down principles for its extent and regulation. But when, in your acrimonious charge against Captain Williams, you applied the word *murder* to the execution of a single villain like Mustapha, had you thought of any term to express the abandonment of

thousands of innocent Americans to the Indian tomahawk? Had you forgotten a proclamation, in which the only thing its bombastick obscurity left intelligible was the bloody prescription which it authorized? Poets have been often supposed to paint from their own resemblance, to transfuse their own sentiments into the persons of their dramas; thence I suppose it is, that we hear from you dissertations on humanity in war, and from your friend Mr. Sheridan eulogiums on publick integrity and economy.

The person who now addresses you, Sir, is no party-writer; and this is the first time he ever corresponded with a Newspaper; but *facti indignatio veritas*. Amidst the quiet of his distant residence, he still feels for that country which your former temerity disgraced, and for that innocent individual, (as he in his conscience believes him) whom you would now sacrifice to the pride of your eloquence, or the virulence of your party. When the injustice of that party is loud enough to reach him in his retirement, he cannot help resenting it on behalf of the injured. He knows the ridiculousness of egotism almost as well as you, Sir; but he may be allowed to assume some importance for his sentiments when he knows them to be the sentiments of every worthy and respectable man in the country. If you or your friends again provoke his honest indignation, you may again hear from

BRUTUS.

### LAW INTELLIGENCE.

In the best romance that Cervantes, or perhaps any other authour ever invented, we are delighted with the ingenuity which Sancho displays in his curious capacity of Judge in the island Barataria. The following case, which has very recently occurred in the west of England, we think demanded the subtlety of a Sancho to decide. Indeed it should seem that a case, like this, would baffle the wisdom even of King Solomon. As we are constantly solicitous to amuse or inform our friends, the gentlemen of the bar, we recommend this singular article to their consideration. Without pre-

tending to any skill in the niceties of form, or the history of precedent, we cannot help thinking, with some degree of obstinacy, that the action was erroneously commenced, and that the *Miller* ought not to have been the defendant. Will some of the learned in the law do us the favour to suggest how the action should have been brought, and how the Judge should have decided upon legitimate principles?

An indictment was tried at Huntington assizes, which excited no small degree of pleasantry as well as interest in the county; but the issue, perhaps, is the most singular that ever took place. It was an indictment against a miller for a nuisance for working his mill so near the common highways, as to endanger the lives of his Majesty's subjects, by frightening the horses, travelling on the road. The prosecutor is a clergyman, residing in the neighbourhood of Huntington, and is a man of considerable property and consequence in the county. The mill in question is an old erection, and stood, some time back, far out of the high road upon a common: but by a recent act of Parliament, the common has been inclosed; and the only road left, unfortunately for the miller, passes close under the fly of his mill. The prosecutor, it appears, was compelled to go this road, and the mill being at work as he passed, his horse took fright and threw him. This happened with almost every horse that passed the mill. Mr. Justice Grose addressed the jury and observed, that as the mill now stood it was unquestionably a nuisance, and the miller must be found guilty. It was, however, no fault of his, he could not move his mill; but the commissioners under the inclosure bill, who directed the road to be set out, were most to blame, and he regretted that they had not been parties to the indictment. Neither was the prosecutor to blame, in preferring the indictment. He could go no other way, since the inclosure, and his life, as well as those of his fellow-subjects travelling by the mill, was endangered, while the mill remained in its

present situation. Under such circumstances he felt himself wholly at a loss how to act: the miller ought not to be punished, for that he was innocent of, and yet the prosecutor's convenience and the publick safety must be consulted. He thought, however, that the best way of deciding would be to direct the prosecutor to pay the miller 40*l.* and the miller to abate the nuisance with leave to erect his mill on some convenient spot adjoining. This was, accordingly, made the judgment of the court.

This decision has caused much surprise in the county, as it is the first instance wherein a prosecutor has been made to pay a fine for obtaining justice.

The following anecdote so characteristic of Russian honesty, is taken from Storch's "Picture of Petersburg;" and will, we presume, be gratifying to our readers.

In the little town of Oranienbaum lives a woman, bordering on ninety, by name Christopherevna, a native of Holstein. A little cottage is her sole possession, and the visits of a few shipmasters coming over from Cronstadt to go to Petersburg by land, when the wind does not serve for sailing up, her only livelihood.

Several dutch skippers having one evening supped at her house, on their departure she found a sealed bag of money under the table. Her surprize at this unexpected discovery was naturally very great; some one of the company just gone must certainly have forgotten it; but they were sailed over to Cronstadt and perhaps at sea, the wind being fair, and therefore no hope of the guests returning. The good woman put up the bag in her cupboard to keep it till called for. However, nobody called for it. Full seven years did she carefully keep this deposit, often tempted by opportunities, still oftener pressed by want to employ this gift of chance. Her honesty, however, overcame every allurements of opportunity and every

command of want. Seven years had elapsed when some shipmasters again stopped at her house, to take what refreshment they could find. Three of them were Englishmen, the fourth a Dutchman. Conversing of various matters, one of the former asked the Dutchman whether he had ever before been at Oranienbaum.—"Yes, sure I have," returned he, "I know the cursed place but too well; my being here once cost me seven hundred rubles." "How so!" "Why, in one of these wretched hovels here I once got rather tipsy and left behind me a bag of rubles."—"Was the bag sealed?" asked old Christopherevna, who was sitting in one corner of the room, and had been roused to attention by what she had heard.—"Yes, yes, it was sealed, and with this very seal here at my watch-chain."—"The woman looked at the seal and knew it directly.—"Well then," said she, "by that you may be able to recover what you lost."—"Recover it, mother! no, I am rather too old to expect that. The world is not quite so honest as that comes to. Besides, consider it is now seven years since.—I wish I had not mentioned it; it always makes me melancholy. Let us have no more of it. Give me another tumbler of punch, mother."

While the four gentlemen were engaged in drowning the remembrance of the doleful accident in punch, the good woman had slept out, and was now waddling in with her bag.—"See here, perhaps you may be convinced that honesty is not so rare as you imagined," said she, putting the bag upon the table.

The guests were dumb with astonishment; and, on recollecting themselves, the reader may represent to himself their several expressions of commendation and gratitude. The four captains were all rather stricken in years, and had navigated the seas from Japan to Newfoundland and from the Cape of Good Hope to Archangel; had had dealings with black and brown faces, with woolly haired and powdered heads—therefore, that

their amazement was so great, is certainly no panegyrick on our times.

Never were such strong emotions excited in any human mind, as in that of the Dutchman. From the firmest persuasion of his loss to the completest certainty of its recovery—the transition was too sudden and too great not to set every fibre of his phlegmatick body in vibration. One look at the honest woman to whom he was indebted for this transport of joy, brought him to himself. A sudden impulse of magnanimity overpowered him, to which all other sensations reverently gave way. He seized the bag, tore open the seal, took—one ruble out, and laid it on the table, with a civil-thanking for the trouble his hostess had had.

If the astonishment of the other three was great before, it was now effaced by a greater. They stood looking at one another for a minute, as silent as the grave.

“Dammee,” at last exclaimed one of the Englishmen, striking his fist upon the table; “that bag there, my lad, you shall not carry off so. Devil fetch me, but the old woman shall have it!”—His two countrymen, who had been mute till now, added their hearty concurrence to his proposal. The Dutchman turned pale, but endeavoured to console himself by the reiterated protestations of Christophorevna that she required nothing at all, that she thought she had done no more than her duty, and insisted that the Dutchman should even take back his ruble. However the Britons could not so easily be brought to strike sail. The conversation grew warm; oaths followed rapidly on each other, and the fists of the Englishmen were doubling spontaneously, and attitudes forming for putting an end to the dispute *via facti*: during all which the Dutchman was striving to get the *corpus delicti* into his custody.

After long debate, conducted with various degrees of heat, perceiving no possibility of success against the sturdy arguments likely to be advan-

ced, the skipper agreed to part with fifty rubles. The Englishmen insisted on a hundred. This proposal seemed to the Dutchman so unreasonable, that he declared he would sooner encounter the whole weight of their fists than comply with it.

“Avast, my lads!” cried the captain who had made the first attack upon the Dutchman’s generosity. “I have somewhat to say. The bag does not belong to us. That is true; but a Briton will never stand by and not see justice done; and by h—the woman here has acted nobly, and ought to be rewarded. Give me hold of the bag. I will count out the hundred rubles.”

No sooner said than done. The Dutchman, thunderstruck at this summary way of proceeding, had not time to recover himself before the hundred rubles were fairly counted upon the table. This brought on a truce. Where humanity, gratitude, generosity and English fists had made the attack in vain, there conquered—national pride. The Dutchman insisted upon it, that the Britons should let him treat them; and in perfect stoical resignation parted with a hundred of his beloved, long-lamented and lately recovered rubles.

## CRITICISM.

*For The Port Folio.*

*Ode on the death of a favourite cat.*

After acknowledging the imperfections to be observed in the conduct of this poem, we may listen with pleasure to Mr. Wakefield’s comments on the verbal and other particular beauties, and to his collection of passages, called by them to recollection. In passing, we may observe that one other fault may be imputed:—that of the neglect to inform us that the cat finally perished! an important part of the relation, which we learn only from the title. The poet leaves her *mewing to every watery god*.

Gaz'd on the lake—

"It is a proof of no ordinary skill thus to confer dignity on so trivial a subject; and the same dexterity is conspicuous throughout the ode. A happy exertion of this talent has eminently distinguished Virgil, Boileau, and Pope."

Her conscious tail her joy declar'd;  
Her fair round face, her snowy beard,  
The velvet of her paws,  
Her coat, that with the tortoise vies,  
Her ears of jet, and em'ra'd eyes,  
She saw, and purr'd applause.

Her conscious tail—

"The accuracy and elegance of the description in this stanza must be universally allowed; and the difficulty of such description is always proportionate to the simplicity and notoriety of the subject:

Sibi quivis  
Sperat idem; sudet mukum frustra que  
laboret,  
Ausus idem."

Still had she gaz'd; but midst the tide  
Two angel-forms were seen to glide,  
The genii of the stream:  
Their scaly armour's Tyrian hue,  
Through richest purple, to the view  
Betray'd a golden gleam.

Still had she gaz'd—

"I will not take upon me to decide between the fine fancy and the delicately curious expression of this stanza. They are both admirable in their kind, and cannot be exceeded." Their scaly armour's Tyrian hue  
Through richest purple, to the view  
Betray'd a golden gleam.

'A selection of exquisite terms, combined with singular felicity. Milton expresses a similar idea with great success:

The field all iron cast a gleaming brown.  
*Par. Reg. III, 326,*

—fluctuat omnis  
Are renidente tellus.

*Virg. Geo. I.*

But Mr. Wakefield had in his eye a beautiful description of a flower in the Georgicks:

Aureus ipse; sed in foliis, quæ plurima circum,

Pundantur, violæ subluceat purpure nigra.  
*IV, 274.*

Itself of golden hue; but the thick leaves  
Through a dark purple, shoot a violet gleam.

I should not obtrude my own version of these passages, upon the reader, were not our poetical translations generally execrable to the last degree.

The hapless nymph with wonder saw  
A whisker first, and then a claw,  
With many an ardent wish;  
She stretched in vain to reach the prize,  
What female heart can gold despise,  
What cat's averse to nish!

Presumptuous maid! with looks intent,  
Again she stretched, again she bent,  
Nor knew the gulf between;  
Malignant Fate sat by and smiled,  
The slippery verge her feet beguiled,  
She tumbled headlong in!

Eight times emerging from the flood,  
She mewed to every watery god,  
Some speedy aid to send;  
No Dolphin came, no Nereid stirred,  
Nor cruel Tom nor Susan heard—  
A fav'rite has no friend!

From hence, ye beauties, undeceived,  
Know, one false step is ne'er retrieved,  
And be with caution bold;  
Not all that tempts your wand'ring eyes  
And heedless hearts, is lawful prize,  
Nor all that glisters gold.

'The hapless Nymph with wonder saw.'

Impartiality obliges us to acknowledge that this and the concluding stanza are very much inferior to the rest of the Ode, and altogether unworthy of the elegance and taste of Mr. Gray. Of that which immediately follows, Mr. W. observes, 'This stanza will almost compensate the mediocrity of the preceding. The idea of "Malignant FATE sat by and smiled," is finely imagined and extremely poetical.'

From hence—

'This is a grammatical impropriety, perpetually found in our best English writers, ancient and modern. Hence is from this, and thence, from that; therefore, from hence and from thence are downright nonsense.'

Dr. Johnson's strictures upon this Ode are much more just than any of his other observations on our poet. "In the first stanza," says he, '*the azure flowers that blow*,' "show resolutely a rhyme is sometimes made, when it cannot easily be found." This is too true, and I had passed the same censure before I knew of this coincidence. Our critick, however, exposes himself to reproof from the manner in which he has conveyed his severe remark: *show a rhyme is sometimes made*. This omission of the relative, a too common practice with our writers, is an impropriety of the grossest kind, and which neither gods nor men, as one expresses himself, nor any language under heaven, can endure.

'The rest of his strictures it were painful to transcribe, and vain to contradict;

If wrong, we kiss the rod.

'The Ode, upon the whole, is certainly a pleasing effusion of sportive fancy; but will not bear the probe of a fastidious and angry critick. Criticism indeed does but disgrace herself by assailing such a bagatelle. It is an eagle stooping at a sparrow, or a lion roaring at a frog.'

The four latter stanzas may be allowed to merit the slight cast upon them by Mr. Wakefield, because they are without those graces of diction which recommend those which precede them; and without which all poetry is but a mean and tedious jingle. On the other hand, the verse

Malignant Fate sat by and smiled,

is to be praised for the vigour of the image, the tendency of which is to give that elevation to the argument, which, throughout the composition, is desired; and to this it should be added that the third stanza is far from being deficient in spirit.

#### ECCENTRICK ADVERTISEMENTS.

Under this head having often amused our readers and ourselves with curious ar-

gles at the expense of English or American advertisers, we shall now publish some oddities of this nature from the French Journals. At Paris, we are assured, on the respectable authority of Mr. Pinkerton, that there are three or four offices for marriages; and large sheets are pasted up in public places, containing advertisements to this effect.

"The mother of two charming children, a boy and a girl, to whom she has given a good education, now drawing near the term of life, wishes before that period to see them joined in the holy bonds of matrimony; but chiefly the young lady, for whom she wishes to find a husband of character; and a bachelor would be preferred, between the age of thirty and forty, of a mild and religious turn, irreproachable conduct, and an income between four and five thousand francs a year. The lady is twenty-four years of age, of an elegant person and agreeable countenance, and a serious and solid character. Her fortune consists in thirty-six thousand francs of patrimonial inheritance, free of all debts; with almost as much more on the death of her mother. The son is five years older, with an equal fortune, and an honourable situation."

"An amiable lady, entering into the autumn of her age, of a lively disposition, good education, and irreproachable manners; now at the head of an establishment adapted to her sex, and worth between twenty-five and thirty thousand francs; wishes to marry a bachelor aged between forty and fifty, with a revenue between three and four thousand francs, health, and good morals."

"A lady of twenty-seven years of age, of irreproachable conduct, and an education above her situation in life, which, without being unhappy, nevertheless obliges her to have recourse to her talents for a decent subsistence, yet, having withal, some neat furniture, and some savings from her gains, desires to unite her destiny by the religious bonds of mar-

trimony to that of a man of sense, of a mild character, who has some employment or trade, independent of a wife. His age would be a matter of complete indifference."

"A young lady, in the spring of her age, living with her father who has no other child, desires to be united in marriage to a bachelor of mature age, who unites a decent income to a person full of health. The lady is of most agreeable appearance, and possesses, in the second degree of perfection, vocal and instrumental musick. Her father will leave her an income of between two and three thousand francs."

"A lady aged thirty, without father or mother, mistress of a fortune of two hundred and fifty thousand francs, consisting in three inheritances, in the most agreeable of which she dwells, nine leagues from Paris, on the banks of the Seine, wishes to be united to a bachelor, of an extremely mild and polite character, capable of attachment and attentions to a woman of whom Nature has neglected the personal attractions, and has even afflicted with deafness, but endowed with a feeling soul and a generous spirit. Nor would she propose, in contracting the sacred bonds of marriage, to purchase the complaisance and cares of her husband, but would only ally herself with one who could prove a decent existence, a distinguished family, and education more solid than brilliant, morals, and religion, of an age between thirty-five and forty-five."

"A lady aged thirty-two, but who might pass for twenty-seven, Having a plump and fresh person, a widow without children, with education, morals, and possessing some agreeable talents, desires to be united to a bachelor aged between thirty-five and forty-two, of a tolerable exterior, and good health, with at least five thousand francs of patrimonial income in the neighbourhood of Pa-

ris. This lady, not liking the climate where an honourable employment fixed her late husband, has since realized her fortune, which amounts to one hundred and twenty-five thousand francs, which she means to lay out in land."

*For the Port Folio.*

## CLASSICAL LEARNING.

*(Continued from page 236.)*

Cæsar had talents sufficient to have recommended him to the notice of posterity, independent of his powers of writing. Born with the greatest activity of mind, and left an orphan in his early youth, he sought his resources in his own abilities. With a keen sense of honour, and an ardent love of fame and eminence, he was alive in every pursuit, and aspired at perfection in every thing he studied. He succeeded so well in oratory as to compete with Cicero. He attempted tragick poetry not without success, and committed his own transactions to memory. Some great geniuses seem to be privileged from the rules that apply to ordinary men, who think themselves happy if they can succeed in any one pursuit. But Cæsar grasped at every kind of eminence, and his endeavours were, in a great measure, successful. He figured at once as a scholar, an orator, a grammarian, a poet, and a soldier. He contended with Cicero in eloquence, and wrote against Cato in politics. He was a man of pleasure in the most criminal sense of the phrase, without deserting the object of his ambition. He endeavoured to make all his studies, friendships, amusements, exercises, and connexions to the plan he had formed of acquiring the absolute dominion of his country. He made use of the forms of the Roman constitution to ruin that very constitution, and by the spoils he gained in war, he bribed the Roman senate-people to continue him so long in command as to attach his soldiers to himself instead of the Republick, and prepare them for invading their country under his command.

It was a delicate task, no doubt, to narrate the exploits of Cæsar, and though in general he has obtained the praise of candour, yet he was not above the weakness of endeavouring to disguise his ill success. It is believed that he was repulsed in his first attack on Britain, and he relates a disappointment he met with in Gaul, rather in a defective manner. His contemporaries suspected that he was too credulous of the reports of others, and disguised some cir-

circumstances in his own favour. Cæsar styles his account of his transactions Commentaries or Memorandums, having a higher notion of the dignity of history than what he thought belonged to them. But Suetonius having observed that this conduct of Cæsar, might gratify impertinent authours who might think of adorning his narrative, that he has effectually frightened all wise men from trying the task after him. *Ineptis gratum, fortasse fecit, qui volunt ea calamitatis inurere, sanos quidem homines et scribendo detinuit.*

Cæsar's style is perspicuous, brief, and strong, though sometimes his sentences are long and complex. When we consider the readiness with which Cæsar wrote, the active nature of his life, and the variety of business in which he was engaged, we may justly admire his success in composition, which would have done honour to a solitary student who had nothing else to mind. In speaking of himself Cæsar uses the third person and preserves great modesty, and does not even compliment himself in the person of others. On the contrary he relates what must have given no small pain to himself at the time. A Gallick chief was asked by Cæsar, what of all things his countrymen were most afraid of, expecting, no doubt, to be told that it was himself, and the Roman arms. But the crafty Gaul suspecting his intention, and not having learned those arts of flattery for which his countrymen have been since so famous, replied, that what the Gauls most of all feared, was lest the Heavens should fall down upon them. By this reply, he disappointed Cæsar of a compliment which he reckoned himself sure of, and as the conference was publick he must have felt it the more sensibly.

Some commentators would have us believe that only the Commentaries on the War in Gaul are the work of Cæsar, and that Hirtius composed the Narrative of the Civil and Alexandrian War, but those that read both attentively will find little reason to believe that they are of a different authour from the first.

Perhaps the Commentaries of Cæsar are usually put too early into the hands of youth, before their understanding is fit to comprehend the beauties of his narrative, or the subjects of which he treats. But, if in a more advanced period of their studies, they would look back to it, they would find that their first reading was superficial, and that Cæsar is an authour not so fit for boys as for men.

Cornelius Nepos is by some supposed to be abridged and vitiated by one Æmilius Probus in the decline of the empire, as Trogus Pompeius was by Justin.

Nepos was coteremporary with Cæsar and Catullus, and was the person to whom that poet dedicated his works. *Quoi donc lepidum novum libellum? Corneli, tibi, namque tu solibus meas esse aliquid putare Nugas.* The inferiority of the Latin to the age of Augustus, and the character of Nepos, is what leads the critics into a suspicion of forgery and vitiation. He relates briefly the lives and characters of a number of illustrious men among the Greeks, and two noble Romans. Those who suspect that this authour is mutilated, acknowledge the authenticity of the life of Atticus, which we find frequently in copies of Cicero's works, together with Sallust's invective against that orator.

The difference of the Greek and Roman manners is most discernible in these short lives. It is noticed by the authour himself, and perhaps it was with the view of comparing them, that he added two Romans to his Greeks. The perspicuity, however, of this book, whether genuine or forged, its brevity, and the nature of the subjects it treats, render it exceeding proper for youth to awaken their curiosity, inform their judgment, and lead them to the admiration and imitation of those virtues that have rendered the persons here treated of, the admiration of mankind.

(To be continued.)

## BIOGRAPHY.

Thomas Betterton, not less celebrated for his merit as a tragedian than for his conduct in private life, was the son of an under-cook to Charles I, and born in Tothill-street, Westminster, 1635. Young Betterton was apprenticed to a bookseller, but became an actor, under sir William D'Avenant, during the sour times of the Usurpation. In the reign of Charles II, which has been termed "the reign of pleasure," he shone with a lustre that had never been equalled. That monarch fixing upon him to improve the theatre, despatched him to France for that purpose. In consequence, the arras, or tapestry, gave place to sliding scenes. As manager of the Duke of York's theatre, he took the lead, and so vigorously opposed the king's, that at last the latter sued for and obtained a coalition; and there he remained, the object of universal admiration and re-



gard, from the monarch to the populace; when the managers (secure, as they thought, in power) introduced uninformed persons to supersede the most eminent actors, the publick so highly resented it that a new theatre was erected in Lincoln's-inn-fields, and encouraged by William III; but the writers for the stage, not the players, prevailing, another was built in the Haymarket, where age and infirmities only prevented Betterton from accepting the principal management. The history of the stage is so interwoven with Mr. Betterton's life, that they are inseparable. He fell a martyr to repellents, taken to enable him to act Melantius, in the Maid's Tragedy, and died April 25, 1710, and was buried in the Cloisters of Westminster-abbey on the 2d May. The most cheerful of men, yet never deviating from propriety a moment: the friend, adviser, and patron of youth, he won their regard by his manner of warning them to avoid dangers that must be ruinous. When he lost his all, in an adventure at sea with Dr. Ratcliffe, not a murmur escaped him. He was so far from reproaching the person who led him into the scheme, that when he died, in distressed circumstances, Mr Betterton, adopted his daughter, educated and supported her in life, until she married. When Betterton felt the want of money, after 50 years service, the managers gave him a benefit (then unusual), and the actors and the publick so well seconded them, that it procured him 500*l*. An annual benefit was proposed, but he died just before the anniversary. Mrs. Saunderson, whom he married, is generally believed to have been the first female that appeared on the English stage, and conducted herself through life, both in publick and private, with great prudence and decorum. She was an actress of great talents. She could not support the loss of so much excellence: her reason forsook her; but she recovered it a short time preceding her death. Queen Anne allowed her 100*l*. per annum, but she

did not live to receive more than the two first quarters. *Crowne's Masque of Calisto*, or the Chaste Nymph, was acted at Court by the desire of Queen Catharine, in which the ladies Mary and Anne, afterwards sovereigns, performed. The young noblemen were instructed by Mr. and the princesses by Mrs. Betterton; and the former was the prompter when it was acted.

Dr. Burnet was a native of Scotland, and is universally known by his writings. In profession a prelate, a dissenter in sentiment. An enthusiast for liberty, he wished William and Mary to claim their right by conquest. Endowed with most of the requisites for an historian, yet his style is careless, his assertions often fabulous, his characters frequently distorted. To protect Protestantism against Popery, there was no character, however infamous, he would not defend, and sometimes he disguised real excellencies, only because they were opposite in sentiments to the mode he had adopted. He seemed more desirous to fly from the religion and government of the Stuarts than to adopt real liberty, and that fine model of Christian rule as practised in the Church. Never did priest more forget his profession than Burnet in becoming a statesman. He had great learning, but little elegance of style; and more sense than genius, more industry than brilliancy. No labour was too great, no difficulty too "big" for him. He was wise and weak; amiable, but absurd. To him we are indebted for much of our liberty and many of our laws. In publick life often highly blameable; in private life ever respectable. He despised wealth, yet was prudent; nor did he abuse his power. Rancorous to "Papists," he was a philanthropist to all others. Exemplary as an ecclesiastick, but faulty as a politician. Candour waited with patience till Religion declared in his favour; Royalty seemed neutral, but Commerce exclaimed that the na-

tional bank originated with him; the scale of Justice determined in his favour, and he departed from the trial supported by Religion and Wealth; but Liberty and Loyalty disdained to hold his train. He retained the See of Salisbury from 1689 to his death, which occurred March 17, 1714-5, aged 71. His remains were interred in St. James's Church, Clerkenwell, London. Dr. Burnet was extravagantly fond of tobacco and writing; to enjoy both, at the same time, he perforated the broad brim of his large hat, and putting his long pipe through it, puffed and wrote, and wrote and puffed again. He was proverbially absent. He asked, earnestly asked, to dine with Prince Eugene, when entertained by Marlborough; "Bishop, you know how absent you are; will you be accurate?"—"Your Grace may depend upon it."—The Prince observing a dignified ecclesiastick at table, inquired of the Bishop whether "he was ever in Paris."—"Yes, I was there when the Princess —, was taken up on suspicion of poisoning—." Now this lady was the mother of the Prince. Recollecting the affinity when too late, he retired, covered with confusion, as if it had been a "wrapper withal." Burnet and South were in opposite church interests. Dr. Henry Bagshaw, canon of Durham, after a long absence coming to London, said to his old fellow collegiate South, "Robin, what is the character of Bishop Burnet on the Articles?"—"Why, Harry, he has served the church of England just as the Jews did St. Paul, given her forty stripes save one."

## ORIGINAL POETRY.

*For The Port Folio.*

*ODE—from HAFIZ.*

Boy, bring the cups, and place to all around,  
With sparkling wine the thirsty goblets fill,  
A cure for lover's pain in them is found,  
And wine is remedy for ev'ry ill.

Like the bright god of day is glowing wine,  
And like the pale-fac'd orb of night, the bowl,  
Haste! bring the Moon, that she may with us shine,  
And round the splendid Sun a circle roll.  
Fill high the liquid flame, enjoy the hour,  
Let roses fade, their beauties will not dwell,  
Forget they wither, for the wine we pour  
Can all the roses of the world excel.  
And should the warblings of the nightingale  
No more with melody enchant the soul,  
Soon let us cease her lost notes to bewail,  
And hear the musick of the passing bowl.  
Should Fortune frown, (who once appear'd thy friend)  
And deaf to pray'rs refuse thy fervent suit,  
Cast every grief aside, and then attend  
The sound harmonious of the well-strung lute.  
When sleep o'ercomes my now half-closed eyes,  
I'll see my fair one, dream I taste her kiss,  
Fill high again! pour, pour the wine I prize  
To haste the moment of expected bliss.  
For each mad act, when Frenzy seized my soul  
The surest remedy my friends e'er found  
Was wine: replenish then my thirsty bowl  
Till every sense in rosy wine be drown'd.  
Again fill to the sparkling goblet's brim,  
Heed not the censor, nor the railing crowd,  
Approve or disapprove, alike to him,  
Hafiz will drink forbidden or allowed.

S.

*For The Port Folio.*

INSCRIBED TO D. H. R., YALE  
COLLEGE.

*For Sept. 4th 1807.*

Sleep! Blackstone, sleep!  
To thee, alone, O Harp, I give this day,  
Freely to keep  
The second annual of thy natal lay.  
Wake, fairy string,  
Come weave a chaplet of September-flow-  
ers,  
And with them fling  
A smiling farewell to the parting hours.  
Dance, soul of love,  
For lo! Hygeia's gallant-hopes arrive:  
Sing in the grove,  
And bid the dying year awake and live!

In Fall's array,  
A Spring like Nature's morning blooms  
    anew,  
Some brighter day,  
With blush divine adorns th' ethereal blue.  
Sing soul of love,  
And pour thy pulses through the living lays;  
This weight remove  
That longs to burst in gratitude and praise.

O, smiling Health!  
Thine are the raptures of this world of  
    care:

Without thee, wealth,  
Love, and the boasts of life, are all de-  
    spair.

But now, how sweet,  
(E'en as the captive freed from years of  
    chains)

Like Sylph to fleet  
Adown the valleys and along the plains.

The mountain high,  
With bounding step unwearily to climb;  
And in the sky,  
To flash the thought o'er Nature's blue  
    sublime:

While the moon, pale,  
The gates of her enchanted morn unbars;  
Like nightingale,  
Sing to her smiles, and serenade the stars;

Till mists of night,  
In snowy billows from the lakes unfurl'd,  
Swell on the sight,  
And in their mighty folds embrace the  
    world.

I seem to haste  
By hand unknown, from cloud to cloud  
    along,  
And through the waste,  
Bursts the full soul in ecstasy of song.

From Northern realms,  
Come sighing Autumn, with thy rustling  
    wings,

Shake these broad elms,  
And drive their faded leaves in airy rings.

In nightly stealth,  
Glide o'er the mead and pinch the forest  
    brown:

Still careless Health  
Sings to thy rage, and smiles to see thee  
    frown.

My vagrant path  
Shall wind along the dell and russet copse,  
And brave thy wrath  
On the wild mountains' blue fantastick  
    tops.

When all thy ire  
Roars eddying o'er the earth the livelong  
    day,

By cheerful fire,  
With harp and book I'll sooth the storms  
    away.

Then Winter haste,  
And hurl, with savage howl, thy snow and  
    sleet;

Shout o'er the waste,  
And chase the curling smoke of my retreat.

Still the heart sings!  
For Health walks forth the loveliest of  
    forms,

And round her flings  
The charm of life o'er snowy hills, and storms.

CARLOS.

### *For the Port Folio.*

MR. OLDSCHOOL, avowed himself  
no enthusiast in favour of Bloomfield;  
neither am I, but still my approbation  
is not overcoloured in the following:

### *To Robert Bloomfield.*

From roaring wars,  
From valour panting o'er the bloody plain,  
From wounds and scars,  
From broken armour and from heaps of  
    slain;

From massy stones,  
Which swell memorial of a victor's name;  
From bleaching bones,  
And to w'rs that totter o'er departed fame:

From ghastly tales,  
Of deeds mysterious done in castles old;  
Of lonely wails,  
And bell at dead of night by spectres toll'd:

Of solemn strain,  
By voices from beyond the grave was sung;  
Of taper's wane;  
And echo shudd'ring distant vaults among:

Away from these  
The soul disgusted at its horror turns;  
Seeks the soft breeze  
And all the pleasures thou hast carol'd  
    learns.

The fairy year  
Bright in thy lay before his vision stands,  
And through a tear  
A smile looks forth along his native lands.

Spring's blooming green,  
And all the rural joys of hill and dell,  
Each happy scene  
I see so often and I love so well;

Thy gentle lay  
Adorns in robes as lillies chaste and sweet,  
Mild as the day  
And rich in moral as the sheaf in wheat.

Thou first hast dar'd  
To sing of Nature's charms, in native strain,  
The sweet reward  
Of Virtue's love and praise shall be thy gain.

When loftier lines  
Shall sleep forgotten in their kindred dust,  
When ruin shrines  
'The monarch's palace and the hero's bust:'

Thy native lays  
A page shall win from poets more sublime,  
And rob'd in bays  
Shall smile along the weary lapse of time.

No more weak ire  
Shall mock the worth too pure for vitious  
taste,  
But all admire  
The bard by Nature taught, by Virtue  
grac'd.

CARLOS.

*For The Port Folio.**On the great Solar Eclipse,*

June 16, 1806.

Behold! e'en at mid-day, when pure the air,  
And scarce a cloud obscures the hemis-  
phere,

All Nature smiling in her robes of green,  
The Sun withdraws his glory, and the  
Moon

Whose friendly beams conduct the travel-  
ler,

And turn, sometimes, almost the night to  
day,

Now intercepts those solar rays that yield  
Her borrowed splendour; as if envying  
now

The Sun's superiour power, she intervenes  
And turns our day to night.

Behold the scene—  
Gradual it darkens. As the solar disk  
Grows more obscure, a melancholy hue  
Involves the face of things. The chill of  
night

Pervades the atmosphere. From west to  
east

The darkness moves along, till o'er the Sun  
The dusky veil is drawn. No longer lost  
Amid the blaze of day, the stars peep forth.  
All Nature seems reversed.

Astonish'd man  
Believes and trembles! E'en brutal herd  
Suspend their wonted search for food, and  
gaze

In wild disorder at the mid-day night.  
The feather'd tribes to their close coverts  
hie—

A solemn pause, a dread suspense per-  
vades

The living world, confounded to behold  
Darkness at noon!

How awful and sublime  
The scene appears! as if old Night had  
spread

Her curtain in the west—then all at once  
Involved the skies—shut out the light of  
day!

But while the Moon obscures the orb of  
light,

See round her sides a silvery lustre gleam,  
And twilight skirt the whole horizon round.

Now darkness closes round in eastern skies,  
While in the west the light advances on,  
Till on a sudden, like the lightning's blaze  
The Sun darts forth, though partially, his  
beams,

And by degrees resumes his regal state.  
Earth smiles afresh—the face of Nature  
seems

To gain new beauty from her late eclipse.  
O, man!

Let not thy thoughts on such a scene  
Be spent in idle curiosity:

Think on that dark, that awful hour, when  
CHRIST

Expired on Calvary to rescue thee!

Think on thy coming doom! the fatal hour  
When total darkness shall enshroud thine  
eyes!

Think on the time foretold—the stars shall  
fall—

The SUN be dark—the Moon no longer  
shine—

'The earth itself dissolve, and like a scroll'  
The Heavens shall pass away—such is  
their doom!

Then let us bow before the POWER SU-  
PREME,

Which makes and crushes worlds! revere  
his power,

Beseech his grace to cleanse our guilty  
souls,

That when th' Archangel's trump shall  
wake the dead,

We may be raised in glory, to behold  
New earth and heavens, and sing the Savi-  
our's praise

Through endless ages in the realms of light.  
L.

*For The Port Folio.*

Though sad the strain that sickness prompts  
to sing,

It floats to me on Mem'ry's busy wing.

A year has roll'd its hasty hours away,  
Since Fate hung trem'ulous on my infant  
day;

It wrapt my cheerful home in nightly  
gloom,

Stole every smile, and kiss'd off childhood's bloom ;

Careless of hope, I saw the friendly tear,  
And wond'ring asked, how came the truant there ?

The stifled sigh, on holy Silence borne,  
Was Sadness' self, e'en Echo seemed to mourn,

But my cold heart no kind response could give,

Though on a sigh, reviving hope might live.  
The gentle knock upon the wicker door,  
The tiptoe movement o'er our cottage floor,  
My anxious mother and the sorrowing train,  
Who smil'd with me or gambol'd on the plain,

My favourite cur, companion of my way,  
To walk at dawn or frolick in the play,  
Were all to Mem'ry lost indifferently,  
To friendly sorrow or a parent's sigh.  
Ah could but Mem'ry catch the goblin train  
That sometimes frolick'd in my sicken'd brain,

That fancied realms, not cheer'd by summer gales

Where senses slumber, and where reason fails,

My varied strains would dance along the line,

The Sylph-like visions of the plastick vine,  
But soon these listless hours sped fast away,

And blooming health stole gently o'er decay.

The flowers that closed with spring's retiring sun,

And 'neath the nightly dew dependant hung,

Regain'd at earliest dawn their roseate hue,

And borrow'd smiles e'en from the chilling dew,

Then sweet the joy that filled the parent's breast !

The village smil'd, Tray frolick'd with the rest,

The heart-felt prayer was borne on every gale,

The pipe and dance new gladden'd all the vale.

—  
*For The Port Folio.*

Of the beautiful passage of Catullus, *Ut flos in septis secretis nascitur hortis*, &c. I have seen many translations, with none of which was I

perfectly pleased. Nor can I declare myself entirely satisfied with the following. Perhaps, however, the justness of the sentiment may atone for the want of elegance in the translation. Accept the assurance of my respect and esteem.

Like some fair flower, within a garden born,

By herds unseen, by no rude ploughshare torn,

Which zephyrs fan, the sun's mild rays endue,

With sweets untasted, and with varied hue,

While vernal showers and summer rains but serve

To deck with vigour and its strength preserve ;

It breathes its fragrance round by all admir'd,

By virgins sought for and by swains desired ;

Torn from its stem, its sweets, alas, are flown,

It falls forgotten and expires unknown.

So the chaste maid who uncorrupt remains,  
In love still triumphs and with virtue reigns ;

But should she, hapless, that fair flower neglect,

Nor be with virtue as with beauty deck'd,

How far she falls ! alas, no more to rise,  
The swains neglect her, and her sex despise.

ASTOLFO.

—  
*For The Port Folio.*

IMPROMPTU

*To a Young Lady playing.*

If now Timotheus were alive,  
Again in musick's art to strive,  
To you who well deserve the prize,  
The crown would soon be given,  
For while with ease and grace you play,  
Each earthly thought is charm'd away,  
You seem an angel to our eyes,  
We think ourselves in heaven.

S.

—  
EPIGRAM on a left-handed Writing-Master.  
Though Nature thee of thy right hand bereft  
Right well thou writest with the hand that's left.

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# THE PORT FOLIO,

(NEW SERIES)

BY OLIVER OLDSCHOOL, ESQ.



Various, that the mind of desultory man, studious of change and pleased with novelty, may be indulged—Comp.

Vol. V.

Philadelphia, Saturday, April 23, 1808.

No. 17.

## ORIGINAL PAPERS.

*For The Port Folio.*

### TRAVELS.

#### LETTERS FROM GENEVA AND FRANCE.

*Written during a residence of between two and three years in different parts of those countries, and addressed to a lady in Virginia.*

*(Continued from page 242.)*

#### LETTER XII.

My dear E—,

IF you have a map of the coast of France before you, you must perceive that there is a continuation of lagoons along the part of it where we now are. At about a mile from Montpellier is a canal communicating with one of these, and by that means with Cette, whence the merchants of the neighbouring country made their shipments to foreign parts, whilst there was trade in France. As the distance to Cette admitted of our going and returning in the course of the same day, we could not resist our desire of taking a nearer view of the Mediterranean, and set out early one

morning in company with a lively, good-natured, well-behaved Virginian, whose physician had sent him to the south of France. He had found us out directly on our arrival, and had manifested a sincere and strongly-expressed satisfaction at the sight of an American family, but when he found that we had been upon James-River, and could talk of Rapahanneck and Potowmack, and heard us speak with respect and affection of persons, whose names were familiar to him, I thought he would have devoured us. It was one continued vineyard up to the gates of the ancient town of Frontignac, and Montpellier appeared, when we looked back upon it, like some capital city, proudly seated on an eminence, amidst tributary villages. This Frontignac is a miserable place, notwithstanding the fertile soil it stands in, and the excellent wine it gives name to. The houses and walls appear to be of white clay, rather than of stone, and the streets are hardly broader than the walks of a modern garden. We found Cette a small and not very clean town, with a harbour and a light house, and some

H h

shipping, but with everything in miniature. There were a few dismantled brigs and schooners, some fishing boats, a wretched privateer of two swivels and twenty men, and a guard vessel of eight guns; a high hill overhangs the town. The vines is cultivated here. It has two or three old-fashioned castle-like looking houses upon it. We walked some way up this hill in company with an officious sort of a person, who had joined us in the street, and we asked him, of course, some questions about the place, as to the number of troops they usually had in garrison, and the youth they had furnished to the conscription; he soon after left us, and we sat down upon a large stone, surveyed the city, the harbour, and the ocean, which was spread out in an unruffled expanse before us, and agreed in admiring that concurrence of circumstances, which had brought four Americans together, in a place so remote from our common country. We then talked of the neighbouring and most beautiful part of France, of the opposite coast of Africa, of Rome and of Carthage, and of the little island far upon our left, which had given birth to the Julius Cæsar\* of modern times. We spoke also of Gibraltar, and of the American navy, in which our companion had served. He was the first travelled man of your state whom I was ever so fortunate as to meet with. He amused us with anecdotes and with descriptions, and seemed so wonderfully improved by visiting foreign parts, that I almost believe, had I pressed him, he would have confessed, that Virginia was not the first country in the world. I will not, however, be positive.

We now continued our walk, descended into the town, visited the mole, took a nearer view of the armed vessel, talked with some of the privateer's men, admired the small cables made use of by the fishermen,

which appeared to be of a species of marine grass, and having heartily tired ourselves, returned to our inn, and ordered our dinner.

The landlord began by placing a large dish of oysters on the table, but whilst we were expatiating on their merit, and discussing the old subject, of whether it were better that they should be small, or such as you admire on James-River, each of which makes several mouthfuls, he entered again in a hurry, and announced the commandant and the mayor. We thought their visit rather illtimed, but were thunderstruck when the latter, a thin, pale man, with a sharp voice, informed us, that as we had excited uneasiness in several of the good citizens of the place by our questions, by our attention to the fortifications of the harbour, and by our general appearance, it was necessary that we should give an account of ourselves to the civil and military powers, before whom we then were. Our passports had been left at Montpellier, and how to convince these good people that we were Americans travelling for amusement, and not English come to view the nakedness of their land, might have been difficult, if not impossible, had not a merchant of Montpellier, to whom we were accidentally known, and who happened, as accidentally, to be that day in Cette, repaired to us, on being sent for, and answered for us to their satisfaction; they then left us to go to dinner with what appetite we could. You may conceive how —, whose head was running upon the stories of the Bloody Buoy all the time, looked during the whole of this business, and with what satisfaction she saw his honour the commandant, and his worship the mayor go about their business. The next day we were satisfied to remain at Montpellier, and went to the play at night, where the musick was delightful, the singing superiour to anything I had ever heard, and the dancing, as I was told, in a very great style; I say, as I was told, for to me it ap-

\* Ad sua qui domitos deduxit flagra Quirites. Juv.

peared to consist too much of feats of strength and activity: I could not admire that whirling round with such rapidity that the human form was hardly discernible, those studied postures, and that total disregard of all decency in dress. An Indian warrior prepared for battle, is hardly less encumbered with clothes than an Opera dancer in France.

In former times, Montpellier must have been a very agreeable place to spend a Winter and a Spring at: a clear and wholesome atmosphere, society composed of people from all parts of the world; publick amusements in perfection; literature, and all that extensive Commerce, all that Nature in its utmost bounty can bestow, were here combined, whilst the occasional residence of the States, gave it the air of a capital.

It would be useless, and it would be melancholy to say, in how many respects it is not what it was: we should have protracted our stay, however, a few days, had not — been before us. As it was, we departed on the morning of the fifth of October, and took the road to Nismes; a name not as familiar to your ear as Montpellier, but to the full as deserving of your attention.

## POLITE LITERATURE.

*For The Port Folio.*

### LETTERS FROM BRUTUS.

#### LETTER II.

*To Richard Brinsley Sheridan.*

SIR,

It is the boast of our free government, that neither great wealth nor distinguished rank are necessary to obtain or to enjoy the highest honours of the state; that abilities and integrity are requisites sufficient for the attainment of all to which ambition can inspire, unsupported by any blazon but the publick applause, and resting on no title but the opinion of the people.

This wisely democratick principle of our constitution, like all other wise and good principles, is liable to abuse. Demagogues have frequently arisen, who have been lifted by the tide of popularity into heights of which they were unworthy; who have misled the publick into the applause or censure of measures, not from their merit or demerit, but as those measures were friendly or adverse to the interested views of those leaders of the multitude. Adventurers have arisen in Parliament, whose assurance supplies the want of information, and whose powers in debate cover their weakness and sophistry in argument. There are speakers as well as soldiers, of fortune; and the first, like the latter, are ready to undertake any service however desperate, by which they may push themselves into preferment.

Under this description, Sir, if you shall be classed, you may boast at least of a somewhat honourable introduction. Your wit, and the gayety, if not the graces of your manner, attracted the notice and conciliated the favour of a fashionable circle, who fostered the projects of your ambition, while they listed you under the banners of their party. Ladies are quick in their conclusions; and look not deeply into consequences: when the fair Duchess of Devonshire made you member for Stafford, she only thought of the bon mots she had heard you utter, of the comick scenes with which your Muse had delighted her. Her Grace was younger than Hecuba, and had no old woman's dream, like Hecuba's, of bringing forth a fire-brand.

You have had the merit, Sir, of making more of the advantages which this accidental patronage had given you, than the most sanguine of your admirers could have ventured to suppose. Habit and perseverance have conquered the original stiffness of your manner, and the hesitation of your utterance. The natural liveliness of your imagination and brilliancy of your wit, furnished you with



imagery to seduce the passions, and ridicule to excite the mirth of your audience; and you superadded to those willing endowments of your nature the occasional exertions of study, attention, calculation, and inquiry, which your indolence and love of pleasure must have rendered irksome to you. Your industry has sought out subjects of debate, as well as weapons of argument. You courted the *Scots Reform*, a drab who was willing to be won, and whose turbulent spirit was congenial to your own. You wooed the West India merchants, who rather coyly refused your addresses, from an idea, perhaps, (for it is not easily to conceive the versatility of your talents) that so determined a champion of freedom could not possibly harangue against the emancipation of the negroes. You wedded the tobacconists, and sealed your contract by a five hours' speech on so trite a subject as the extension of the excise. From these, and other such sincere and patriotick exertions, your flatterers have wove for you a kind of a civick crown, and given you a title highly honourable in a commercial country, "the tradesman's friend." You have revived the old Roman connexion of *patron* and *client*; like the oratours of old, your clients the tradesmen beset your door of a morning, they would bring too, after the Roman custom, their presents, but they have already bestowed them; for you have taken care that everything you have received from them has been a present, if everything is a present that is not paid for.

These tradesmen who have entered into this bond of *friendship* with you, are not perhaps aware of all its privileges. You had friends in the *Opera*; let them ask Mr. Taylor; he is now at liberty (you will pardon the pun) to tell the value of such a friend. You had friends in the *theatre*; if ever Dr. Ford's creditors allow him to return from abroad, he can inform them of the advantages to be derived from your friendship. Your friendship to the tradesmen is on the same

side of the account; only, in the language of arithmeticians, it is of a higher denomination.

These, however, were private connexions, which perhaps are beneath the notice of the publick. But you have some friendships of a higher kind, which involved objects the most important and momentous, the dignity of the Monarch, the welfare of the people. The effect of such a connexion we are entitled to trace, and it is probable your pride will be flattered while we trace it. You derived this, like other distinctions, from a female title; and had it been exercised only on female subjects, the *petite soupers* of Carlton or Cumberland House, or had it only regulated the business of Brooks's or Newmarket, we should have looked on it as one of those trivial connexions; those 'humours of his idleness,' which, though serious men might regret, it were rather cynical to blame. But you were almost the single member of his cabinet, when subjects of the highest moment were agitated; subjects, that were to mark his character as son, a p—e, and citizen. With easy natures, and at a certain time of life, to be counselled is to be governed; you are therefore responsible for the conduct of your illustrious friend in all these characters.

As to *filial* obligations, I am willing to allow, that from your own mind or conduct you could not easily draw conceptions of their force; but possessing the imagination of a poet, you might have created a character you never felt, and made your friend somewhat a different son to a father more indulgent than yours.

In a publick capacity it were an irksome and ungracious task to retrace that conduct which you prompted, and would recall to our remembrance a period of national fear and uneasiness which, we hope, no future time will equal. There were, however, some advantages derived from those evils. Virtues and talents were displayed on which the people could

build future trust; on both sides were such virtues and talents exhibited; the Duke of Portland, with an integrity and a spirit worthy of his high character, showed that there were conditions on which he would not stoop to hold the highest station of the empire.

In this intended first publick act of administration, in which your little bark was to sail attendant, was to

"Pursue the triumph, and partake the gale,"

It was not the money which the people regarded: to have paid your debts as an individual was a calculable expense on the revenue; but to have paid them as the debts of a copartnery, was as humiliating as it was corrupt, and led to an idea of connexion, of which the danger could not be calculated. It has been the fashion of late to make allusions from a great ancient to a great modern name; and the hero of *Agincourt* has been quoted in vindication of youthful levities which maturer age is to cure. Have you had no part in this dramatick allusion? "Rob me the Exchequer the first thing you do." But you have less comedy in your figure, and more seriousness in your designs than *Falsiaff*; and therefore such an advice from you excited graver emotions. In the society of dissipation, a young man risks more than his money; he stakes his feeling, his principle, his sense of private virtue, and of publick duty.

But you are skilful in the ridicule of sentiment, and will perhaps laugh at this as the cant of hypocrisy. But no—you have of late assumed that tone yourself, and have preached from the manager's box in Westminster-Hall, and from your place in the House of Commons. In Westminster-Hall, indeed, your speeches were exhibitions merely; and when you declaimed against ambition, venality, and the filial inhumanity of the *Bregum's* son, we conceived no more relation between the speech and the speaker, than when mild Mr. *Bensley*

personates a murderer, or honest Mr. *Parsons* represents a pickpocket. But do not carry this matter too far. An establishment of virtues is expensive, and may puzzle even you to keep. In the House of Commons, and applied personally to yourself, you must beware of talking so much of the danger of lotteries and gaming, and of the consciousness of honour, of principle, and of virtue. I know you don't allow much penetration to the country gentlemen; but they have memories and know the meaning of those old-fashioned country vocables. Be advised, Sir, to safer pretensions. Shut up your virtues, like green house plants, to expand only in sunshine; lock them up, as your friends the tradesmen do their bills, to be discharged in more fortunate times. Keep your purity and honour for the *secretaryship at war*; or preserve your integrity and economy for the *treasurership of the navy*.

BRUTUS.

For the Port Folio.

## CLASSICAL LEARNING.

(Continued from page 251.)

*Catullus, Tibullus, Propertius, Gallus, Carus, and Sallust.*

Catullus was born at Verona, and is supposed to be about eighteen years older than Virgil. He seems to have been of honourable extraction, as Julius Cæsar used to lodge with his father when he passed by Verona. Catullus was a client of Cicero, to whose honour he has made an elegant compliment. He incurred the resentment of Cæsar by a satirical epigram, wherein he exposes his vices and ambition under the name of Mamurra; the likeness was too strong to be mistaken, and the truth of the satire prevented its passing unnoticed. But Cæsar being no less a politician than a soldier, did not choose to have poets for his enemies, and knowing that the publick are apt to forget the most pointed satire as soon as they find a new object, chose rather to gain the glory of forgiveness than to seek the pleasure of revenge. He frankly forgave the poet, and admitted him to his friendship. Possibly in a little time the

Romans forgot who was the person meant by Mamurra.

Mallius, whose Epithalamium Catullus has transmitted to posterity, was the person who brought him to Rome and recommended him to Cicero and other men of eminence. His poems are partly lyrick, partly elegiack, and partly epigrammatick. Several of his works, that were known to the ancients, are not now to be found. As he died about the thirtieth year of his age, he had not much time to correct his works. The style of Catullus is tender, chaste, and expressive, his wit is genuine, and his imagination correct. Sublimity of genius was by no means requisite in those departments of poetry, in which he figured. He felt the tender passions, and was warm in his friendships, but he has several indecencies, and even written a defence of unchaste expressions, in poetry. It is said that he sent some of his poems to Virgil. It were to be wished that he had sent him the whole of them. They would probably have been pruned of their indecencies by the correct judgment and taste of that chaste and amiable poet.

Albius Tibullus was born in the same year with Ovid. Horace has addressed one of his odes and an epistle to him. *Albi, ne doleas plus nimio, &c.* Messala Corvinus was his particular friend and patron. He had likewise a great affection for Horace and Æmilius Macer, the authour of the Herbal. He wrote four books of Elegies, and a few Epigrams.

He died about the same time with Virgil, as appears by an Epigram of Domitius Martus, and his friend Ovid honoured his memory with an Elegy. Muretus Amatus, Lusitanus, Scaliger, and Donsa have severally written commentaries on this poet, and Brukhusius's notes and commentary compose a very large quarto. The reason perhaps why his works have been so much desired by the critics, is that the character of a deserted lover, in which they were written was not assumed. Horace condoles with him, and offers him consolation. Perhaps the keenness of his passion might have been the cause of his untimely death. The poems of Tibullus are of a tender and sentimental cast, calculated to please in the hour of melancholy, and to excite our compassion in favour of a person who deploras his misfortune in so elegant and harmonious numbers.

Propertius was cotemporary with Tibullus, and like him a writer of amorous elegies. Did not Nature uniformly excite certain passions in youth, we might imagine that some poets were at a loss for a subject as so many treat of the same, but nature is a rich subject, and can never be exhausted.

Some write that the father of Propertius was a follower of Antony in the time of the triumvirate, and that being taken by Augustus at the siege of Perugia, he was sacrificed at the altar of Julius Caesar, with a number of other prisoners. Propertius was intimately acquainted with Mæcenas; Tibullus, and Cornelius Gallus; Ovid was likewise among his chief friends. He is said to have imitated Callimachus and Mimnermus in his Elegies. Scarce any fragments of Mimnermus are left, and the resemblance to Callimachus does not appear. Perhaps some of the works of this poet are lost. Some prefer Propertius to Tibullus.

Cornelius Gallus was born at Friuli, and by the favour of Augustus obtained the Præfecture of Egypt. Virgil's tenth Eclogue is addressed to him, and he mentioned him likewise in the end of the Georgicks. He wrote four books of Love Elegies of which very few remain at present. His style is reckoned harsh by the critics. He was likewise a celebrated orator. It is said that Augustus esteeming the praise bestowed on Gallus in the Georgicks to be too great, prevailed on Virgil to insert the Fable of Aristæus in place of them, which is the reason that we do not find them in our present copies. It is thought that all the original Elegies of Gallus are lost, and that what we have remaining is only what he wrote in Egypt in his old age. Some write that Gallus put an end to his own life in the forty-third year of his age.

Titus Lucretius Carus was elder than Virgil, having flourished in the later times of the Republick. He wrote six books *De Rerum Natura* in which he explains and recommends the Atomical Philosophy of Democritus and Epicurus. This absurd theory which supposes the world to have been made of a congeries of atoms jumbled together by chance, would have been quite unacceptable of the ornaments of poetry, unless the authour had thought fit to deviate from it in many places. The episodes and descriptions with which he has diversified his work, on this account, are the best parts of it. Abstract reasoning is foreign to poetry; and the language of Lucretius is accordingly very harsh for the most part. As Epicurus, his hero, admitted the existence of gods, to avoid the indignation of the publick, Lucretius retains them for ornaments to his poetry. The Epicureans held a plurality or rather an infinity of worlds, all of which they imagined were produced by chance, and that the gods, who, according to them, took no care of any of the affairs of this world, were corporeal beings of a superiour nature to man, who lived in a state of indolence in the *Intermundia*, or

spaces between the several worlds. It is manifest that Epicurus left no other origin to his gods than to his worlds, namely, atoms and a vacuum, and that he thought both equally liable to dissolution. Lucretius has shown as much ingenuity in defending his theory as the nature of the cause admitted, but the absurdity of his principles was sufficient to sink the greatest genius. It is remarkable that Lucretius lived and died in a state of madness, occasioned, it is said, by a philtre or love-potion, given him by his wife to restore his affection. He cut his veins and put an end to his life about the forty-fifth year of his age. It is worthy of remark that Mr. Creech, an Englishman, who translated Lucretius, and adopted his unhappy principles, ended his life in the same manner, soon after he had finished his translation. Virgil has borrowed many lines from Lucretius.

Sallust was a noble Roman, and possessed a splendid fortune. He was cotemporary with Cicero, and a great enemy to that celebrated orator, though he does him justice in his works, which gives us no small opinion of his integrity. He married Terentia, the wife of Cicero, whom he had divorced after living thirty years with her. It appears from Horace that he was a great spendthrift and debauchee, though in his works he talks like a man of strict virtue and a stoic philosopher. It is surprising that his great talents were not injured by the profligate and thoughtless life he led. It seems he wanted to stand fair with posterity, however infamous and despised he was among his cotemporaries. He wrote a Roman History, which is unfortunately lost, but by the commendations given it by Martial, and the fame of the authour in his own times, as well as by those of his works which remain, we have reason to think was excellent. Sallust's style is nervous, perspicuous, and elegant, though he affected solemnity and antiquated words. He displays great knowledge of human nature, and had all the abilities of a complete historian. The speeches inserted in his works, and the prefaces of a moral cast with which he introduces them, are justly admired. Though we have lost the most part of Sallust's history, posterity are under great obligations to him for his account of Catiline's conspiracy, and the war with Jugurtha. He has set a pattern of writing history which has never been equalled, not even by Tacitus. Cardinal Bentivoglio has imitated him with no small degree of success, in his history of the wars in the Low Countries. It is remarkable that Sir Richard Steel, the projector and principal authour of that useful and elegant work, the *Spectator*, resembled Sallust in his manner of living as well as in his works. It is cer-

tainly the best service that bad men can do to posterity, to write well, though they live ill, and to endeavour, by writing good books, to make us forget the bad example they had set in their lifetime. It would have been happier for the world if all bad men had acted like Sallust and Sir Richard Steel.

## CRITICISM.

*For the Port Folio.*

*A Turkish Ode. MESIHI.*

So strong is the taste for poetry, among the Turks, and so numerous are those who have indulged in the exercise of their talents for this species of composition, that, about the middle of the century which has lately closed, there was published in Constantinople a collection of the works of five hundred and nine poets, ranking as classicists in the language. Among the names of these, that of Mesihi is honoured with a very distinguished place. One of his numerous odes has been given to us in four different forms, by the pen of Sir William Jones. 1. He has transcribed it in the Roman character; 2. Translated it into English prose; 3. Imitated it in English verse; and 4. He has imitated it in Latin verse, on the model of the *Pervigilium Veneris*.

Sir William prefixes the following remarks: 'The Turkish Ode on the Spring was selected from many others in the same language, written by Mesihi, a poet of great repute at Constantinople, who lived in the reign of Soliman the Second, or the Law-giver: it is not unlike the Vigil of Venus, which has been ascribed to Catullus: the measure of it is nearly the same with that of the Latin poem; and it has, like that, a lively burden at the end of every stanza: the works of Mesihi are preserved in the archives of the Royal Society.'

## ODE.

A LITERAL VERSION.

Thou hearest the tale of the Nightingale, "That the vernal season approaches."

The Spring has spread a bower of joy in every grove, where the almond-tree sheds its silver blossoms. Be cheerful; be full of mirth; for the Spring passes soon away; it will not last.

The groves and hills are again adorned with all sorts of flowers; a pavilion of roses, as the seat of pleasures, is raised in the garden. Who knows which of us shall be alive when the fair season ends? Be cheerful; be full of mirth; for the Spring passes soon away; it will not last.

The edge of the bower is filled with the light of Ahmed; among the plants, the fortunate tulips represent his companions. Come, O people of Mohammed, this is the season of merriment! Be cheerful; be full of mirth; for the Spring passes soon away; it will not last.

Again the dew glitters on the leaves of the lily, like the water of a bright cimeter. The dew-drops fall through the air on the garden of roses. Listen to me, listen to me, if thou desirest to be delighted! Be cheerful, be full of mirth; for the Spring passes soon away: it will not last.

The roses and tulips are like the bright cheeks of beautiful maids, in whose ears the pearls hang like drops of dew. Deceive not thyself by thinking that these charms will have a long duration! Be cheerful, be full of mirth; for the Spring passes soon away: it will not last.

Tulips, roses, and anemonies, appear in the gardens: the showers and the sunbeams, like sharp lancets, tinge the banks with the colour of blood. Spend this day agreeably with thy friends, like a prudent man. Be cheerful; be full of mirth; for the Spring passes soon away: it will not last.

The time is past in which the plants were sick and the rosebud hung its thoughtful head on its bosom. The season comes in which mountains and rocks are covered with tulips! Be cheerful; be full of mirth; for the Spring passes soon away: it will not last.

Each morning, the clouds shed gems over the rose-garden: the breath of the gale is full of Tartarian musk. Be not neglectful of thy duty through too great a love of the world! Be cheerful; be full of mirth; for the Spring passes soon away: it will not last.

The sweetness of the bower has made the air so fragrant, that the dew, before it falls, is changed into rose-water. The sky spreads a pavilion of bright clouds over the garden. Be cheerful; be full of mirth; for the Spring passes soon away: it will not last.

Whoever thou art, know that the gusts of autumn had seized the garden; but the King of the world again appeared, dispensing justice to all: in his reign, the happy cupbearer desired and obtained the flowing wine. Be cheerful; be full of mirth; for the Spring passes soon away: it will not last.

By these strains, I hoped to celebrate this delightful valley: may they be a memorial to its inhabitants, and remind them of this assembly, and these fair maids! Thou art a nightingale with a sweet voice, O Meshi, when thou walkest with the damsels whose cheeks are like roses! Be cheerful; be full of mirth; for the Spring passes soon away: it will not last.

#### THE SAME.

#### A Metrical Version.

Hear, how the nightingales, on ev'ry spray,  
Hail in wild notes the sweet return of May!  
The gale, that o'er yon waving almond  
blows,

The verdant bank with silver blossoms  
strows:

The smiling season decks each flow'ry  
glade,

Be gay: too soon the flowers of Spring  
will fade!

What gales of fragrance scent the vernal  
air;

Hills, dales, and woods their loveliest man-  
tles wear,

Who knows what cares await that fatal  
day,

When ruder gusts shall banish gentle May!  
E'en death, perhaps, our vallies will in-  
vade.

Be gay: too soon the flow'rs of Spring  
will fade!

The tulip now its varied hue displays,  
And sheds, like Ahmed's eye, celestial  
rays.

Ah, nation ever faithful, ever true,  
The joys of youth, while May invites pur-  
sue!

Will not these notes your tim'rous minds  
persuade?

Be gay: too soon the flow'rs of Spring  
will fade!

The sparkling dew-drops o'er the lilies play,  
Like orient pearl, or like the beams of day!  
If love and mirth your wanton thoughts  
engage,

Attend, ye nymphs, (a poet's words are  
sage!)

While thus you sit beneath the tremb'ling  
shade,

Be gay: too soon the flow'rs of Spring  
will fade.

The fresh-blown rose, like Teneib's cheek  
appears,  
When pearls, like dew-drops, glitter in her  
ears,  
The charms of youth at once are seen and  
past;  
And Nature says, 'they are too sweet to  
last,'  
So blooms the rose, and so the blushing  
maid!  
Be gay: too soon the flow'rs of Spring  
will fade!

See yon anemones their leaves unfold,  
With rubies flaming, and with living gold!  
While chrystal show'rs from weeping  
clouds descend,  
Enjoy the presence of thy tuneful friend.  
Now while the wines are brought, the so-  
fa's lay'd,  
Be gay: too soon the flow'rs of Spring  
will fade!

The plants no more are dried, the mea-  
dows dead;  
No more the rose-bud hangs its pensive  
head:  
The shrubs revive in vallies, woods and  
bow'rs,  
And every stalk is diadem'd with flow'rs;  
In silken robes each hillock stands array'd.  
Be gay: too soon the flow'rs of Spring  
will fade!

Clear drops each morn impearl the rose's  
bloom,  
And from its leaf the zephyr drinks per-  
fume;  
The dewy buds expand their lucid store:  
Be this our wealth: ye damsels, ask no  
more!  
Though wise men envy, and though fools  
upbraid,  
Be gay: too soon the flow'rs of Spring  
will fade!

The dew-drops, sprinkled by the musky  
gale,  
Are chang'd to essence ere they reach the  
dale.  
The mild blue sky a rich pavilion spreads,  
Without our labour, o'er our favour'd  
heads.  
Let others toil in war, in arts, or trade;  
Be gay: too soon the flow'rs of Spring  
will fade!

Late, gloomy Winter, chill'd the sullen  
air,  
Till Soliman arose, and all was fair.  
Soft in his reign the notes of love resound,  
And Pleasure's rosy cup goes freely round.  
Here on the bank, which mant'ling vines  
o'ershade,  
Be gay: too soon the flow'rs of Spring  
will fade!

May this rude lay from age to age remain,  
A true memorial of this lovely train—  
Come, charming maid, and hear thy poet  
sing,  
Thyself the rose, and he the bird of Spring!  
Love bids him sing; and Love will be  
obey'd!  
Be gay: too soon the flow'rs of Spring  
will fade!

## THE SAME,

*In imitation of the Pervigilium Veneris.*

Aliter audis loquaces per nemora, per ar-  
butes,  
Veris adventum canentes tinnulo modula-  
mine;  
Dulcè luget per virentes mollis aura amyg-  
dalas:  
Nunc amandum est, nunc bibendum; flo-  
reum ver fugit, abit!

Ecce jam flores refulgent gemmeis hono-  
ribus,  
Quique prata, quique saltus quique syl-  
vulas amant;  
Quis scit an nox una nobis dormienda  
æterna sit!  
Nunc amandum est, nunc est bibendum;  
floreum ver fugit, abit!

Quantus est nitor rosarum! quantus hya-  
cinthi decor!  
Non ocellus, cum renidet, est puellæ lætior:  
Hic levi dies amori est, hic voluptate sacer:  
Nunc amandum est, nunc bibendum; flo-  
reum ver fugit, abit!

Ecce baccatæ recentis guttulæ roris micant,  
Per genam rosæ, cadentes, perque mite  
lilium:  
Auribus gratum, puellæ, sit meum vestris  
melos:  
Nunc amandum est, nunc bibendum; flo-  
reum ver fugit, abit!

Ut rosa in prato refulget, sic teres virgo  
nitet,  
Hæc onusta margaritis, illa roris gemmulis:  
Ne perenne vel puellæ vel rosæ speres  
decus.  
Nunc amandum est, nunc bibendum; flo-  
reum ver fugit, abit!

Aspice, ut roseta amictu discolori splen-  
deant,  
Prata dum fecundat æther læta gratis  
imbribus,  
Fervidos inter sodales da voluptati diem:  
Nunc amandum est, nunc bibendum; flo-  
reum ver fugit, abit!

Jam situ deformis agro non jacet rosæ  
calyx;  
Verè adest, verè pingit hortos purpurantes  
floribus,

Perque sana, perque colles, perque lucos  
emicat:

Nunc amandum est, nunc bibendum; flo-  
reum ver fugit, abit!

Ecce per rosæ papillas suavè rident guttu-  
la,

Quas odorifer resolvit lenis auræ spiritus;  
Hæ pyropis, hæ smaragdis cariores indicis.  
Nunc amandum est, nunc bibendum; flo-  
reum ver fugit, abit!

Is tenellis per viçeta spirat è rosis odor,  
Ut novum stillans amomum ros in herbas  
decidat,

Suave olentibus coronans lacrymis conope-  
um.

Nunc amandum est, nunc bibendum; flo-  
reum ver fugit, abit!

Acris olim cum malignis sæviit ventis  
hyems;

Sed rosoto, solis instar, regis affulsit nitor;  
Floruit nemo repente, dulce manant me-  
rum:

Nunc amandum est, nunc bibendum; flo-  
reum ver fugit, abit!

His iners modis, Mesihi, melleam aptabas  
chelyn;

Veris alis est poeta; vena cantat gaudia,  
Et rosas carpit tepentes è puellarum genis.  
Nunc amandum est, nunc bibendum; flo-  
reum ver fugit, abit!

### LEVITY.

*For The Port Folio.*

*Law Intelligence.*—High Court of the Muses, Parnassus, 19th March, instant. Present, the DEVIL and Dr. FAUSTUS. The prisoner, Printer of The Port Folio, being duly arraigned to answer in plea of a case of damages against ASTOLPHO of Griffin memory, pleaded *not guilty*; and being permitted to speak in his own defence, he stated to the Honourable Court, that he was not then fully prepared to enter into a minute defence of not always printing *verbatim*. To copy *verbatim et punctuatim* might be very pleasing to some authours; but would be not less *displeasing* to more. He acquainted the Honourable Court that he had discovered an important *error in the writ*. The article alluded to, was

not printed in the "*eighth*"\* number of The Port Folio. The Journal was exhibited to the Court and Jury. Not finding the article therein, Judge FAUSTUS delivered a succinct opinion, the DEVIL concurred, and the Jury immediately returned the bill—*Ignoramus!*

In justice to our Printers, who are more careful in the revision of proofs than many of their brethren, and who are frequently blamed for errors that arise solely from the imperfection of a manuscript, or the oscitancy of an Editor, we transcribe from The Repertory, the ensuing article, which is written in a spirit of the greatest good humour.

### TYPOGRAPHY.

No nation has a better opportunity for excelling in the art of printing than America, and few seem to improve their opportunities in this particular with a less degree of care. The last part of this remark is daily exemplified by the innumerable typographical blunders, that issue from the presses in this country; and particularly from those whose correctors, on account of their literary pretensions are the more responsible. To meet with twenty plain English pages, without as many blunders from the press, is a rarity which comes within the observation of but few; and as to the printing of any other language it is entirely out of the question. In the execution of forty pages, five may commonly be filled with corrections, and one more with corrections of the last five. These errata are oftentimes the most amusing part of the book, and perhaps the best.

The general manner of these errata is by no means unlike the following;

### ERRATA.

P. 1, from top, l. 2, for should, read should not.

In same line, for Juniper, read Jupiter.

P. 2, from top, l. 5, for potentate read potatoes.

\* The writ was printed *verbosum*.

P. 2, from top, l. 7, for *illa fut*, read *ille fuit*.

P. 2, from top, l. 9, for *chamberpot* read *chamberlain*.

P. 2, from bottom, l. 12, for *popularity* read *pumpkins*.

P. 3, from top, l. 6, for *jacobin*, read *jackanapes*.

P. 4, from top, l. 11, for *I saw Cele's triangle*, read *Isosceles triangle*.

In same line for *death*, read *regeneration*.

The errors are universally charged against the printers, who are perfectly excusable. The fault is in these, who overlook the proofs; and it is very frequently the case, that, after examining the first proof and marking the errors, all farther correction is trusted to the Printers themselves.

### BIOGRAPHY.

Dr. Busby, the celebrated master of Westminster school, educated most of the eminent men who filled the great offices of state about the period he flourished, who ever regarded him as their father, though a severe one. He was the second son of Richard Busby of Westminster, gent. but born at Luton in Lincolnshire, and being left in much pecuniary difficulty by his parent, the vestry of that town kindly assisted him until he had taken his degree of A. M. It was with difficulty he retained his situation during the usurpation.\* Charles II knew how to appreciate his merit, and to reward it made him a prebendary of Westminster, July 5, 1666. If we view Dr. Busby as an instructor of youth, as a classical scholar, the writer of books upon grammar, or as an orator, we must admire him; we shall do more when we regard him

\* This modest, unassuming, yet eminently learned and accomplished man, was near losing his situation by those insolent men, Edward Bagshaw and Owen Price. The former had the effrontery to print his narrative of the differences between Mr. Busby and Mr. Bagshaw, the first and second masters of Westminster school, London, 1659, in four sheets, a very scarce and curious tract; the latter was an Independent.

as a christian moralist, and munificent protector of merit and patron of religion and learning. The benevolence lent him in youth was amply compensated by the most extensive charity. All his virtues and acquirements were so little valued by himself, that he was admired for his elegance and cheerfulness; leaving to little pedagogues formal grimaces and odious pedantry.

He died, rich and greatly regretted, April 6, 1695, aged 89, blessed with health and cheerfulness until his last illness, the reward of temperance and industry. He was buried in Westminster Abbey, where there is a monument with his effigies, engraved by Dart in his history of that church.

Dr. Busby was possessed of deep penetration, and immediately perceived the capacities of youth; neither rank nor fortune prevented his resolutely correcting those he thought deserving of correction, until he made them bend their minds to those pursuits their genius seemed most suited for. Though he never spared the rod, yet he rejoiced to throw it aside, and benevolence then graced his brow. To humble merit he was the kindest and most energetic of patrons.

Dr. Johnson used to relate, that Busby declared his rod was his sieve, and that whoever could not pass through that was no boy for him.

### For the Port Folio.

The Revd. J. S. J. GARDINER, Rector of Trinity Church, Boston, one of the most accomplished scholars in America, and whose political principles and party are the objects of our sincere admiration, has recently preached a Sermon occasioned by a proclamation for a Day of Fasting and Humiliation. The text is very felicitously selected from the prophet Jonah, "So the people of Nineveh believed God, and proclaimed a Fast, and put on sackcloth from the greatest of them even to the least." Mr. Gardiner, after expounding and illustrating his text in a very elegant manner, concludes his animated discourse with the following political reflections upon the ALARMING



**STATE OF THE NATION.** These wise opinions, so nobly expressed, have our most unqualified approbation. No other thoughts and no softer words are worthy of the present crisis.

We, the inhabitants of this state, have committed various offences against the Supreme Majesty of Heaven, in the same manner, though I hope not in an equal degree, with the citizens of Nineveh. If we consider the distinguished blessings we have received as a people, our conduct will appear peculiarly ungrateful. Two centuries have not elapsed, since these populous and well cultivated regions were a dreary wilderness, inhabited only by beasts of prey and unrelenting savages. By the favour and protection of Almighty God, and the persevering exertions of our industrious ancestors, we have gradually advanced from the weakness of infancy to the strength of manhood. The same gracious Providence which originally protected, continued to watch over us, and blessed our arms with victory in an arduous struggle to defend our rights against the unjust and impolitic oppression of a parent country. A popular form of government was established, well calculated, we flattered ourselves, for the sentiments of the people, for our state of society, and for the security and enjoyment of our dear-bought rights and independence. Whilst other countries have been convulsed with war and deluged in blood, we have enjoyed a comparative state of peace and prosperity. Our lands have been greatly improved, our population has wonderfully increased, and our commerce has been crowned with success beyond our most sanguine expectations. And what return have we made to the Lord for all these benefits? Have we continued to cultivate that spirit of piety, and those virtues which gave birth to these blessings? Have we considered, as we ought, that righteousness alone has exalted our nation? I fear we cannot conscientiously answer these questions in the affirmative. I fear that, with our

wealth and prosperity, vice and irreligion have also increased. Licitious principles and opinions, seem to have spread their baneful influence among us; and unless we sincerely repent, unless we check the progress of this moral pestilence, and reform our manners, we shall deserve, and may expect, that the fate which threatened Nineveh, will be executed on our nation; we may expect either to fall a prey to civil dissensions, or to groan beneath the yoke of a foreign master. There is certainly among us an increasing indifference towards religion, a relaxed attention on publick worship, loose and latitudinarian sentiments respecting government and religion, subjects, both of which are of the utmost importance to human happiness in this world, and one of them in the next; and we appear fond of adopting with the fashions of old countries, all their vices and all their corruption.

An event as stupendous in its nature, as formidable in its consequences, has doubtless, quickened the growth of these licentious principles. A mighty revolution took place in one of the most powerful nations on earth; and unfortunately, we either were, or thought ourselves under great obligations to this nation. It became fashionable, therefore, to admire all their actions, though their extravagancies and their crimes soon exceeded whatever credulity could have thought, or fear conceived. We were at first shocked at enormities to which we had been unaccustomed, and at the open avowal of principles, which seemed to threaten the existence of every civilized society; especially when these principles were propagated by the sword, and reluctant nations compelled to adopt them. But our minds at length became familiarized to objects of horror, the favour we bore the nation deceived us into approbation, the splendour of their victories dazzled our eyes, and the popular name of liberty consecrated the worst of tyrannies. We apo-

logized for what we could not justify; and losing by degrees that just indignation which good men feel at the perpetration of wickedness, and which is so great a safeguard to virtue, our moral sensibilities were blunted, and our hearts became corrupt and revolutionary. Nothing, in all human probability, could have saved us from destruction, but the pride, folly, and ingratitude of the nation that we had so highly favoured. We acknowledged their republick, when no other power would acknowledge it. We supplied them with provisions, when both their armies and colonies were in the utmost distress. We infringed the laws of strict neutrality to serve them, risked the resentment of the coalesced powers to favour them, and actually experienced great injuries from the depredations of one of those powers, in consequence of our known partiality. But the viper we fostered in our bosoms stung us to the quick. Incensed that we would not join them in their wild and ambitious projects, they heaped upon us every species of injury and insult. They made demands on us that were never before made on an independent nation: They required a formal apology for the sentiments expressed by one of our presidents, together with a publick disavowal of those sentiments. They demanded tribute as the price, not of peace, but of negotiation. Twice they dismissed our envoys with ignominy, sent emissaries to corrupt our citizens, confiscated our property, seized upon our merchantmen, imprisoned our people, and threatened to burn our towns. This is a simple narrative of facts, which every one knows, and no one can disprove,

Such was the conduct of republican France; and has the conduct of imperial France been more friendly and equitable? After the subjugation of continental Europe, has she displayed any instance of moderation in success, or inclination to preserve the faith of existing treaties? Has not her whole conduct towards this coun-

try been one continued system of insult, violence, and aggression? Does she not seize and confiscate our property wherever she finds it? Are not her cruizers, at this moment commissioned to sink, burn, and destroy our vessels, and have they not executed that commission? And all this we bear; ay, and shall bear, and we shall crouch at her feet, and fawn upon her, and kiss the hand polluted with robbery and stained with murder, that holds the dagger, which will shortly be plunged into the bosom of our independence.

But it is not to every nation that our spirit is thus humble. No, though submissive, and even servile to France, to Great Britain we are eager to display our hatred, and hurl our defiance. The American Eagle, though meek as a Dove before the Gallick Cock, yet to the British Lion will present the 'terrors of his beak, the lightnings of his eye,' and the strength of his talons. Every petty dispute, which may happen between an American captain and a British officer is magnified into a national insult. The land of our fathers, whence is derived the best blood of our nation, the country, to which we are chiefly indebted for our laws and knowledge, is stigmatized as a nest of pirates, plunderers, and assassins. We entice away her seamen, the very sinews of her power. We refuse to restore them on application. We issue hostile proclamations. We interdict her ships of war from the common rites of hospitality. We pass non-importation acts. We lay embargoes. We refuse to ratify a treaty, in which she had made great concessions to us. We dismiss her envoy of peace, who came purposely to apologize for an act unauthorized by her government. We commit every act of hostility against her, proportioned to our means and situation. Observe the contrast between the two nations, and our strange conduct. France robs us, and we love her. Britain courts us, and we hate her. France is hostile, Britain friend-

ly. With France we have a treaty, with Britain none. France is fighting for the subjugation of the world. Britain for its independence. France is contending for her own, aggrandizement. Britain for her salvation. If France is victorious, we are slaves. If Britain proves victorious we remain free. France is a land of slavery. Britain of freedom. The insults and injuries we receive from France are unprovoked, and the immediate acts of her government. The insults and injuries we receive from Britain are not authorized by her government, and are often provoked by the rudeness and ill manners of our own people. France makes actual war upon us, and yet we court her. *We* make actual war on Britain, and yet she tries every expedient to conciliate us. Which, then, ought we to favour, the nation that robs us, that insults us, that confiscates our property, that burns our vessels, or the nation that speaks the same language, that is governed nearly by the same laws, that earnestly wishes for our friendship, that is fighting for her own liberty, and the liberty of the world, that can do us the most harm in war, and the most good in peace? Can there be a doubt, if we consult merely our own interests?

My brethren, we have greatly offended. Our conduct has been partial, unjust, and impolitick, and we seem now on the point of reaping the fruits of our folly.

As to our national rulers, warned by St. Paul, not to speak evil of dignities, I trust that we shall always speak, and think of them with all the respect they deserve; but we must leave their eulogy, to those, who are better acquainted with their virtues than we are. We are not such profound philosophers in this part of the Union as to discover the wisdom of risking our existence, as a nation, on a philosophical experiment, nor can we think, that starving a commercial people can add much to their prosperity and happiness. Some process must be first discovered of turn-

ing men into camelions, before they can live upon air; and this may be one of the state secrets of the administration, which it may be thought improper at present to divulge. The gentlemen, who compose it, are doubtless honourable men, though they may think it unsafe to disclose to vulgar ears the important information of what France demands, and of what she threatens. Such knowledge might awaken the good people of the United States, from the slumbers of apathy in which they have so long reposed, and they might speak in a tone of remonstrance, which would disturb even the tranquillity of presidential philosophy.

Mysterious secrecy, in the government of a free people, where their dearest interests are at stake, is a new thing under the sun, and which, among the slaves of Britain, would hurl any minister from the seat of power. But the fascinating word *republican*, reconciles us to the most despotick measures, and leads us to think that we have the substance of liberty, when we have only the shadow.

We want information; we want light. Our prayer is that of the Grecian hero in the *Iliad*.

‘Dispel this cloud, the light of heaven restore,  
Give me to see, and Ajax asks no more.  
If Greece must perish, we thy will obey,  
But let us perish in the face of day!’

The annals of history, my brethren, produce no parallel to the present situation of the world. The political hemisphere looks everywhere turbid and portentous. The tempest of despotism, that has swept away the independence of Europe, is now gathered over America, and is just ready to burst in thunder on our heads. How can we avert the storm, and save the political vessel from its effects? Alas! what can philosophy avail in a hurricane? We must trust her to more experienced pilots, or consent to go down.

There never was a country, which calls itself enlightened, in which talents, property and virtue had so lit-

the influence as in this ; and yet it is certain that no country can flourish, where these qualifications are not the leading features in the character of its rulers. Suspicious of the able and wealthy, and jealous of their freedom, the people are unwilling to trust it to the only hands capable of preserving it pure and unsullied. Hence persons are sometimes elevated into legislators, who are deficient in that previous education and knowledge, indispensable to the just discharge of their important duties. The infallible consequence of this conduct must be, that either ignorant men will themselves plan measures destructive of the publick weal, or else implicitly obey one or two ambitious leaders, who thus become in fact the whole legislature of the nation.

Nor is there any remedy for this grievance but in the people themselves. They must feel, they must suffer, and then they may open their eyes to their true interest, and choose such rulers as will pursue the real welfare of the country.

This period has, I believe, nearly arrived. The distress of the labouring class of the community is great, and is increasing ; nor have I, during the whole course of my ministry, had so many applications for relief, as since the embargo. Numbers of industrious men, willing to labour, are without employment, and utterly deprived of all means to furnish themselves and families with the necessities and conveniences of life.

This surely is a loud call upon the charity of all of us, my brethren, to contribute, in proportion to our means, to relieve the distresses of our suffering brethren, nor ought any distinction of party to influence us in the discharge of this christian duty. This solemn season is peculiarly appropriated to deeds of charity and mercy, no less than to humiliation and repentance.

Let us then perform them, and let the political dangers, that threaten us, prove a warning as efficacious to

us, as the preaching of Jonah to the inhabitants of Nineveh. If we do not repent, the God of justice may unsheath the sword of vengeance, the combined furies of civil and foreign war may be unchained, and we may be blotted out from the map of nations.

Our situation, my brethren, is in every respect, highly critical and alarming. To whom then should we have recourse in our distress, but to that Being, who is the disposer of all events, who scattereth the proud in the imagination of their hearts, who says to the ambitious and unjust, so far shalt thou go, and no farther ?

To that Being let us offer up the sacrifices of a contrite heart. Let us acknowledge and bewail our manifold sins before his divine majesty, imploring him to pardon a repentant people, to inspire our rulers with wisdom and firmness, and to confound the devices of our enemies. Then may we with confidence and intrepidity, face the dangers which threaten us ; then may we no longer be afraid of what man can do unto us ; then may we say unto each other, in the manly and patriotick language of Joab. ' Be of good courage, and let us play the man, for our people, and for the cities of our God, and the Lord do that which seemeth him good.'

## ORIGINAL POETRY.

*For The Port Folio.*

Lines written on seeing an *Aspen Tree* which the owner had determined to fell, but observing the initials of the name of a *much-lamented son* incised on the bark, resolved to protect it from every assailant.

Hail! *fortunate tree*, which has weathered the blast,

And 'scaped the blind! fury of wood-chopper's arm,

Thy bark was inscribed in times which are past,

And the favourite letters protect thee from harm :

For the fond breast of a *Father* they bring,

The image how sweet ! of a promising youth ;  
 Whose bosom was warm as the noontide of Spring,  
 Whose conduct dictated by Virtue and Truth ;  
 But alas ! when the summons to sleep with the dead,  
 Is signed by the merciless fingers of Death,  
 Nor virtue, nor truth can its influence shed,  
 To detain for a moment the fast-ebbing breath.  
 His soul from its cearment compelled to depart,  
 Winged its way to the regions of bliss and repose,  
 And left a loved parent in sorrow of heart,  
 To think on his loss, and to tell o'er his woes ;  
 But tho' the fond form to his eye may be lost,  
 Yet shall dear mementos recall it to mind ;  
 And the tree which by tempest and storm has been tost,  
*Shall with tremulous motion still wave in the wind.*

E.

—  
*For The Port Folio.*

Written extempore on having a small appendage for a watch presented by an amiable and beautiful young lady.  
 The sordid estimate a gift  
 By'ts price in paltry gold ;  
 Whilst others presents only prize  
 For riches they unfold.  
 But generous souls a higher worth,  
 To trifles can impart,  
 When circumstances are combined  
 To interest the heart :  
 For gold and riches quickly fade,  
 And leave a sting behind ;  
 Those *little gifts* perpetuate  
 A bliss within the mind.  
 Could I find language to pourtray,  
 Th' emotions that I feel,  
 The swelling theme would fix the lay  
 That did my warmth reveal.  
 But transports of an ardent heart,  
 By words are ill express'd—  
 Take then sweet girl this deep-drawn sigh,  
 Thou canst divine the rest.

OTHARIO.

New York, 20th Nov. 1807.

MR. OLDSCHOOL,

I commit the following lines to their fate.

To ———,

I once, Louisa, truly thought  
 Thy heart would melt by Passion's fire  
 And oft my sophistry has sought  
 To fan the flame of young Desire.

Oft with Persuasion's velvet art,  
 I've softly whisper'd all the joy  
 That lovers feel—when soul and heart  
 In joint communion, madly toy.

With Flatt'ry too, I've often tried  
 To cast thy figid zone aside ;  
 But all my arts were fruitless—vain,  
 Still virtue would her throne maintain ;  
 And yet I've wanton'd with thy charms,  
 And fondly press'd thee in my arms,  
 Till mad'ning tumult, thrill'd my frame,  
 As faint I've murmur'd out thy name :

And then—even then—unfeeling maid,  
 Did Reason's sceptre sway thy breast,  
 And Honour's phantom half decay'd  
 Arise, to wave our being blest.

LUBIN.

—  
 EPITAPHS.

*In a Village near Bridgewater.*

To the memory of

Kate Jones, a wealthy Spinster, aged four-score,  
 Who'd many aches, and fancy'd many more ;  
 Knitting her friends to th' grave with a church-yard cough,  
 Long hung she on death's nose, till one March morn  
 There came a wind north-east, and blew her off,  
 Leaving her Potticary quite forlorn.

—  
 ON THOMAS HUDDLESTONE,

Here lies *Thomas Huddlestone*. Reader,  
 don't smile !  
 But reflect, as this tombstone you view,  
 That Death, who kill'd him, in a very short while  
 Will huddle a stone upon you.

The price of The Port Folio is Six Dollars per annum, to be paid in advance.

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NO. 28, NORTH SECOND-STREET.

# THE PORT FOLIO,

(NEW SERIES)

BY OLIVER OLDSCHOOL, ESQ.



Various, that the mind of desultory man, studious of change and pleased with novelty, may be indulged—Cowp.

Vol. V.

Philadelphia, Saturday, April 30, 1808.

No. 18.

## ORIGINAL PAPERS.

*For The Port Folio.*

### TRAVELS.

#### LETTERS FROM GENEVA AND FRANCE.

*Written during a residence of between two and three years in different parts of those countries, and addressed to a lady in Virginia.*

*(Continued from page 259.)*

#### LETTER XIII.

My dear E—,

THE country we travelled through continued such as we had seen, being diversified with wheat fields, vineyards, plantations of olive and mulberry trees, but we began to observe mountains at a distance, and the road was sometimes hilly, so that the festoons of grapes, which lined the way, were now a little more in our power, for as the carriage necessarily went more slowly, we were at times enabled to get out, and walk; such a circumstance was never disagreeable to the younger part of the family, and to our servant-maid whose appearance you must remember;

her looks upon such occasions, when she found herself in the undisturbed possession of as many grapes as she chose to eat, gave me an idea of what *Candid's* must have been, when offering to return the pieces of gold which the children had left behind, he was told, to his great astonishment, that he might keep them.

Nismes was once, under the government of the Romans, a city of great extent, but of its ancient walls nothing now remains, but one solitary dismantled tower, which is at a considerable distance from the modern town; it contains, however, more Roman antiquities and in a greater state of preservation than any town of France: you have often heard of the celebrated *Maison Quarrée*, (the model after which the Capitol of Richmond was originally planned;) it is a Roman temple of the smaller size, all elegance and simplicity, perfectly entire, but disfigured by dormant windows, which had been opened by a society of Monks, who used it formerly as a Chapel: prepared as one is to admire it, the impression at first sight,

k k

rather falls short of the spectator's imagination, and it appears diminutive: at a small distance from it is the amphitheatre, the form of which you are acquainted with, but it would be difficult for you to conceive an idea of the effect which its extreme magnitude and venerable antiquity have upon the mind. Although far from being entire, it is in some parts sufficiently preserved to convey an idea of what it must have been formerly, and one easily conceives how seventeen thousand persons may have sat at their ease in it.

We went in at the ancient entrance, walked for sometime in the lobby, as I should call it in a modern theatre, then penetrated by one of the vomitories to the seats, and ascended to the top of the building, where we remained for sometime in silent contemplation of this mighty edifice. It seemed worthy of those who had been masters of the world, and they now appeared to us capable of having performed all the great things which history has attributed to them. Upwards of seventeen hundred years had rolled away since the amphitheatre was built, and yet where avarice or the fury of an enemy have not made great efforts to destroy it, the parts are as entire as if it had been erected in the last century.

The arena is still encumbered with some wretched houses, to the very great disgrace of the town and the government; but elevated as we were, the extent and form of it were very apparent. There are other remains of former times at Nismes, which in any other place would be remarkable, but are here scarcely noticed: there are remains for instance of a temple, said to be of Diana or of the infernal deities, for antiquarians are not agreed upon the subject, which are yet sufficiently entire to give a very good idea of its original form; a part of the roof is still suspended in the air, and the ornaments of the ceiling, as far as it extends, are perfect: there is a niche in front of the principal entrance over where the

altar was, no doubt, formerly occupied by a statue, and the funnel which gave passage to the smoke of the victims, might serve for the same purpose now; near it, is a spot, once sacred to some other deity, where a profusion of water bursts from the earth, is made to adorn a publick garden, amidst statues and ornaments of architecture, and then forms a canal, which supplies many of the different manufactories of the town:—this spot, which is called the fountain, and which in summer joins the freshness of a running stream to all the delights of shade, is, as you may suppose, a very favourite one at that season. You must observe that I have purposely avoided speaking of the revolution and its effects; I cannot, however, refrain mentioning in this place that the weavers of Nismes have been reduced from more than four to less than one thousand. It formerly suffered as much from the revocation of the edict of Nantes, and was the theatre of many of those horrid instances of persecution, which that impolitic event gave rise to: the enmity of the two religious parties, embittered by a long continuation of atrocious conduct towards each other, more worthy the disciples of some ancient Egyptian deity, than of the God of Peace, had been in a great measure lulled to rest; when Louis XIV, blinded by the zeal of his confessor, and not restrained by any remains of sensibility in Madame Maintenon for her former friends, excited the worst of all civil wars: the cruel circumstances and consequences of this contest, the character of Cavalier, who, from a baker's boy, became the leader of the Protestants, the arts, he made use of to keep up his ascendancy over his followers, by means of Prophets chiefly, who were generally women, the chosen vehicle of the Divine Spirit, and the singular circumstance of his reducing government to the necessity of treating with him at last, are all well described by Voltaire, to whom I refer you; he does not,

however, I believe, mention the particular circumstance which drove the people into open rebellion. They had submitted to the most humiliating restrictions in the exercise of their religion, and had groaned in secret amidst all that could be perpetrated of cruelty, all that could be heaped upon them of injury and insult; but there is a point beyond which men will suffer no longer, and the slightest event is sometimes sufficient to kindle up a flame, where the materials have been long accumulated. Two young ladies of the name of Sexti, were carried off from their parents, and immured with circumstances of great indignity in the castle of an Abbe the principal agent of the government; neither entreaties, nor the offer of money could procure their liberation; the people of the neighbouring mountains at length excited and led on by the relations of the sufferers, rose in a mass, stormed the castle, liberated the ladies from a state of shocking confinement, and put the Abbe to death.

## POLITE LITERATURE.

### LETTERS FROM BRUTUS.

#### LETTER III.

*To the Right Hon. Edmund Burke.*

SIR,

Party-writers have so accustomed us to expect abuse in addresses of this sort, that I am obliged to preface this letter with a declaration, that I am more an admirer of your good qualities than an observer of your failings. In the distant retirement of private life, political opinions are mellowed into speculative mildness, and do not rise in our bosoms with that personal acrimony which sets down a man's character merely from his party. Though I feel with, I believe, a very great majority of my fellow-citizens, much respect and

gratitude to men against whom you have been long in opposition, yet I am neither blind to their imperfections nor to your merits. When their imperfections shall appear to diminish their usefulness to the publick, I will speak my opinion with the same regret with which I have seen your merits rendered useless or hurtful to it. I feel for my country, Sir; and I am grieved when, on either side, virtues or talents are lost to its service, or misapplied to its prejudice.

In my sense of your merits, Sir, I own I indulge a certain degree of vanity. It is not a vulgar mind they can affect or attach. You have been unfortunate in the exertion of your talents: possessing popular virtues and popular abilities, your publick conduct and publick appearances have but seldom won the suffrages of the people. There was a refinement in your virtue, an abstraction in your eloquence, which it required something of a philosopher and a scholar to relish; plain men denied the one, and did not always understand the other. Hence, perhaps, arose the ridiculous fable of your education at *St. Omer's*, and your being designed for a member of a religious order sometime ago abolished in the greatest part of Europe; a story which had less foundation than almost any other in the mythology of the vulgar. You had the genius and the learning, but you wanted the prudence and the address of the Society of *Jesus*. They contrived to work upon mankind by the dextrous management of ordinary powers: you lost men by the mismanagement of great and uncommon endowments.

From the time of *Swift's* downwards, the remark of the superiour fitness of coarse and ordinary minds to the plain operations of business, has been often repeated. In the House of Commons, which you early chose for the field of your ambition, the same thing takes place: there is often a point below elo-



quence at which men must stand who would wish to persuade or to lead that assembly. That in this business-kind of speaking you should not greatly excel; that you should not always conjoin accuracy of deduction with fertility of invention, nor be as clear in a statement of figures as glowing in an appeal to the passions, is what we naturally expect from the different formation of different minds. There are few, very few men indeed, the variety of whose powers can accommodate itself to the sense of the plain, the calculations of the plodding, the vivacity of the fanciful; whose language has perspicuity for the duller understanding, and brilliancy for the most lively imagination; whose speeches have demonstration for the reasoner and logician, and flow for the ears of the vacant and the thoughtless. These are endowments which nature bestows but seldom, though she happens to have gifted with them each of the present leaders of the opposite parties in Parliament.

But it was not only from the abstractions of philosophy or the refinements of learning that you disgusted your audience; it was often from an intemperance which philosophy should have restrained, from a grossness which learning should have corrected. In the course of the prosecution against Mr. Hastings, you trespassed equally against justice, humanity, and decorum. Surely, Sir, the moral and elegant systems in which you are so conversant, should have suggested the impropriety of that conduct which you and some of your brother managers adopted. Mr. Hastings stood before them a prisoner, under that protection which an obligation to silent sufferance should have afforded him with generous minds. His accusers were invested with a high character, the representatives of the Commons of Great Britain: the tribunal they addressed consisted (abstractly speaking) of every thing that was venera-

ble and august. Was that a place for rancour or scurrility, for ribaldry or railing? You, Sir, in particular, had the calm dignity to support of one who sought to assert the rights of mankind, to vindicate the honour of Englishmen. You came not there in the situation of some of your colleagues, to wipe away the impeachment of vice in themselves by the declamation of virtue; to obliterate the memory of dishonesty by eulogiums on honour, and to take from publick mischief and dissension that general chance of advantage which desperate incendiaries hope for amidst the conflagration they have raised. It may perhaps wound your peculiar and allowable pride, to be accused of as much want of taste as of compassion or propriety. You reversed the well-known compliment to *Virgil*, who was said "to toss about his dung with majesty;" you borrowed her flowers from rhetoric, and, soiling them with ordure, threw them in the faces of your noble and venerable judicature, of your high-bred and beautiful auditory. I leave out of this account all doubts of the justice of your charge, because I give you credit for a belief of its justice. Yet in doing so, I fear I must deduct as much from your penetration as I allow to your integrity. How else should it happen that the only objects of your persecution have been those who have successfully served their country; that your blind humanity should have championed itself in the cause of the cheats of *St. Eustatia*, and the blackguards of Bengal; against men who had saved the British possessions in both Indies from the ruin and disgrace which some of your friends had suffered to overwhelm them in other parts of the world?

Moderate men, who know and value you, are astonished at the vehemence of your style, and the violence of your conduct in publick, when they compare it with that candour and that gentleness which conciliate so many friends to you in private.

But it needs less metaphysical knowledge than you possess, less knowledge of life than my age has taught me, to account for this phenomenon. When the mind is imbued with a particular turn of thinking which it has indulged into a habit; with the audience that rouses, the exertion that warms, the party that inflames; against all these circumstances combined, it requires more soundness of judgment than men of your genius are commonly blessed with, to keep the just and even balance of conduct and demeanour: yet humanity should never leave us, because in a good man it is that instinctive principle which nothing should overpower for a moment. There was a time, Sir, when you forgot its call; a remarkable period, when distress and infirmity were seen in such elevated places, that the visitation of heaven was marked with national awe and depression. I forbear to recal the general indignation, or to raise the blush on your own cheek which a repetition of the expressions you then used must occasion. For this also you wanted the apology some others might have pleaded; you knew the tenderness of a parent, the comforts of a family, the connexion of a worthy and honourable society. You had not abandoned your heart to play, nor lived a wretched dependent on the prostitution of character, on the wreck of principle. But you had leased out your humanity to faction! Party-rage had stifled your natural sensibility, and you forgot the man in the monarch. Yet they who are willing to blame you will quote that parade of feeling which you detailed for the misfortunes of Asiatick princes, of whom the names and description threw a ridicule over the pomp of your pity. I will answer, since I have no better apology, that here also it was the rage of party still.

The rage of party, Sir, is unworthy of your talents, and unbecoming your character. It levels your genius and your virtue with men whose

petulance undervalues the first, whose profligacy ridicules the latter. In my respect for virtue, in my pride of letters, I cannot bear the advantage which, on this ground, the dissipated, the worthless, the ignorant have over you. Resume the place which nature, education, your own sentiments, and the sentiments of good men would assign you. Do not peevishly (as I have sometimes heard you propose) retire from that post in which you may still be useful to your country. We have not, amidst our recollection of some weak or censurable appearances, forgotten the merit of your better exertions. With the force of a scholar's style, with the richness of a poet's imagination, you have formerly, and may again correct the errors or expose the abuses of publick measures. Be but just to yourself, to your talents, to your fame. You have lived long enough to contention and cabal. I speak, Sir, with the sympathy of a coeval. The struggle for place, the bickerings of faction, are at no time very dignified occupations; but at our time of life, and to a man like you, they are particularly degrading; when against the paltry emoluments, or trifling distinctions of a few joyless years, they stake the happiness of present peace of mind, and the reputation of future ages.

BRUTUS.

## BIOGRAPHY.

CHARLES, EARL OF DORSET.

This nobleman, heir to the earldom of Dorset, was, in his father's life-time, created earl of Middlesex and Baron Cranfield, upon the death of his uncle who bore those titles. Charles loved his wit, respected his talents, and admired the bravery he showed as a volunteer in the fleet. To be near the royal person he was of the bed-chamber, but he seldom came to court in James II's reign; and, in the midst of the confusions

in the termination of his reign, he had the honour to conduct the princess Ann, afterwards queen, into Derbyshire. On the succession of William and Mary, he became lord chamberlain of the household, was frequently appointed one of the lords justices in his majesty's absence, and elected a knight of the garter. His lordship had the honour to be a sponsor, with the king, to William, duke of Gloucester. Queen Ann greatly valued him, but he chose to quit a publick life sometime before she began to reign; devoting his privacy to letters, in which he eminently excelled, and was both the poet and the Mæcenas of the court. It was principally under his fostering care that Ann's was the Augustan age. Even in age, though occasionally subject to dejection, he was the pleasantest companion in the kingdom, and he shone as much in the country as he had done in the palace, being charitable and condescending. Obiit January 29, 1705-6. His lordship was equally and justly lamented by the sovereign, the court, the publick, and his family. Lord Rochester said in jest, which however was undoubtedly true, that "he did not know how it was, but my lord Dorset might do anything, yet was never to blame." Charles II, to whom this observation was addressed, felt its force, as did all the succeeding sovereigns, each loving the man, even when he opposed those measures of theirs which he did not approve\*. He was father of the second duke of Dorset. As a satirist, Rochester judiciously remarked, that he was the best good man, with the worst-natured muse. In his last years he became corpulent.

#### THOMAS CREECH, M. A.

Thomas Creech, the son of Thomas and Jane Creech, was a native of Dorsetshire, and born in 1656. Wood calls his father a gentleman, as does Mr. Hutchins, who was likely to be well informed about it; but Jacobs says this was not the case: his actual condition has not been exactly ascertained. He might have been a person of respectable descent; but that his circumstances were not affluent may be presumed, as his son was indebted to the patronage of col. Strangeways for his education, at Sherborn free-school, under Mr. Thomas Curganven, for whom he appears to have entertained a great regard, as he has inscribed to him his Translation of the Seventh Idyllium of Theocritus: though his father probably resided at Blandford Forum, in the church of which place both himself and wife are interred. On quitting school, young Creech went to Wadham College, Oxford, in 1675, as a commoner, where he took the usual degrees in their course. In 1689, he was elected a fellow of All Souls, and became eminent at once as a philosopher, a poet, and a divine. It is certain that he possessed great powers, but it is generally thought his friends injured him by an excess of praise, and carrying their commendations of his talents beyond what they could fairly support: this, with the want of a sufficient fortune to maintain his situation as he wished, and some imprudencies besides, gave him a melancholy turn; and he became by degrees, austere, recluse, and at last a misanthrope. It is said, that having borrowed money of a friend, who after repeated application for repayment in vain, again urged his claim with greater earnestness, he was so much affected at not being able to answer the demand, that he parted with him in disgust, and retiring to his chamber, put an end to his life. His misfortunes have been attributed also to some disappointments which he had experienced both in preferment and

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\* Lord Orford remarks, that "Dorset was the finest gentleman in the voluptuous court of Charles II, and in the gloomy one of king William. He had as much wit as his first master, or his contemporaries, Buckingham and Rochester; without the royal want of feeling, the duke's want of principles, or the earl's want of thought."

in love : most probably a combination of untoward circumstances urged him to the execution of the desperate act,—the more to be lamented, as he was then about to be presented by his college to the valuable living of Welwyn, in Hertfordshire. Mr. Creech published an edition of Lucretius, in the original, which is much esteemed ; and a translation of the same poet into English, which obtained him great credit in the learned world. He made versions also of several other Greek and Roman authors ; as Horace, some few of the odes only excepted ; Theocritus, to which he prefixed a translation of “ Rapin’s Discourse of Pastorals-;” Manilius, with an excellent Prefatory Discourse, in the form of a letter (to a person unknown), on the study of Astronomy and Astrology among the ancients ; as well as some detached parts of Virgil, &c. Ovid and Plutarch, printed in several collections. He lost as much fame by his Horace as he had gained by his Lucretius. Francis’s translation has obtained the palm : “ it is highly Horatian ; the work being moral without dulness, gay and spirited with propriety, and tender without whining.” Creech’s Horace is dedicated to Dryden—Dryden, from whom his friends would have taken the poet’s wreath, to bind it on his rival’s brow.

For the Port Folio.

### CLASSICAL LEARNING.

(Continued from page 263.)

*Pindar, Simonides, Æschylus.*

Pindar was a native of Thebes, in Bœotia, a country not famous for genius, and perhaps this circumstance has contributed not a little to the fame of his works. It has been a popular opinion, in sundry ages, that a dry soil, a clear sky, and a wholesome climate were favourable to the efforts of genius, but that marshy grounds, fogs, and moisture were adverse to it. Yet it is curious to observe, that the inhabitants of Attica a country lying on the sea, pretended to enjoy every advantage of climate, though in the near neighbourhood of Bœotia.

When Pelopidas, and his twelve companions set out from Athens, to deliver Thebes from the Cadmean faction, we are informed by Cornelius Nepos, that they set out from Athens in the morning, and arrived at Thebes in the evening, and as they walked on foot, they could not undergo a great change of climate, in that time. On so narrow foundations do popular prejudices often rest !

Ancient and modern times have likewise attributed a want of genius and capacity to the natives of Holland, on account of their fogs and marshes. *Auris Batava* was a proverbial expression for dullness and want of taste. The modern French and English have been misled by this prejudice, and seldom mention Dutchmen without derision. But a country which produced Erasmus, Grotius and Boerhaave, ought not to be reproached as barren of men of genius, scarce any country in Europe can boast of three such men. Pindar applied himself to the lyric Poetry, and celebrated the victors in the publick games, who were regarded with a veneration of which we can form no idea at this day. On such a barren subject as the merits of conquerors in bodily exercises one would imagine that it required amazing genius and invention to be able to say anything, especially to compose such a number of Odes as Pindar has done ; but by the help of digressions, descriptions, comparisons and allusions to ancient Fables, he has contrived to give a proper variety to his compositions, and to relieve his readers from that languor which they might have apprehended from so uniform a subject. The corporeal qualities of men and horses are soon enumerated, and the faculties of the mind exerted in running and fighting admit of no great variety, but herein the singular skill and abilities of the poet appeared. He has given such variety, elevation and dignity to the subjects he treated, as has procured immortality to his works, as well as to himself, and to many persons whom we should never have heard of in any other manner, and who perhaps never expected that distinction. The humours and adventures of a newmarket meeting would be thought a strange subject for any Poem except a satyrical one, in our time : yet Pindar, from transactions not more important, though imagined otherwise in his time has raised a monument of his genius that time cannot efface ; the uniform elevation of Pindar’s language and sentiments has been much and justly admired, and his talent of giving dignity to subjects of little importance is still unequalled. Horace considers it as a mad project to endeavour to imitate him. His Odes are divided into the Nemeæ, Isthmiæ, Pythiæ and Olympicæ, according to the

great games resorted to by the Greeks, and even by their colonists in Italy and Sicily. We know little of Pindar's history. Perhaps necessity which made Shakspeare a poet, was the real muse of Pindar, as it is not to be thought that he had attachments to every conqueror, that led him to celebrate them, nor that they were uniformly men of talents or worth. It is much more probable that these men, not willing to confine their honours to the triumph of a day, and desirous to live an age or so, after their death, paid such men as Pindar, to help them to a little renown. Whatever they paid him, it is probable that it was far too little, as he has given them and himself a greater degree of celebrity than probably either of them thought of. Alexander, when he demolished Thebes, spared the house and descendants of Pindar, out of reverence for learning, and to transmit his name along with that of Pindar, to posterity. What seems a blemish in the works of this poet, though not noticed by the critics, is his ending his lines in the middle of a word, so that the same word oftens belongs to two different lines. We do not find the like in any other ancient authour, except the fragments of Sappho, and it would be reckoned unpardonable among the moderns except in a ridiculous work. It is surprizing that Horace has taken no notice of this as a blemish, and has even imitated it in his Odes, perhaps in truth it proceeded from negligence. The abruptness and frequency of his transitions often renders his sense difficult to be discovered. Mr. West has performed with success and propriety the laborious task of translating Pindar into English.

Simonides was of Ceos, one of the Archipelago Islands, though few of his performances have been preserved to our times it appears that he did not confine himself to one sort of Poetry, Lyrick, Elegiack and Epigrammatick appear to have been equal to him. What perhaps may account for this phenomenon is, that he was the first who prostituted the muses by writing for hire; but in this he has been imitated by most of the ancients and all the moderns, whether they write in prose or verse. Elegies might be saleable commodities to families who were in mourning, as well as Panegyrics to those who were in prosperity. Simonides is said to have excelled most in the Elegiack. The little that remains of him would almost lead one to think that he had an idea of Satire, which none of those Poets whose works are extant, appear to have thought of. The story of his preservation by Castor and Pollux, whom he had celebrated in his Poems as related by Phœdras, proves

that he was highly esteemed in his own times. It is somewhat ungrateful in the moderns that they have never exerted themselves in celebrating the person who first conceived the idea of literary property.

Æschylus was the first writer of Tragedy, and invented the mask and cloaks which the Grecian actors wore ever afterwards. — *Personæ, pallæque repertor honestæ, Æschylus.* The tracts of Thespis were irregular performances, recited from a cart by vagabonds who daubed their faces with the lees of wine. *Ignotum Tragica, &c.* Sometimes two of these vagabonds exhibited in succession, and a goat was the reward of the conqueror, a circumstance which shows the simplicity of these times, and how far they were from conceiving the importance of benefit nights, and full houses. *Carminæ qui Tragica, &c.* Æschylus first introduced the Dialogue, and brought two actors on the stage at the same time, but he introduced allegorical personages, such as we find in the old English plays. The language of Æschylus is solemn and lofty, and his characters are well supported. Milton is supposed to have borrowed some of the features of his character of Satan from the Prometheus of Æschylus. He appears to have conceived first the idea of theatrical action, which in the time of Thespis was mere recitation. Seven of his Tragedies are still extant. Æschylus ought like wise to be mentioned as the inventor of the Chorus, a circumstance that distinguished the ancient Sage, and which Mr. Mason has in vain endeavoured to introduce into modern Tragedy. The first tragick performances were only hymns in praise of some deity, commonly of Bacchus. Ballads or panegyrics on the action of heroes succeeded these, at last the actor assumed the person of the hero, and as the statues of their Gods and heroes were commonly painted red, it is probable that the lees of wine with which they besmeared their faces, was adopted at first in order to give them some resemblance of the persons whom they represented, according to the ideas which the people had of them. There appears to be something inconceivably mean in assuming the person of another, which mankind have felt uniformly in rude as well as in civilized ages. The Greeks were very rude in the time of Thespis, yet he never endeavoured to appear before them except in disguise. The mask which Æschylus invented covered all the face and even the head. The Comick as well as the Tragick actors uniformly used this disguise among the Romans as well as the Greeks. It is remarkable that though the person of a player was not infamous among the Greeks

as it was among the Romans, yet the exercise of their profession was uniformly considered as such, and disguise was reckoned necessary, even though the person was known: among them the authour was the principal actor, and supposed to understand the best manner of representing his own compositions. Among all the actors of plays, only Roscius and Æsopus among the Romans, Moliere among the French, and Shakspeare and Garrick among the English, have had their names transmitted with respect to posterity.

### MISCELLANY.

At the commencement of the year 1791, the Right Honourable EDMUND BURKE, addressed a letter to a Peer of Ireland, Lord Kenmare, on the penal laws against Irish Catholics, previously to the repeal of a part thereof in the session of the Irish Parliament held A. D. 1792. This letter Mr. Burke himself distinctly alludes to, in his political correspondence with Sir Hercules Langrishe. But both in Doddsley's original edition, and in Rivington's new, this letter to Lord Kenmare is strangely omitted. As we knew that this neglected letter was extant somewhere, our admiration of its wise and eloquent authour has induced us for many years to search for it as for *hidden treasure*. We have at length found it among the valuable and copious collection of scarce pamphlets and travels in the shop of Mr. Patrick Byrne, formerly an eminent Bookseller in Dublin, and since fully established in Philadelphia. The letter in question, which was printed in Ireland by Thomas M'Donnell, appears from internal evidence to have been surreptitiously obtained, or published from an imperfect copy. More than one *hiatus* occurs, and the pamphlet is deformed by several *lacunæ*. Still, though imperfect, it is evidently from the hand of the *mighty master*. The wand, though mutilated, is still the wand of a potent magician. It is the staff of Prospero, which can now excite a tempest, and now beckon to an Ariel.

This fugitive tract is composed in a style generally plainer than the florid Edmund was wont to employ. But when he chooses to *play his brilliant part before our eyes*, and dazzle us with the blaze of metaphor, every figure that he selects glitters like the topaz of South America.

*A Letter from a Distinguished English Commoner, &c.*

MY LORD,

I am obliged to your Lordship for your communication of the heads of

Mr. G——r's bill. I had received it in an earlier stage of its progress, from Mr. Braughall; and I am still in that gentleman's debt, as I have not made him the proper return for the favour he has done me. Business, to which I was more immediately called, and in which my sentiments had the weight of one vote, occupied me every moment, since I received his letter. This first morning, which I can call my own, I give with great cheerfulness to the subject, on which your lordship has done me the honour of desiring my opinion. I have read the heads of the bill, with the amendments. Your Lordship is too well acquainted with men, and with affairs, to imagine that any true judgment can be formed on the value of a great measure of policy, from the perusal of a piece of paper. At present I am much in the dark, with regard to the state of the country, which the intended law is to be applied to. It is not easy for me to determine whether or no it was wise (for the sake of expunging the black letter of laws, which menacing as they were in the language, were every day fading into disuse) solemnly to reaffirm the principles, and to reenact the provisions of a code of statutes, by which you are totally excluded from the privileges of the commonwealth, from the highest to the lowest, from the most material of the civil professions, from the army, and even from education, where alone education is to be had. Whether this scheme of indulgence, grounded at once on contempt and jealousy, has a tendency gradually to produce something better and more liberal, I cannot tell, for want of having the actual map of the country. If this should be the case, it was right in you to accept it, such as it is. But if this should be one of the experiments, which have sometimes been made, before the temper of the nation was ripe for a real reformation, I think it may possibly have ill effects, by disposing the penal matter in a more systematick order, and there-

by fixing a permanent bar against anything that is truly substantial. The whole merit or demerit of the measure depends upon the plans and dispositions of those by whom the act was made, concurring with the general temper of the Protestants of Ireland, and their aptitude to admit in time of some part of that equality, without which you never can be fellow-citizens. Of all this I am wholly ignorant. All my correspondence with men of publick importance, in Ireland, has for sometime totally ceased. On the first bill for the relief of the Roman Catholics of Ireland, I was, without any call of mine, consulted both on your side of the water and on this. On the present occasion, I have not heard a word from any man in office; and know as little of the intentions of the British government, as I know of the temper of the Irish parliament. Your Lordship mentions that opposition is expected from the archbishop of C——. If I am rightly informed, he has obtained that high and lucrative office under the crown, by the credit of his uncle, Mr. E——, who has himself a high and tolerably profitable office under the king, and has been for many years constantly in such offices; and, I am told, looks to the peerage. Opposition, too, is hinted from other persons, who hold great places and have multiplied great emoluments under government. I do not find that any opposition was made by the principal persons of the minority in the house of Commons, or that any is apprehended from them in the house of Lords. The whole of the difficulty seems to lie with the principal men in government, under whose protection this bill is supposed to be brought in. This violent opposition and cordial support, coming from one and the same quarter, appears to me something mysterious, and hinders me from being able to make any clear judgment of the merit of the present measure, as compared with the actual state of the country, and the general views of

government, without which one can say nothing that may not be very erroneous.

To look at the bill, in the abstract, it is neither more nor less than a renewed act of UNIVERSAL, UNMITIGATED, INDISPENSABLE, EXCEPTIONLESS DISQUALIFICATION.

One would imagine, that a bill, inflicting such a multitude of incapacities, had followed on the heels of a conquest, made by a very fierce enemy, under the impression of recent animosity and resentment. No man, on reading that bill, could imagine he was reading an act of amnesty and indulgence, following a recital of the good behaviour of those who are the objects of it; which recital stood at the head of the bill, as it was first introduced: but, I suppose, for its incongruity with the body of the piece, was afterwards omitted.—This I say on memory. It however still recites the oath, and that Catholics ought to be considered as good and loyal subjects to his majesty, his crown and government. Then follows a universal exclusion of those GOOD and LOYAL subjects from every (even the lowest) office of trust and profit; from any vote at an election; from any privilege in a town corporate; from being even a freeman of such corporations; from serving on grand juries; from a vote at a vestry; from having a gun in his house; from being a Barrister, Attorney, or Solicitor, &c. &c. &c.

This has surely much more the air of a table of proscription, than an act of grace. What must we suppose the laws concerning those *good* subjects to have been; of which this is a relaxation? I know well that there is a cant current, about the difference between an exclusion from employments even to the most rigorous extent, and an exclusion from the natural benefits arising from a man's own industry. I allow, that under some circumstances, the difference is very material in point of justice, and that there are considerations which may render it advisa-

ble for a wise government to keep the leading parts of every branch of civil and military administration in hands of the best trust: But a total exclusion from the commonwealth is a very different thing. When a government subsists (as governments formerly did) on an estate of its own, with but few and inconsiderable revenues drawn from the subject, then the few officers which subsisted, were naturally at the disposal of those who paid the salaries out of their own pockets, and there an exclusive preference could hardly merit the name of proscription: almost the whole produce of a man's industry remained in his own purse to maintain his family. When a very great portion of the labour of individuals goes to the state, and is by the state again refunded to individuals, through the medium of offices, and in this circuitous progress from the publick to the private fund, indemnifies the families from whom it is taken, an equitable balance between the government and the subject is established. But if a great body of the people who contribute to this state lottery, are excluded from all the prizes, the stopping the circulation with regard to them, may be a most cruel hardship, amounting in effect to being double and treble taxed, and will be felt as such to the very quick by all the families high and low of those hundreds of thousands, who are denied their chance in the returned fruits of their own industry. This is the thing meant by those who look upon the publick revenue only as a spoil; and will naturally wish to have as few as possible concerned in the division of the booty. If a state should be so unhappy as to think it cannot subsist without such a barbarous proscription, the persons so proscribed ought to be indemnified by the remission of a large part of their taxes, by an immunity from the offices of publick burden, and by an exemption from being pressed into any military or naval service.

Common sense and common justice dictate this at least, as some sort of compensation for their slavery. How many families are incapable of existing, if the little offices of the revenue, and little military commissions are denied them? To deny them at home, and to make the happiness of acquiring some of them somewhere else, felony, or high treason, is a piece of cruelty, in which till very lately I did not suppose this age capable of persisting. Formerly a similarity of religion made a sort of country for a man in some quarter or other. A refugee for religion was a protected character. Now, the reception is cold indeed: and therefore as the asylum abroad is destroyed, the hardship at home is doubled. This hardship is the more intolerable because the professions are shut up. The church is so of course. Much is to be said on that subject, in regard to them, and to the protestant dissenters. But that is a chapter by itself. I am sure I wish well to that church, and think its ministers among the very best citizens of your country. However, such as it is, a great walk in life is forbidden ground to seventeen hundred thousand of the inhabitants of Ireland. Why are they excluded from the law? Do not they expend money in their suits? Why may not they indemnify themselves, by profiting, in the persons of some, for the losses incurred by others? Why may not they have persons of confidence, whom they may, if they please, employ in the agency of their affairs? The exclusion from the law, from grand juries, from sheriffships, and undersheriffships, as well as from freedom in any corporation, may subject them to dreadful hardships, as it may exclude them wholly from all that is beneficial, and expose them to all that is mischievous in a trial by jury. This was manifestly within my own observation, for I was three times in Ireland from the year 1760 to the year 1767, where I had sufficient means of information, concerning



the inhuman proceedings (among which were many cruel murders, besides an infinity of outrages and oppressions, unknown before in a civilized age) which prevailed during that period in consequence of a pretended conspiracy among Roman Catholics against the king's government; I could dilate upon the mischiefs that may happen from those which have happened, upon this head of disqualification, if it were at all necessary.

The head of exclusion from votes for members of parliament is closely connected with the former. When you cast your eye on the statute book, you will see that no Catholic, even in the ferocious act of Queen Anne, was disabled from voting, on account of his religion. The only conditions required for that privilege, were the oaths of allegiance and abjuration—both oaths relative to a civil concern. Parliament has since added another oath of the same kind; and yet a House of Commons adding to the securities of government, in proportion as its danger is confessedly lessened, and professing both confidence and indulgence, in effect takes away the privilege left by an act full of jealousy, and professing persecution.

The taking away of a vote is the taking away the shield which the subject has, not only against the oppression of power, but that worst of all oppressions, the persecution of private society, and private manners. No candidate for parliamentary influence is obliged to the least attention towards them, either in cities or counties. On the contrary, if they should become obnoxious to any bigotted or malignant people among whom they live, it will become the interest of those who court popular favour, to use the numberless means which always reside in magistracy and influence, to oppress them. The proceedings in a certain county in Munster, during the unfortunate period I have mentioned, read a strong lecture on the cruelty of depriving men of that shield, on account of

their speculative opinions. The protestants of Ireland feel well and naturally on the hardship of being bound by laws in the enacting of which they do not directly or indirectly vote. The bounds of these matters are nice, and hard to be settled in theory, and perhaps they have been pushed too far. But how they can avoid the necessary application in the case of others towards them, I know not.

It is true, the words of this act do not create a disability; but they clearly and evidently suppose it. There are few Catholic freeholders to take the benefit of the privilege, if they were permitted to partake it; but the manner in which this very right in freeholders at large is defended, is not on the idea that they do really and truly represent the people; but that all people being capable of obtaining freeholds, all those, who, by their industry and sobriety merit this privilege, have the means of arriving at votes. It is the same with the corporations.

The laws against foreign education are clearly the very worst part of the old code. Besides your laity, you have the succession of about 4000 clergymen to provide for. These having no lucrative thing in prospect, are taken very much out of the lower orders of the people. At home, they have no means whatsoever provided for their attaining a clerical education, or indeed any education at all. When I was in Paris, about seven years ago, I looked at everything, and lived with every kind of people, as well as my time admitted. I saw there the Irish college of the Lombard, which seemed to me a very good place of education, under excellent orders and regulations, and under the government of a very prudent and learned man (the late Dr. Kelly). This college was possessed of an annual fixed revenue of more than a thousand pounds a year; the greatest part of which had arisen from the legacies and benefactions of persons educated in that college, and

who had obtained promotions in France, whence they made this grateful return. One in particular I remember, to the amount of ten thousand livres, annually, as it is recorded on the donor's monument in their chapel. It has been the custom of poor persons in Ireland, to pick up such knowledge of the Latin tongue as, under the general discouragements, and occasional pursuits of magistracy, they were able to acquire; and receiving orders then at home, were sent abroad to obtain a clerical education. By officiating in petty chaplainships, and performing, now and then, certain offices of religion for small gratuities, they received the means of maintaining themselves, until they were able to complete their education. Through such difficulties and discouragements, many of them, have arrived at a very considerable proficiency, so as to be marked and distinguished abroad, who afterwards, by being sunk in the most abject poverty, despised and ill-treated by the higher orders among protestants, and not much better esteemed or treated, even by the few persons of fortune of their own persuasion; and contracting the habits and ways of thinking of the poor and uneducated, among whom they were obliged to live, in a few years retained little or no traces of the talents and acquirements, which distinguished them in the earlier period of their lives. Can we, with justice, cut them off from the use of places of education, founded, for the greater part, from the economy of poverty and exile, without providing something that is equivalent at home?

Whilst this restraint of foreign and domestick education was part of a horrible and impious system of servitude, the members were well fitted to the body. To render men patient, under a deprivation of all the rights of human nature, everything which could give them a knowledge or feeling of those rights was rationally forbidden. To render humanity fit to be insulted, it was fit that it should

be degraded. But when we profess to restore men to the capacity for property, it is equally irrational and unjust to deny them the power of improving their minds as well as their fortunes. Indeed, I have ever thought the prohibition of the means of improving our rational nature, to be the worst species of tyranny that the insolence and perverseness of mankind ever dared to exercise. This goes to all men, in all situations, to whom education can be denied.

Your Lordship mentions a proposal which came from my friend the Provost, whose benevolence and enlarged spirit I am perfectly convinced of; which is, the proposal of erecting a few sizerships in the college, for the education (I suppose) of Roman Catholick clergymen. He certainly meant it well; but, coming from such a man as he is, it is a strong instance of the danger of suffering any description of men to fall into entire contempt—The charities intended for them are not perceived to be fresh insults; and the true nature of their wants and necessities being unknown, remedies, wholly unsuitable to the nature of their complaint are provided for them. It is to feed a sick *Gentoo* with beef broth, and foment his wounds with brandy. If the other parts of the university were open to them, as well on the foundation as otherwise, the offering of sizerships would be a proportionate part of a *general* kindness. But when everything *liberal* is withheld, and only that which is *servile* is permitted, it is easy to conceive upon what footing they must be in such a place.

Mr. Hutchinson must well know the regard and honour I have for him; and he cannot think my dissenting from him in this particular, arises from a disregard of his opinion: it only shows that I think he has lived in Ireland: to have any respect for the character and person of a popish priest there—Oh! tis an uphill work indeed. But until we come to respect what stands in a respectable

light with others, we are very deficient in the temper which qualifies us to make any laws and regulations about them. It even disqualifies us from being charitable to them with any effect or judgment.

When we are to provide for the education of any body of men, we ought seriously to consider the particular functions they are to perform in life. A Roman Catholick clergyman is the minister of a very ritual religion: and by his profession, subject to many restraints. His life is a life full of strict observances, and his duties, of a laborious nature towards himself, and of the highest possible trust towards others. The duty of confession alone is sufficient to set in the strongest light the necessity of his having an appropriated mode of education. The theological opinions and peculiar rites of one religion never can be properly taught in universities, founded for the purposes and on the principles of another, which in many points is directly opposite. If a Roman Catholick clergyman, intended for celibacy, and the function of confession, is not strictly bred in a seminary where these things are respected, inculcated and enforced, as sacred, and not made the subject of derision and obloquy, he will be ill fitted for the former, and the latter will be indeed in his hands a terrible instrument.

There is a great resemblance between the whole frame and constitution of the Greek and Latin churches. The secular clergy in the former, by being married, living under little restraint, and having no particular education suited to their function, are universally fallen into such contempt, that they are never permitted to aspire to the dignities of their own church. It is not held respectful to call them papas, their true and ancient appellation, but those who wish to address them with civility, always call them hieromonachi. In consequence of this disrespect, which I venture to say, in such a church must be the consequence of a secular life,

a very great degeneracy from reputable Christian manners has taken place throughout that great number of the Christian church.

It was so with the Latin church, before the restraint on marriage. Even that restraint gave rise to the greatest disorder before the Council of Trent, which, together with the emulation raised, and the good examples given by the reformed churches, wherever they were in view of each other, has brought on that happy amendment, which we see in the Latin communion, both at home and abroad.

The Council of Trent has wisely introduced the discipline of seminaries, by which priests are not trusted for a clerical institution, even to the severe discipline of their colleges; but after they pass through them, are frequently, if not the greater part, obliged to pass through peculiar methods, having their particular ritual function in view. It is in a great measure to this, and to similar methods used in foreign education, that the Roman Catholick clergy of Ireland, miserably provided for, living among low and ill-regulated people, without any discipline of sufficient force to secure good manners, have been hindered from becoming an intolerable nuisance to the country, instead of being, as I conceive they generally are, a very great service to it.

The ministers of protestant churches require a different mode of education, more liberal and more fit for the ordinary intercourse of life, and having little hold on the minds of people by external ceremonies, and extraordinary observances, or separate habits of living, they make up the deficiency by cultivating their minds with all kinds of ornamental learning, which the liberal provision made in England and Ireland for the parochial clergy, and the comparative lightness of parochial duties enables the greater part of them, in some considerable degree, to accomplish; to say nothing of the ample church

preferments, with little or no duties annexed.

This learning, which I believe to be pretty general, together with a higher situation, and more chastened by the opinion of mankind, forms a sufficient security for their morals, and their sustaining their clerical character with dignity. It is not necessary to observe, that all these things are, however, collateral to their function, and that, except in preaching, which may be, and is, supplied, and often best supplied, out of printed books, little else is necessary for a protestant minister, than to be able to read the English language; I mean for the exercise of his function, not to the security of his admission. But a popish parson in Ireland may do very well without any considerable classical erudition, or any proficiency in pure or mixed mathematicks, or any knowledge of civil history. Even if they should possess those acquisitions, as at first many of them do, they soon lose them in the painful course of professional and parochial duties: but they must have all the knowledge, and what is to them more important than the knowledge, the discipline necessary to those duties. All modes of education, conducted by those whose minds are cast in another mould, as I may say, and whose original ways of thinking are formed upon the reverse pattern, must be to them not only useless, but mischievous. Just as I should suppose the education in a popish ecclesiastical seminary would be ill fitted for a protestant clergyman. Here it would be much more so; as, in the case of the first, it only requires to reject: in the other little for his purpose is to be acquired.

(To be concluded in our next.)

## LAW INTELLIGENCE.

### PALACE COURT.

*HARDY v. LONG.*

The plaintiff in this action was a respectable surgeon and apothecary, a member of the Royal College, and brought the present action to recover the sum of 6*l.* for

medicines, and attendance on the son of the defendant a boy, at Mr. Coomb's boarding-school, Walworth. The defendant, conceiving the doctor's charge to be exorbitant, had refused to liquidate it, but had paid 4*l.* into Court, as sufficient, in his mind, to extinguish the claim. Mr. Coomb, who keeps the boarding-school, was the first witness called. He proved the illness of the boy, who had been attacked by a scarlet fever, succeeded by an inflammation in the bladder. He also proved the attendance of Mr. Hardy; and also that a professional gentleman, named Brown, had visited, but that was after the boy relapsed. On his cross-examination he stated, that he was surprised, when the bill was presented, and his surprise was excited by the high charge it contained. He denied ever having heard the father of the boy say to the doctor, "Give him anything, but don't run me to expenses." A lad named Henderson, who was in the plaintiff's shop, stated, that he had made up all the medicines enumerated in the bill before the Court, and nothing was charged in it beyond the common and ordinary rate.

Mr. Williams, a surgeon and apothecary, observed, that the charges in the bill were extremely moderate.—*Mixtures* were only charged 2*s.* which in his opinion, ought to have been charged 2*s.* 6*d.* This witness added, that the plaintiff would have been fully warranted had he charged three or five guineas for his attendance on the boy, as an inflammation of the bladder was a surgical case, and required more care and vigilance than the scarlet fever, which was a case entirely of a medical description. The lowness of the plaintiff's charge was also confirmed by Mr. Pearce, another disciple of *Esculapius*, and who, by the by, it would appear, was nearly related to *Momus*. He stated, that none of the charges were above the ordinary rate, though several were below it. The learned counsel for the defendant asked this gentleman, how he charged for *mixtures*? "Sir, I always charged half a crown." "What, half a crown, whether they are made of water and brickdust, or squills and capillaire?"—"Sir, they are charged in the lump, exactly as you charge law expenses." Question by the court:—"Have you any more questions to put to this witness?" No, Sir; no more."

The learned counsel for the defendant then addressed the Jury. He said that he was not enabled to call any witness, but he thought it a little hard that a *charm*, as it were, should so alter an apothecary's bill, several of the plaintiff's witnesses had changed the complexion of the case, by saying, that an inflammation of the bladder altered the nature of the disorder, under

which the boy laboured, and made it a *surgical* instead of a medical case. There was certainly a good deal of art employed in bringing forward evidence of that nature, because, he understood, that an inflammation in the bladder was no unusual concomitant of a scarlet fever, which was a general inflammation over all parts of the body. He had every respect for professional men, but it would be a case of extreme hardship if his client should be obliged to pay for medicines, several of which had been returned unused. Here Mr. Coomb was again called up. He said, that his mother had returned several medicines when the boy was getting better, under the idea that he had taken enough. The doctor's boy, on the contrary, denied that, to the best of his knowledge any medicines had been sent back.

Mr. Serjeant Marshal, the Judge, went over the evidence to the Jury, who, without hesitation, found a verdict in favour of the plaintiff, for 6*l*.

## SONG.

KATE KEARNEY.

Oh, have you not heard of Kate Kearney,  
She lives on the banks of Killarney,  
From the glance of her eye, shun danger  
and fly,

For fatal's the glance of Kate Kearney;  
Her eye is so modestly beaming,  
You'd ne'er think of mischief she's dream-  
ing;

Yet, Oh ! I can tell how fatal's the spell;  
That lurks in the eye of Kate Kearney.

Oh should you e'er meet this Kate Kearney  
Who lives on the banks of Killarney;  
Beware of her smile, for many a wile  
Lies hid in each look of Kate Kearney;  
Her smile's so bewitchingly simple,  
O, there's mischief in every dimple,  
Who e'er dares inhale her sigh's spicy gale,  
Must die by the breath of Kate Kearney.

Of all the words in Lexicon,  
Not one to my poor thinking,  
Can make a man so wise a Don,  
As those in use for drinking;  
To say *he's drunk*, so coarse the sound,  
That Bacchus ask'd Apollo  
To give some terms in wit profound,  
And he the phrase would follow.

When ladies drink, why then they're *gay*,  
But to a toping gipsy  
Of vulgar rank, we sneering say  
Upon my soul she's *tipsy*.  
When Lords are bubb'd, they're *in the sun*,  
And cits are *mighty muddled*,  
But when a husband up is done,  
The wife cries—*dearce's fuddled*.

When Jack's grogg'd, he's *shipp'd his beer*,  
He cries you're *half seas over*,  
And brisk young Damon roars, my dear,  
*I'm prim'd* just for a lover.  
And some are *rocky*, some are *muzz'd*,  
And some *disguis'd* and *mellow*,  
But goddesses must now be *buss'd*,  
For I'm a *merry fellow*.

## ORIGINAL POETRY.

For The Port Folio.

## CHARACTER OF A CLERGYMAN.

If e'er true virtue could the muse engage,  
Or stamp just value on the poet's page,  
The man I sing the foremost place should  
claim

With the first worthies on the rolls of  
fame.

Learn'd, not pedantick; courteous, yet  
sincere;

Mild to all others; to himself severe.

With soul-subduing eloquence he warms,  
Which, while convincing, still forever  
charms.

Cheerless from him no penitent can go,  
For sacred ever is the tear of wo:

E'en though his words like lightning seem  
to play,

His inward pity wipes their tears away.

The praise of man he seeks not to engage,  
Nor preaching fears the rich offender's  
rage,

The bold apostle of an iron age.

Unlike the dull declaimers of the time,  
Who by their sermons ne'er remove a  
crime,

His style is simple, yet his speech su-  
blime.

Such is the sage; in fame superiour far  
To him who glitters in the pomp of war;  
A fame that stands recorded with the just,  
Well-earned by virtue, not heroick dust.

L. G.

The price of The Port Folio is Six Dollars per annum, to be paid in advance.

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# THE PORT FOLIO,

(NEW SERIES)

BY OLIVER OLDSCHOOL, ESQ.



Various, that the mind of desultory man, studious of change and pleased with novelty, may be indulged—Cowp.

Vol. V. Philadelphia, Saturday, May 7, 1808. No. 19.

## ORIGINAL PAPERS.

*For The Port Folio.*

### TRAVELS.

#### LETTERS FROM GENEVA AND FRANCE.

*Written during a residence of between two and three years in different parts of those countries, and addressed to a lady in Virginia.*

*(Continued from page 275.)*

#### LETTER XIV.

My dear E—,

NISMES, when a Roman town, had been a place of such opulence, or so particularly favoured by the Government, that water for the accommodation of its inhabitants was brought from two fountains, at the distance of nearly sixty miles. It was carried along, as you may suppose, in the way made use of in your neighbourhood to convey water to an overshot wheel; but on its arrival at the river Gardon, it was necessary that an aqueduct should be constructed, in order to connect the opposite hills. This aqueduct, which is still entire, is what is called the Pont du Gard, and is supposed to be one of

the most magnificent remains of former times. it is composed of three arcades in the handsomest style of architecture, built one above the other to the height of one hundred and sixty feet, and on the top is a channel of two feet and a half in breadth, by a perpendicular wall of three, along which the water flowed. This channel was formerly covered, but the flat stones, which formed the covering, have been thrown off near one of the extremities, and I walked into it for about twenty steps; the extreme length of the whole building from hill to hill, is a little more than eight hundred and twenty feet. It would seem like affectation, or at least like exaggeration, if I were to pretend to express to you, what I felt upon the near approach of this noble monument of Roman taste and magnificence; we remained in the neighbourhood of it for sometime, and took the last look at it with regret: I here fell in by chance, with a peasant from the village of La Chapelle, from which Mons. de la Chapelle, of whom you have often heard me speak, took his title, and in the neigh-

M m

bourhood of which he held a large estate. I was glad to hear this peasant speak so affectionately of his former Seigneur, whose absence, and subsequent misfortunes he seemed sincerely to deplore; that a kind-hearted, liberal man, possessed of great riches both in France and St. Domingo, should live to be beholden to a former slave of his for a dinner, and that slave to be the keeper of a prison where white men were confined, is one among the many instances of the vicissitudes of human affairs, which should make us tremble for ourselves.\*

We might here have shortened our distance, by taking the road which led to the Pont de St. Esprit, but Avignon was not to be overlooked, and we accordingly proceeded in that direction; we now continued to ascend a high and bleak ridge; the land became poor, and the vineyards thinly scattered. To the stout horses and oxen of the fertile plain we had quitted, succeeded small mules and asses, one of which last, I saw yoked to the same plough with a miserable cow. We also saw large flocks of sheep, with a moveable hut for the shepherd, and guarded by stout dogs, whose necks were armed for battle against the wolves. At length, after a long and tedious ascent the valley of the Rhone began to open to our view; a valley thickly interspersed with every mark of human industry and prosperity, and a river so often mentioned in history, and proceeding from the very spot towards which we were bending our steps. In addition to this prospect there stood, commanding our attention on the back ground, a long chain of the distant Alps in all their sublimity of height, and of snow, as old as the world itself. After a few miles, the prospect of the valley became enlarged, Villeneuve was at our feet, then came the Rhone, then a small island,

next the stately ruins of an ancient bridge, and in the midst of meadows, vineyards, and gardens, the venerable city of Avignon, so famed for its numerous steeples and for the palace of its former sovereign, and still defended, in appearance, by its ancient walls. I must now refer you to the history of Jane of Naples, whom of all the bad women of former times, you will be perhaps least disposed to imitate. Read how she came to give this country to the See of Rome, and how the Popes kept their court there during the celebrated schism, which contributed so much to prepare the minds of men for the reformation: it was a favourite measure with Louis XIV to take Avignon away from the Pope, whenever he was displeased with the measures of the court of Rome, and you may perceive in the letters of Madame de Sevigné, how pleased she used to be, that her daughter should act the vice Queen for a time, and that Mons. de Grignan should retrieve his circumstances out of the revenues of the country; read also, if you can, some account of the shocking scenes which took place in this venerable city, and in the neighbourhood during the fever of the revolution; figure to yourself too, that it was here that a division of Hannibal's army crossed, whilst the main body amused the simple barbarians about twenty miles lower down, and you will now be able to conceive how interesting the view was as we descended the eminence above Villeneuve about an hour before sunset. On our arrival at the side of the river I was glad to have an opportunity of showing — — how visibly the sea had retreated from the spot we stood on, for the whole bank had been evidently a bed of oysters.

The inn at Avignon was the best we had ever been in, and the furniture the most splendid: the room we sat in being hung with crimson silk damask and with curtains of the same materials; it would have been a good place to have staid a day at,

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\* This good humoured and kind-hearted man was afterwards put to death by order of Dessalines.

had we not been desirous of overtaking ———, and it was urged to us as an inducement that we might so easily visit Vaucluse, a name more familiar to you, I believe, than Jane of Naples; as I never possessed the Italian language well, I can never have been capable of doing justice to Petrarch, and that I presume, is the reason why I had no great desire to visit Vaucluse. His love for Laura, the ruling passion to appearance, of his life, seems if not affected at least misplaced; it by no means contributed to her reputation, and seems to have been fatal to her peace of mind; and what man really in love, would ever talk of rivulets being stopped by his sighs, or swelled by his tears? He had the great merit, however, of reviving a taste for ancient literature, and his letter to Rienzi, when at the summit of power at Rome, is excellent, and contains advice which a much greater man of modern times might listen to with advantage.

I saw but little of Avignon, as you may suppose, but what I saw pleased and interested me; there were but few carriages in the streets, but a great many good houses, and several pretty women: if you wish to know anything of the manufactories of the place, or of the agriculture in its neighbourhood, there are books enough which you may consult, and particularly Arthur Young: the few people I conversed with seemed to regret former times, and to lament the degradation which had befallen their splendid churches: Jourdan Coupe-tête who converted the Glaciere into a receptacle of slaughtered victims, and gave up one of the finest districts in all France to fire and sword, was a little fat man, with a red face, and a most ferocious countenance.

If you have traced us on the map, you must have seen that our course had generally been a little to the North-East, it now, on our leaving Avignon became due North, for we followed the direction of the river on our way through Orange to Monteli-

mar; the country we travelled through seemed to owe everything to a judicious irrigation, and there are fields of clover, in addition to the vines and olives we had been accustomed to. From time to time, there was a view of mountains, on our right, and on our left was the river, which appeared low, but which had left very evident traces of former freshes. Orange is a small, but very ancient town, and once distinguished by many monuments of Roman taste and magnificence. Of these there remains but one solitary arch, formerly a gate of the town, perhaps, but in great preservation, and ornamented in a very superiour style with naval and military emblems. The common opinion of the country is, that it was a triumphal arch erected in honour of Marius's victory over the Ambrones; but it is neither probable that such a memorial would have been erected so far from the field of battle, which is known to have been at Aix, or that Marius, or any of his party could have found architects capable of such a performance.

## POLITE LITERATURE.

### LETTERS FROM BRUTUS.

#### LETTER IV.

*To His Royal Highness, the Prince of Wales.*  
SIR,

In absolute monarchies, all communication of sentiment between the Sovereign and the people is cut off by the terrors of despotism. Personal familiarity, indeed, the Prince may allow to a few favoured individuals, more safely than in freer governments, because the distance of political situation prevents all danger of that want of reverence and respect which is fatal to dignity. In monarchies more limited, the Sovereign and his family rely on the confidence and affection of the people; a fealty of a more generous and valuable kind, which the higher rank deserves by its virtues, and the



lower yields from a reasonable and independent conviction of them. Flattery it is in the power of slaves to bestow, but fame is the gift only of freemen.

When I advance these truths to a Prince of the House of Brunswick, I cannot be in danger of his displeasure; and I know too well the peculiar condescension of him whom I now take the liberty of addressing to doubt his acceptance of that honest tribute which I offer him, of approbation mixed with counsel, of attachment to his person and his family, joined to a wish and a hope that his conduct may always deserve it. With a peculiar complacency of disposition you have thrown aside the distance of rank and the reserve of royalty; you have opened not only the actions of your publick, but the habits of your private life, to the view of the people; and disdaining to impose on them by the weight of your name or the parade of your dignity, have conciliated their affections by the charms of your appearance and the graces of your manner. If there has been sometimes a small degree of error or excess in this affability and condescension, we are disposed rather to regret than to censure it; we regret the accident of its misapplication, but we are not inclined to blame the exercise of it in you. The sunshine that gives to the breeze its health and to the fields their verdure, breeds at the same time the useless weed and noxious exhalation. We complain of the weed and the exhalation, but he must be a peevish misanthrope indeed who quarrels with the sunshine.

Sober reasoners, however, may perhaps dispute the justice of my simile, they will tell us of the difference between the seeming imperfections of the natural, and the real imperfections of the moral world, and point out the latter as subjects of correction and amendment, which it is the province of wisdom to discover and of goodness to remove. In the instance alluded to, your talents are

equal to the discovery, and your prudence as well as virtue, they trust, will prompt the correction. There are persons on whom your favour and friendship are bestowed, whom, even amid the adulation with which it is the misfortune of princes to be deceived, you will easily discover to be unworthy of that favour and friendship. You have mixed enough with the world to be able to judge of men; and, in this country, the channel of publick opinion is sufficiently open to the highest personages, even without the advantage of your accessibility to obtain it. The people have too much reverence for your name to apply their common traditionary adages to the effects of society upon character; but though the communication may not hurt you, it affects the publick, doubly affects it, if the unworthy are brought forward into place and distinctions and the deserving excluded from stations which they ought to have filled.

We know, Sir, at the same time, and make allowance for that society which naturally fastens itself on a young man's freer hours; and do not expect that, amid amusement or festivity, there should always be an unexceptionable selection of his companions or his guests. There is a distinction which will readily be made between that circle with which men of high rank and important stations unbend their leisure, and that with which they trust their serious moments. "Nobody, said the Frenchman, is a hero to his *valet de chambre*;" and he who should attempt it would be very little of a hero to any one else. But the *valet de chambre* who dresses, or the idle companion who amuses a great man, are mere appendages of his private dressing-room or parlour, with whom, if they keep in their proper place, the publick has nothing to do, and after whom it will never inquire. But if they counsel him in important affairs, if they lead him in momentous or delicate situations, he must be accountable for his misplaced and pre-

posterior attachment, and the publick which it injures will be entitled to complain of its effects. Nothing has been more fatal to princes than this predilection for weak and unworthy men; and the history of mankind is one continued lesson of the danger to greatness in being made the dupe of its private attachments, when they are not restrained by prudence nor regulated by virtue.

The annals of our own country are not silent on that subject. You, Sir, I believe, have heard them quoted in excuse, if not in compliment, of some youthful levities for which the good-humour of Englishmen is glad to find an apology. Eastcheap has been cited for the credit of Parliament-street, and Gadshill drawn in to precedent for the honour of Newmarket; but if there is any scholiast on Shakspeare who has the *entree* to your library, let him not forget the expression of "*unyoked idleness*" which the youthful Henry indulged with his associates. There was an extravagance in the pranks of Falstaff and Poins that might impeach the dignity, but did not taint the character of their illustrious companion. The excursive sallies of the Prince were made into the regions of absurdity, foreign to that place which his birth entitled him to hold, or those duties which it called on him to perform; his follies hung upon him like a masking dress which the mummery of the hour put on, and the serious occupations of his own person and character laid aside. Your companions, Sir, if not all of a higher rank than Harry Monmouth's, had in general deeper and more important designs. They did not, amid the jovialness of wine or the gayety of pleasure, doff the cares of life, or mock the toils of ambition. Theirs was not always the honest, joyous vacancy of thoughtless mirth; like the Athenian heroes, beneath the roses of the feast they hid the arms of their ambition; but they did not, like the Athenian heroes, use them against the enemies of their country.

One particular juncture there was which might have afforded an apology for men of less foresight than them, to think of using the connexion which youth and inexperience had formed to purposes of interest and advancement; when the diadem hovered over the head of their patron, and when indeed, but for some error in their political measures, its power and authority might have been his. That juncture was attended with circumstances of so extraordinary a kind as to form an era in the political history of the kingdom. When disease and infirmity invaded the throne, the distress of the Sovereign was felt as a private calamity, which interested the feelings of every individual, without relation to his political rights, or the political interests of the community; not only the loyalty of subjects, but the affection, the sympathy of men were excited by this calamity. In this calamity they looked to you, Sir, with feelings of a similar kind, ready to acknowledge the publick merits of the Prince, or the private virtues of the son. In distress, men's hearts are easily won: if you failed to win them, it must have been owing to some imprudence in that surrounding circle, through the medium of whose character the characters of princes are always seen. It could not be owing to any fault in your own disposition, gracious at all times, and then peculiarly called on to exercise the best qualities of your nature—kindness, compassion, filial attention, and filial reverence. The thoughtless and unprincipled dissipation of some of that circle, might have, at such a period, been supposed to watch the bed of sickness with malignant expectation, to scoff at the distress of those around it, and to make matter for wretched and scurril jests of the most severe of all human afflictions. In a publick view they might have been supposed to have caught, with a blind and rapacious eagerness, this opportunity of gratifying their avarice or ambition; in the triumph of sudden elevation,

to have forgot decency ; and, in the insolence of anticipated power, to have despised moderation. Bankrupt alike in fortune and in character, some of them might have been imagined capable of every extremity to which desperate circumstances and determined profligacy might excite ; and have nothing to lose, and nothing to feel with the country, to have been equally unrestrained by prudence and by sentiment.

Your sentiments, Sir, and your deportment, we knew by our own. Struck with the solemn melancholy of the national distress, you felt it doubled in your own individual affliction. At the age when feeling is acute, when interest and ambition have hardly learned the value of their objects, you thought less of the publick dignity to which this calamitous event might call you, than of the private sorrow by which it was to be accompanied. Of political opinions, you adopted the most temperate ; of political measures, you proposed the least violent : you did not wish to add to the depression of the publick by the fear of sudden change, or the dread of civil dissension. You knew that the influence and power which a different conduct might obtain were as unsafe to a prudent, as disagreeable to a good mind ; that in the opposite scale were placed everything that wisdom or virtue in a Prince could desire ; all the confidence, the love, the glory, which a generous people could offer to his acceptance.

To the joy of the nation, as to yours, Sir, this calamity "overpassed us like a summer cloud," and our fears were lost before we could well ascertain them. The country was freed from a situation of uncertainty and of danger that shook its credit and its quiet, and you were left, we hope, (and we know you hope) many years longer to the exercise of those engaging and amiable qualities that are hardly allowed to expand under the weight and pressure of state affairs.

In your present situation, Sir, you have many opportunities, which we are persuaded you will improve, of rendering essential service to your country. Your favour and example can encourage genuine patriotism, can promote publick honour and publick virtue ; without the responsibility of official power, your patronage can call merit into action, and prompt the rewards of its exertions. Keep but the purity of your influence unsullied, preserve its dignity unimpaired, and you can weave the civick crown for the statesman, and the laurel wreath for the soldier.

In former times, of which some curious records are left us, the heir-apparent of the crown has been induced to lend himself to a factious cabal, to become a king of the "shreds and patches" of opposition, who prostituted his name to their own little purposes, who abused his confidence, and made a vile stewardship of his weakness for their own private advantage. To such arts greatness must always be liable ; and it is, perhaps, rather a compliment to your good nature than an impeachment on your understanding, if we venture to caution you against them. In your situation you cannot know their effects ; you cannot see them as we do in distant provinces, and amid the mass of the people. You know not what despicable associates the Cressy standard assembles, over what impurities the plumage of your crest is made to wave ; yet popular prejudice will often lay these abuses to your charge, though in that encouragement, to which the easiness of your nature allows them, you cannot foresee the mischiefs they produce. The noblest tree of the forest is not always shaken by the winds, or scathed by the lightning of heaven ; it suffers, ignobly suffers, from the vermin that shelter at its root.

In a private capacity, your humility will not probably allow you to suppose how much is in your power for the manners and the happiness of the community. With the ad-

vantages you derive from nature, with the accomplishments you have received from education, you have for sometime been acknowledged

"The glass of fashion and the mould of form;"

and there is a sort of dominion annexed to this idea, which, though of a lighter kind, is of greater extent and importance than some others which men are more solicitous to possess. I am no Cynick preacher, and will not suppose that, at your time of life, and with your temperament you are to regulate your conduct and deportment by the rules of cold-blooded age and sober wisdom. But there is a decorum in pleasure, a temperance even in dissipation, which, amid all the extravagance of the moment, marks the feeling of a man of sense and a gentleman; a something even about his idlest indulgences which speaks the folly to belong to him, and not him to the folly. The words, gentleman and man of fashion, will borrow their meaning, within a certain circle, from you; but there is an intrinsick sense of the terms which will still be the understanding of the people. Consider, Sir, that, with all the witchery of your manners and address, the sphere of your attraction is limited, the sphere of your fame extensive. Sacrifice a little to the judgment, or if your gayer friends will call it so, the prejudice of those whose judgment is one day to be so important to you. Remember that no power, even in the most arbitrary governments, was ever equal to his who could wield at will the opinions of his subjects.

BRUTUS.

For The Port Folio.

## POLITE LITERATURE.

By a gentleman and a scholar, who has formerly been a valued correspondent, we have been favoured with the subsequent speculation. It is intended as the first of a series. Employed on topicks of philological imports, it exhibits much acuteness

of analysis, and may be very profitably perused, by those, who are in the pernicious habits of thinking at random, and of speaking and writing inaccurately. Nothing is more common in this, our young and unfashioned country, than to listen to winter evenings conversations, and to turn over innumerable pages, in which little appears in the shape of precision, perspicuity, or transparent good sense and meaning. A *bald, disjointed, incoherent, rambling, and digressive style* is a sort of fashion among the herd. Every attempt to correct such bad taste, to recommend good models of speech and writing, to investigate the causes, and indicate the cure of mental error is eminently laudable, however it may be received by the prejudice of some, and the folly of others.

As the analysis of moral sentiment, tends to the development of those principles in our own nature, or in that of others, whereby we are made happy or miserable; and as in the prosecution of this analysis, the mind is at once the subject of investigation, and the investigating power; no path of inquiry seems more natural, or attractive to the philosopher. Accordingly, that some of the first advances of genius were made in this department of science, is evident, from the copiousness of early language in terms of moral discrimination. Indeed when with a view to their comparative affluence in these, we examine the ancient and modern languages, little advancement appears to have taken place for many ages. But this results from the assumption of language as the standard, for which it is not altogether competent: for though the existence of moral discriminating terms necessarily indicates a corresponding analysis of ideas; yet this analysis, is not always followed by this indication. For language can only be established, or extended, by the general consent of those, by whom it is employed: but general consent, requires general intelli-

gence; and this is limited by general, or common capacity. To this boundary then, of the common capacity, or common sense of mankind, it is not surprising that moral analysis should have attained at an early period, since so far the common efforts of mankind, would contribute to further it. Nor is it surprising, that after having reached the limits, thus assigned to it in the minds of men in general, its progress should in appearance be so small. I say in appearance, because of the real progress made in it by the minds of individuals, our means of judging are incompetent.

The results of chymical analysis, so far as they, or their effects are palpable to the senses, must be susceptible of accurate descriptions; which must invariably awaken similar ideas. Hence the chymical analyst, is enabled by study to avail himself of almost all the useful conceptions of his predecessors; and commencing his career, where they finished, must go somewhat beyond them, if not destitute of genius. But it were as easy to describe sounds to the deaf, or colours to the blind, as to convey to crude minds the results of refined moral analysis: and even between such as possess an equal and superiour degree of refinement, how are the nice shades of difference, or the exact identity of their ideas, to be so palpably established, as to render it certain that the application of any common term, will not veil from future detection a fundamental discordancy of view, and thus lay the foundation of that nominal controversy, so frequent in metaphysics. Hence it follows, that beyond what we glean from the

common sense of mankind, we are almost wholly dependent on our own genius, for our progress in moral analysis.

It is a labyrinth wherein superiour minds are doomed to grope, without any other assistance from the lights of their predecessors or cotemporaries, than what may be afforded by a few indirect rays, which superiour sagacity may discover through the perverting medium of inadequate language.

Independently of these considerations, it would astonish us that those delicate springs of human nature which are the source of almost all that is good or bad, or happy or miserable in the world; should at this late period be so ill defined, that scarcely two can be found to accord in a definition of them; and more especially, as they have the objects of investigation among philosophers in all ages. But as I have already hinted, any superiour knowledge which may be gained by an individual in this path of inquiry, commences and ends with himself; as he can only receive, or communicate through an inadequate medium; the effects of which are limited by that common standard of intelligence, whence it arises.

It must, however, be observed, that though the diversified and intricate movements of the human soul, are not susceptible of accurate description, yet that they admit of accurate representation: and we must allow, that though the refined conceptions which may be attained by an individual, in regard to human nature, cannot be so recorded as invariably to awaken similar ideas, even in minds of equal capacity, yet that the facts which gave rise to such

conceptions, by being preserved in the historick or biographick page; may become the seed of knowledge to every fertile mind. Hence it is not in the books of metaphysicians that we obtain a knowledge of our moral nature, but by observation of the world as displayed to our own eyes, or as represented in history, biography, or the drama. The latter, when executed by a skilful hand, affords by far the most efficient instruction, as the shades of character, though within what is possible in nature, are heightened beyond what we meet in ordinary life, and, of course, speak more forcibly to the mind. In this view, Shakspeare is, of all moralists, one of the most profound, interesting, and instructive. It is not by furnishing refined definitions of the principles of human nature, that he enables us to conceive them justly; but by the display of their characteristick effects, in the genuine impulses and language of the soul.

Hence it is rare to find any one addicted to moral analysis, who does not bow with veneration before this superiour genius, the full extent of whose greatness, can only be felt by such as may, in some degree, boast of a portion of his fire.

But when contemplating the stupendous monument of moral knowledge, raised by this individual, with such slight assistance from the works of others, do we not find confirmation for the belief, that in this science the mind is dependent for superiority on innate fertility and refinement: for otherwise Shakspeare, comparatively so illiterate, could not have produced a picture of human nature, so just, so variegated, and profoundly analytick.

## MISCELLANY.

*A Letter from a Distinguished English Commoner, &c.*

(Concluded from page 287.)

All this, my lord, I know very well, will pass for nothing with those who wish that the popish clergy should be illiterate, and in a situation to produce contempt and detestation. Their minds are wholly taken up with party squabbles, and I have neither leisure nor inclination to apply any part of what I have to say, to those who never think of religion, or of the commonwealth, in any other light, than as they tend to the prevalence of some faction in either. I speak on a supposition, that there is a disposition to take the state in the condition in which it is found, and to improve it in that state to the best advantage. Hitherto, the plan for the government of Ireland has been, to sacrifice the civil prosperity of the nation to its religious improvement. But if people in power there, are at length come to entertain other ideas, they will consider the good order, decorum, virtue, and morality of every description of men among them, as of infinitely greater importance, than the struggle (for it is nothing better) to change those descriptions by means which put to hazard, objects, which, in my poor opinion, are of more importance to religion and to the state, than all the polemical matter which has been agitated among men from the beginning of the world to this hour.

On this idea, an education fitted to each order and division of men, such as they are found, will be thought an affair rather to be encouraged than discountenanced: and until institutions at home, suitable to the occasions and necessities of the people, and which are armed, as they are abroad, with authority to coerce the young men to be formed in them, by a strict and severe discipline,—the means they have, at present, of a cheap and effectual education in other countries, should not continue to be

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prohibited by penalties and modes of inquisition, not fit to be mentioned to ears that are organized to the chaste sounds of equity and justice. Before I had written thus far, I heard of a scheme of giving to the castle the patronage of the presiding members of the catholick clergy. At first I could scarcely credit it: for I believe it is the first time that the presentation of other people's alms has been desired in any country. If the state provides a suitable maintenance and temporality for those governing members, and clergy under them, I should think the project, however improper in other respects, to be by no means unjust. But to deprive a poor people, who maintain a second set of clergy, out of the miserable remains of what is left after taxing and tything—to deprive them of the disposition of their own charities among their own communion, would, in my opinion, be an intolerable hardship. Never were the members of one religious sect fit to appoint the pastors to another. Those who have no regard for their welfare, reputation, or internal quiet, will not appoint such as are proper. The seraglio of Constantinople is as equitable as we are, whether catholicks or protestants: and where their own sect is concerned, full as religious. But the sport which they make of the miserable dignities of the Greek church, the little factions of the *Haram*, to which they make them subservient, the continual sale to which they expose and reexpose the same dignity, and by which they squeeze all the inferior orders of the clergy, is (for I have had particular means of being acquainted with it) nearly equal to all the other oppressions together, exercised by mussulmen over the unhappy members of the Oriental church. It is a great deal to suppose that even the present castle would nominate bishops for the Roman church of Ireland, with a religious regard for its welfare. Perhaps they cannot, perhaps they dare not do it.

But suppose them as well inclined as I know that I am, to do them all kind of justice, I declare I would not, if it were in my power, take it on myself:—I know I ought not to do it. I belong to another community, and it would be intolerable usurpation in me to affect such authority, where I conferred no benefit, or even if I did confer (as in some degree the seraglio does) temporal advantages. But, allowing that the present castle finds itself fit to administer the government of a church which they solemnly forswear, and forswear with very hard words, and many evil epithets, and that as often as they qualify themselves for the power which is to give this very patronage, or to give anything else that they desire; yet they cannot insure themselves that a man like the late Lord Chesterfield will not succeed to them. This man, while he was duping the credulity of papists with fine words in private, and commending their good behaviour during a rebellion in Great Britain, (as it well deserved to be commended and rewarded) was capable of urging penal laws against them in a speech from the throne, and stimulating with provocatives the wearied and half-exhausted bigotry of the then parliament of Ireland. They set to work, but they were at a loss what to do; for they had already almost gone through every contrivance which could waste the vigour of their country: but after much struggle, they produced a child of their old age, the shocking and unnatural act about marriages, which tended to finish the scheme for making the people not only two distinct parties forever, but keeping them as two distinct species in the same land. Mr. G——r's humanity was shocked at it, as one of the worst parts of that truly barbarous system, if one could well settle the preference, where almost all the parts were outrages on the rights of humanity, and the laws of nature.

Suppose an atheist, playing the part of a bigot, should be in power

again in that country, do you believe that he would faithfully and religiously administer the trust of appointing pastors to a church, which wanting every other support, stands in tenfold need of ministers who will be dear to the people committed to their charge, and who will exercise a really paternal authority among them? but if the superiour power was always in a disposition to dispense conscientiously, and like an upright trustee and guardian of these rights, which he holds for those with whom he is at variance, has he the capacity and means of doing it? how can the lord lieutenant form the least judgment of their merits, so as to discern which of the popish priests is fit to be made a bishop? It cannot be: the idea is ridiculous.—He will hand them over to the lords lieutenant of counties, justices of the peace, and other persons, who, for the purpose of vexing and turning to derision this miserable people, will pick out the worst and most obnoxious they can find among the clergy, to set over the rest. Whoever is complainant against his brother, will be considered as persecuted: whoever is censured by his superiour, will be looked upon as oppressed: whoever is careless in his opinions, and loose in his morals, will be called a liberal man, and will be supposed to have incurred hatred, because he was not a bigot. Informers, tale-bearers, perverse and obstinate men, flatterers, who turn their back upon their flock, and court the protestant gentlemen of the country, will be the objects of preferment. And then I run no risk in foretelling, that whatever order, quiet, and morality you have in the country, will be lost. A popish clergy, who are not restrained by the most austere subordination, will become a nuisance, a real publick grievance of the heaviest kind, in any country that entertains them: and instead of the great benefit which Ireland does, and has long derived from them, if they are educated without any idea of discipline and

obedience, and then put under bishops, who do not owe their station to their good opinion, and whom they cannot respect, that nation will see disorders, of which, bad as things are, it has yet no idea. I do not say this as thinking the leading men in Ireland would exercise this trust worse than others. Not at all. No man, no set of men living are fit to administer the affairs, or regulate the interior economy of a church to which they are enemies.

As to government, if I might recommend a prudent caution to them,—it would be, to innovate as little as possible, upon speculation, in establishments, from which, as they stand, they experience no material inconvenience to the repose of the country,—*quieta non movere*—I could say a great deal more; but I am tired; and am afraid your Lordship is tired too. I have not sat to this letter a single quarter of an hour without interruption. It has grown long, and probably contains many repetitions, from my total want of leisure to digest and consolidate my thoughts: and as to my expressions, I could wish to be able perhaps to measure them more exactly. But my intentions are fair, and I certainly mean to offend nobody.

Thinking over this matter more maturely, I see no reason for altering my opinion in any part. The act, as far as it goes, is good undoubtedly. It amounts, I think, very nearly to a toleration, with respect to religious ceremonies; but it puts a new bolt on civil rights, and rivets it, I am afraid, to the old one, in such a manner, that neither, I fear, will be easily loosened. What I could have wished would be, to see the civil advantages take the lead; the other, I conceive, would follow (in a manner) of course.

For what I have observed, it is pride, arrogance, and a spirit of domination, and not a bigoted spirit of religion, that has caused and kept up those oppressive statutes. I am sure I have known those who have op-



pressed papists in their civil rights exceedingly indulgent to them in their religious ceremonies, and who wished them to continue, in order to furnish pretences for oppression, and who never saw a man (by converting) escape out of their power, but with grudging and regret. I have known men to whom I am not uncharitable in saying, (though they are dead) that they would become papists in order to oppress protestants; if, being protestants, it was not in their power to oppress papists. It is injustice, and not a mistaken conscience, that has been the principle of persecution, at least as far as it has fallen under my observation. However, as I began, so I end. I do not know the map of the country. Mr G——r, who conducts this great and difficult work, and those who support him, are better judges of the business than I can pretend to be, who have not set my foot in Ireland these sixteen years. I have been given to understand, that I am not considered as a friend to that country: and I know that pains have been taken to lessen the credit that I might have had there.

I am so convinced of the weakness of interfering in any business, without the opinion of the people in whose business I interfere, that I do not know how to acquit myself of what I have now done—I have the honour to be, with high regard and esteem,

My Lord,

Your Lordship's obedient,  
And humble servant, &c.

\* \* \* \* \*

*For The Port Folio.*

## CLASSICAL LEARNING.

*(Continued from page 281.)*

*Sophocles, Euripides, Aristophanes.*

SOPHOCLES had the advantage of the experience of *Æschylus*, and ventured to introduce more than two actors at the same time. The language of *Sophocles* is in imitation of nature, but nature elevated and straining to excel itself. It is surprising that *Aristotle*, who was so great a critick, should have made the perfection

of poetry to consist in the imitation of nature. If this were admitted strictly, every dramatick performance would abound in dullness and improprieties, as nature affords many insipid scenes, and uninteresting actors. Select parts of nature properly adorned, and decently elevated; so as not to surpass credibility, are most proper for poetry. Indeed it were easy to produce instances, from dramatick poets of the greatest name, of exceeding nature, but the desire men have of being entertained, renders them less nice on many occasions. The character of the poet is more considered than that of the persons he represents, and there is too great a sameness in the language attributed to very different persons. We do not mean to confine this remark to *Sophocles*. It may be extended to all dramatick poets, as well as to the writers of pastorals. It seems strange to us to find in *Sophocles*, whole lines of insignificant sounds. These were supposed by the Greeks to be the most natural expression of the extremity of grief. The sorrows of heroes and distinguished persons, occasioned by faults common to men, were chosen as fit subjects of tragedy, by the most early writers, whose example has become a law to succeeding ages. *Sophocles* was one of the magistrates of Athens, though the purity of his manners was called in question by his cotemporaries. His *Oedipus Tyrannus* is considered as his master-piece. It is strange that the ancients were so much affected with the story of *Oedipus*, which is apt to excite horror as well as pity; but it is probable they intended to represent that the duties of children to their parents are of so sacred a nature, that Providence punishes even the unwilling and involuntary breach of them in an awful manner. But their notion in many things differed very much from ours. It is certain, for example, that they had not the same notion of the propriety of theatrical action; a distant resemblance between the actor and the person whom he represented, appears to be all that they sought. The largeness of their theatres, which held many thousands of people, their actors having their heads covered with a mask, and their stature artificially raised by high heeled shoes, but most of all, their speaking through a brass pipe in order to render their voices audible at a distance, evince that they did not expect to convey to the spectators a very exact idea of the persons whom they represented. What appears still more singular to us, is that one actor was often employed to deliver the speech, and another to personate the action of the hero, and it was the last commonly that obtained the greatest applause. On this account

the word most commonly used to signify acting is that which usually signifies dancing. It is uncertain at what time pantomimes were invented, but this division of the parts of the actor had a tendency to introduce it. Sophocles was suspected of insanity towards the end of his life, on account of his close application to his studies. His heirs wanted to restrain him from the management of his estate, and brought him before the judges for that end. Instead of making any formal defence, he repeated his *Oedipus Coloneas*, the last performance he had been employed about, and asked them whether they thought that that was the work of a madman. The judges not only refused the request of his heirs, but declared their approbation of his performance, and continued him in the management of his estate.

**EURIPIDES** was the most voluminous of the Greek tragedians, his performances amounting nearly to the number of both those of *Æschylus* and *Sophocles*. His works are correct notwithstanding their numbers, and he profited by the example of his predecessors. He was cotemporary with *Socrates*, when it was supposed that the Grecian stage had attained the highest degree of refinement. From the practice of *Æschylus*, *Sophocles* and *Euripides*, the critics have laid down rules for the writers of tragedy, and formed their notion of the standard of that sort of composition. The three unities, of time, place, and action, with little variation, have been observed by these poets and imposed on all their successors. The prologue and epilogue were considered, the first as an introduction of the subject, and the last as an inference from it, and spoken commonly by some of the persons of the drama. The notion of poetical justice, (the device of bungling modern critics) was utterly unknown to the ancients. As they intended that the stage should be a representation of the world, a little dressed and trimmed for show, they observed, that some men are unhappy though virtuous, or guilty only of venial faults, whence we are not to wonder that many of the plays of *Euripides* end unhappily. The celebrated *George Buchanan* translated the *Medea* and *Alcestes* of *Euripides* into Latin verse, but none of his pieces have been rendered into English.

**ARISTOPHANES** is the only ancient comedian, whose works have descended to our times. Eleven of his plays are still extant. In the old comedy the persons who were censured were named and open-

ly exposed on the stage. *Horace* considers *Eupolis*, *Cratinus* and *Aristophanes* as the principle authours of the old comedy, and those who gave the first draught of satyric writing. The style of *Aristophanes* is indelicate and was reckoned so even by his own cotemporaries, though by no means so indecent as many of the English writers of comedies. As comedy was applied to ridiculous subjects, the critics have not been quite so strict in laying down rules for the composition of it, only they subject comick writers to the law of the three unities, as well as the writers of tragedy. The general rules of decorum, and representing every person as saying what would be proper for them, and expected from them, belong to both kinds of composition. The Greeks of the age of *Aristophanes* thought themselves the politest people in the world, and possessed of the most delicate taste, but how shall we reconcile to this, their admitting birds and frogs as dramatis personæ on their stage, for these are the titles of two of *Aristophanes's* comedies. This poet is not destitute of genius, but his taste and manners have been called in question. His opposition to *Socrates* procured him a worse character than he deserved, but as his comedy of the clouds, which he composed on this occasion, is still extant, as well as *Xenophon* and *Plato's* defence of their master, the present age have an opportunity of judging fairly of this question. *Socrates's* manner of disputing on both sides of every question, appears to have exposed him to the raillery of *Aristophanes*, and those who read both sides of the question will scarce think that the consequences of the doctrine of *Socrates* are much exaggerated in the performance of *Aristophanes*. The danger of skepticism to youth in a subject too serious for the subject of a comedy, but that the doctrine and practice of *Socrates* had no small tendency that way can scarce be denied, especially when we consider the various and abandoned character of his favourite pupil *Alcibiades*. Although the tide of popular favour turned against *Aristophanes*, after *Socrates's* death, yet we do not find that the Athenians ever threatened to punish him for his abuse of *Socrates*. The performances of this poet are so little to the taste of the moderns, that not one of them have been translated into English, except his comedy against *Socrates*, which you may read entire in *Stanley's Lives of the Philosophers*. *Mr. Foote* attempted lately to revive the old comedy in England by introducing well-known and living characters in his petty pieces, but all the effect of this was to procure himself the name of *Aristophanes*.

## MORTUARY.

*Pallida mors aequo pulsat pede pauperum tabernas,*

*Regumque turres.* HOR.

On Thursday, we performed the painful duty of announcing the death of the deeply lamented Maj. JAMES HENDERSON ELLIOT, the only son of *Maj. Gen. Simon Elliot*, of this town. His remains were entombed on Saturday with military honours, amid an immense concourse of spectators. The procession moved from the house of the deceased's father, in Federal-street, down Milk-street, through Kilby, up State-street, Corn-hill, and Marlborough-street, through Frog-lane, to the Common burying ground and family vault—and was arranged in the following order.

Cadets,

As Military Escort,

Under the command of Maj. Wm. Sullivan.

*Musick.*

Pall Holders.	<i>Major</i> TILDEN.	CORPSE.	<i>Major</i> DAVIS.	Pall Holders.
	<i>Major</i> PHILIPS.		<i>Major</i> MESSINGER.	
	<i>Major</i> THAYER.		<i>Col.</i> APTHORP.	

Mourners.

Generals WINSLOW, GARDNER, DOMINISON and DAVIS,

And other Staff and Field Officers of the First Division in Uniform.

The Serjeants and Privates of the *Boston Light Infantry*, and *Winslow Blues*, in Uniform as Individuals.

Particular Friends.

Citizens.

Female Relatives and Friends, in carriages.

His Excellency

The Commander in Chief,  
in his carriage.

Attending carriages.

When an individual, undistinguished from the multitude, passes from the stage of action, it is an event, which from its frequency, excites only the sympathies of his domestick circle; for the publick has no hopes, and little interest in such a being; but when one, just stepping on the threshold of life, possessed of every charm in person and manners; and every qualification of mind and understanding, which could gratify the pride of his family, and rivet the attachment of his friends; surrounded with every circumstance which could brighten hope; and endowed with powers, which might have rendered him splendidly useful in any civil, or military capacity, is removed from terrestrial ex-

istence, it excites no vulgar sorrow, no common regret; but is a subject of deep and general concern. Such men are not born for themselves; they are the property of their country; and in times of danger its last and best hope. They despise the petty occurrences of life; and rarely succeed in its ordinary avocations. High-minded men require uncommon events to stimulate them to action. It will be recollected that the late Mr. PITT made no figure in his profession. Although he was poor, the lofty spirit of his pride, would not permit him to stoop to the humble labours and low drudgery of the first stages of the law-practice. Had it not been for our revolutionary contest; in all probability, HAMILTON would have been a city attorney, and WASHINGTON would have remained a country corn-planter.

Major ELLIOT had entered his twenty-sixth year. He was early designed for publick life, and his education was directed to that end. He received a master's degree from Harvard University, 1805, at which time he also completed his professional studies under the present Chief Justice of this Commonwealth. While a student he was distinguished, for the finest person, as the best bred gentleman, and the most accomplished orator among his cotemporaries.

Soon after Major ELLIOT was admitted to the bar, he was seized with a pulmonary complaint, which rendered it advisable to assay, for a winter residence, a more genial climate. This afforded temporary relief; but with returning Winter, his disease returned with augmented violence, and has removed him, as we confidently trust, "to another and a better world." His face was of the Roman cast, strongly marked; and commandingly beautiful; his person was tall and elegant; and manners polished and graceful; his taste was highly cultivated; he had treasured up much general information from miscellaneous and desultory reading, and his colloquial powers were unusually happy. He was generous, brave, and magnanimous; he had nothing in his composition, low, or popular; there was nothing in him, which the great vulgar, or the small, could estimate. He loved virtue, and admired greatness. As he had lived without guile in his mouth, or malice in his heart, he feared not to die. Nothing but disgrace and dishonour, had any terrors for his mind. In his religious opinions there was no intolerance. He believed that the Supreme Being

"Views with equal eye, as God of all,"

every denomination of his children, who worship him in sincerity and in truth. He never descended to the little arts by which

many "make acquaintance," and find their way in the world. He would not stoop to conquer, for "he was fashioned to much honour." He was

"Lofty and sour to them that lov'd him not;

"But to the friends who sought him, sweet as summer."

His loss to his family is irreparable; and the breach occasioned by his death in the circle of friendship, will not be soon healed—but alas! he is gone forever!

"Peace to the mem'ry of a man of worth."  
(Boston Gazette.

## VARIETY.

In the rough blast heaves the billow,  
In the light air waves the willow;  
Every thing of moving kind  
VARIES with the veering wind:  
What have I to do with thee,  
Dull, unjoyous Constancy?

Sombre tale, and satire witty,  
Sprightly glee, and doleful ditty,  
Measur'd sighs, and roundelay,  
Welcome all! but do not stay,  
What have I to do with thee,  
Dull, unjoyous Constancy?

## LINES

BY WILLIAM PRESTON.

*On the lamented and untimely death of his son, William Preston the younger, who was killed at the battle of Delhi, in the twenty-first year of his age.*

With every tide, with every wind,  
I watch'd the tardy sail from Ind;  
While, still reviving, still delay'd,  
Hope on the sicken'd spirit prey'd,  
I caught, with fond impatience wild,  
At every rumour of my child.—  
At length it comes—the tardy sail  
With news of carnage loads the gale.  
Oh stroke, that I must long deplore!—  
My son, my WILLIAM, is no more—  
Among th' heroick slain he lies—  
And who has heard his parting sighs?  
As, sinking on the plain, he bled,  
What hand sustain'd his drooping head?  
What pious accents cheer'd his death?  
What friend receiv'd his parting breath?

In pomp decay'd, where Delhi's wall  
Appears to mourn an empire's fall,  
Where palaces, their splendour gone,  
Are tottering o'er th' imperial throne,  
And monuments of Timur's race  
Are mould'ring thro' the dreary space.  
Oh, weltring to the torrid sky,  
How many youthful corpses lie,  
So late the gallant and the brave,  
Now, wretched earth denied a grave!  
Where Jumna, spreading o'er the plain,

Beholds his current choak'd with slain,  
The fatal field with gore is red.—  
What tongue laments the valiant dead?  
What eyelids pour the pitying tear!  
What hands the funeral pile uprear?  
The vulture's scream, and eagle's cries—  
Are these, my son, thy obsequies!—  
Oh, far remote, unheard and low,  
From drooping eyes the sorrows flow.  
While rapine wild, and faithless deed  
Ordain the victim host to bleed,  
The gentle sister, constant wife,  
The parent fond must mourn the strife.

What airy phantoms had I chae'd!  
What fond delusions fancy trac'd!  
Forever hid in cheerless gloom!  
Subsided all within the tomb!  
To heights ideal I pursu'd  
The fair endowments that I view'd,  
And saw them win the virtuous praise,  
Too rarely sought in modern days.  
And sure, the talents of my son,  
In arts and arms the palm had won,  
Had Heaven enlarg'd his narrow span,  
To full maturity of man.—  
With judgment ripe beyond his age  
He turn'd each bright immortal page.  
In early youth, the classic hoard  
His mind with high conceptions stor'd,  
From precept and example brought  
By sages, and by heroes taught—  
He felt the pow'r of lofty rhyme,  
To waken thoughts, and aims sublime,  
The kindling eye, the conscious breast,  
The forms of good and fair confess'd.  
The produce of his youthful vein  
Gave earnest of poetick strain,  
And true to symmetry and grace,  
His eye could just proportion trace  
With glance, as rapid as his mind,  
While Fancy all he saw combin'd,  
And bade his artist hand portray  
The charms that Nature's works display.

Oh how unlike the youth we meet,  
That croud the theatre and street!  
The vain, luxurious, heartless brood,  
Without a mark or likelihood—  
By Folly harness'd to her car,  
The bane of peace, unapt for war:  
He scorn'd the poor pursuits and plays,  
The trivial aims of boyish days,  
To feel the high heroick flame,  
A manly rank with men to claim.  
To feel each energy of thought,  
For well he wrote, and bravely fought.  
He did not live, his course to guide,  
By precepts, classic lore supplied;  
Yet, nobly prodigal of breath,  
He learn'd from them contempt of death.

Scarce conscious where, I listless range,  
In change of place, to find no change,  
While every smiling cheek I view,  
Bids all my sorrows rise anew;  
And every face, that happy shows,  
Appears to triumph in my woes.

Ev'n objects dearest to my heart,  
 With ev'ry charm, a pang impart.  
 Oft as I see the sun arise  
 The tear shall glisten in my eyes,  
 For him, that sought an orient clime,  
 To perish in the youthful prime,  
 And fancy still behold thy fall,  
 And still thy youthful form recall.—  
 Has life prolong'd her listless dream,  
 My son, to make thy death my theme,  
 To pour the weak enervate verse,  
 Unworthy off'ring, on thy hearse?  
 For me remains the mournful pride,  
 To think my son has bravely died,  
 That if he fell in youthful prime,  
 His name was never stain'd with crime.  
 And happier sure the parent's doom,  
 Whose son is honour'd in the tomb,  
 Than his who mourns a worthless race,  
 In life continued, for disgrace,  
 To link dishonour with a name,  
 And tinge a father's cheek with shame.

The Season naturally inspires a wish to celebrate its character, particularly when we can obtain a classical encomium upon the most enchanting portion of the year.

#### ODE TO SPRING,

*Imitated from Horace, Lib. I. Ode 4.*

From cloudless skies on Zephyr's wing  
 Returns, in smiles, enchanting spring,  
 And smooths the brow of care;  
 Again the Sailor ploughs the main  
 The Shepherd's flocks adorn the plain,  
 And musick rends the air.

By yon refulgent orb serene,  
 The Graces with their blooming Queen  
 On frolic step advance,  
 And while immers'd in toil profound,  
 Dull Vulcan fires his forge around  
 They form the spritely dance.

Now is it meet in myrtle bowers,  
 To braid the virgin's locks with flowers,  
 That groce the perfum'd land;  
 And near yon consecrated grave,  
 To sacrifice a kid to Love  
 With unpolluted hand.

Time swiftly flies: resistless fate,  
 Forbids us, in this transient state,  
 To murmur at our lot:  
 Since Death, on rude impartial feet,  
 Explores alike the monarch's seat  
 As yon secluded cot.

And lo! arriv'd at Pluto's cell,  
 Condemn'd among his train to dwell  
 In shades of endless night;  
 No more shall Bacchus hold the bowl,  
 Or wit, or musick charm the soul  
 Or beauty's power delight.

#### SONG.

A plague of these musty old lubbers,  
 Who teach us to fast and to think,  
 And patient fall in with life's rubbers  
 With nothing but water to drink;  
 A can of good stuff had they swigg'd it,  
 Would have set them for pleasure agog,  
 And, spite of the rules,  
 The rules of the schools,  
 The old folks would have all of 'em swigg'd it,  
 And swore there was nothing like grog.

My father, when last I from Guinea,  
 Returned with abundance of wealth,  
 Cryed Jack, ne'er be such a ninny,  
 As to spend——Says I, Father, your health,  
 So I pass'd round the stuff, and he twigg'd it,  
 And it set the old codger agog;  
 And he swigg'd, and mother  
 And sister and brother  
 And I swigg'd, and all of us swigg'd it,  
 And swore their was nothing like grog.

One day when the Chaplain was preach-  
 ing,  
 Behind him I cautiously shrunk,  
 And while he our duty was teaching,  
 As how we should never get drunk;  
 I tipped him the stuff, and he twigg'd it,  
 Which soon set his Reverence agog,  
 And he swigg'd, and Nick swigg'd,  
 And Ben swigg'd, and Dick swigg'd,  
 And I swigg'd, and all of us swigg'd it  
 And swore there was nothing like grog.

Then, trust me, there's nothing like drink-  
 ing,  
 So pleasant on this side the grave,  
 It keeps the unhappy from thinking  
 And makes e'en the valiant more brave.  
 For me, from the moment I twigg'd it,  
 The good stuff so set me agog,  
 Sick or well, late or early  
 Wind foully or fairly  
 I've constantly swigg'd it,  
 And, dammee, there's nothing like grog.

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# THE PORT FOLIO,

(NEW SERIES)

BY OLIVER OLDSCHOOL, ESQ.



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Various, that the mind of desultory man, studious of change and pleased with novelty, may be indulged—Cowp.

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Vol. V.

Philadelphia, Saturday, May 14, 1808.

No. 20.

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## ORIGINAL PAPERS.

*For The Port Folio.*

### TRAVELS.

#### LETTERS FROM GENEVA AND FRANCE.

*Written during a residence of between two and three years in different parts of those countries, and addressed to a lady in Virginia.*

*(Continued from page 291.)*

#### LETTER XV.

My dear E—,

WE got to Montelimar on the evening of the 5th of October, exactly one hundred and thirty years, to a day, since Madame de Sevigné stopt there for the night, on her way from Grignan: after all you have heard me say in commendation of that celebrated personage, whose letters I have more than once pressed you not only to read, but to study, you will be surprised that I should pass within a few miles of her daughter's residence without going there, and that I should miss an opportunity of contemplating the Royal

Castle of the Adhemars, and the town of Grignan, and the grotto of Roche Courbière; but I had learned, upon inquiry, that the violence and cruelty of the Revolution had been exhibited with every circumstance of impious destruction at Grignan; that the Castle had been destroyed, and the burying-place of the family violated; and that the remains of Madame de Sevigné, after having been exposed to publick view, had been deprived of the coffin, which was of lead, and of the burial dress, to which some ornaments of silver had been annexed. The celebrated Monsieur de Saussure, who travelled through this country some years ago with his lady, had the satisfaction of passing an evening in the Castle of Grignan, and Madame de Saussure found herself, for the night, in possession of Madame de Sevigné's bedchamber.

The Castle was an enormous building, situated as Monticello is,

with an extensive court closed by iron gates in front, and surrounded by a terrace, which commands a view of barren plains, and washed hill sides, with here and there a few live oaks, or a clump of olive trees. It is not to be wondered at, that Madame de Sevigné was not partial to such a place, exposed too, as it was, to all the violence of the Bise, which was so great at times as to break the casement windows with the gravel of the terrace. The pictures of the mother and the daughter were still hanging up, the latter, it seems, was a handsome woman, of regular features, but of rather a languid countenance: the mother was fair, had blue eyes, a round face, and light hair, with by no means that vivacity expressed in her features, which the reader of her letters might expect to find there.

The whole of the hill the Castle stood on, is a confused mass of various sea-shells in fragments, a circumstance which I believe on the authority of M. de Saussure, but which I should have been glad to have had ocular demonstration of. I could, indeed, have passed several days very agreeably and advantageously, had I been differently situated, in the neighbouring mountains, and in those below Avignon, with such a guide as the *Voyage dans les Alpes*, and should have been particularly glad to have visited those quarries, in which fish of various sorts have been found petrified, or have left their impression as distinctly marked out as if done by an engraver; leaves of various trees and plants are discernible in the same manner. It is singular, that fish of various climates, and of salt and fresh water should be found intermingled; the same space, perhaps,

may have been alternately covered by the ocean or by some lake, in the great changes which our globe has undergone, and the poor animals, of either sort, have taken refuge deep in the mud as the water ran off; the mud retaining the impression of the body committed to it, has hardened and become stone in the lapse of many ages, and the beholder is thus astonished with a form, which he could so little have expected in such a place.

I observed, at the first post from Montelimar, the spot where Madame de Sevigné advises her daughter to be upon her guard against the danger of the road: it must certainly, in former times, and when the river was high, have been dangerous to go along there, but the road has been since carried higher up the hill, which overhangs the low grounds, and the heart of the tenderest mother might be at rest. The road was now open for several miles, a handsome terrace, hanging over the Rhone; on our right, was a steep hill, with here and there a small vineyard, wherever it was possible for art to come to the assistance of nature; on our left was the Rhone, and, on the other side, were meadows at the feet of hills, which appeared everywhere cultivated and inhabited, with now and then the remains of a castle, or a castle entire on some pinnacle, which in former times was deemed inaccessible: these hills were the continuation of the Cevennes, which I had first seen from the place du Peyron at Montpellier. On our arrival at the Isore we found a ferry, where the attendance was as bad as in South Carolina, and we were some time crossing it. It was not disagreeable, however, to be detained near the spot

where Hannibal must have halted, before he directed his course towards the Alps, and where Marius was encamped before he had as yet accustomed his soldiers to the appearance of the barbarians of the North. Read the passage of Plutarch, and figure to yourself, that we must have been within a few steps of where those ferocious warriors stood, when they called to the Romans and asked in derision, if they had any message to send to their wives in Italy? The Consul Fabius also, though ill of a fever at the time, and carried in a litter, as Charles XII was at Pultowa, has illustrated this neighbourhood by a great victory over the Gauls; history tells us, that the agitation of mind, which he underwent upon the occasion, performed a cure; it was probably a third-day fever, such as they have so much of in the neighbourhood of York in Virginia, and for the cure of which, so many idle spells and charms have been invented by the superstition of mankind, but of all cures surely none was ever so glorious as that of the Consul Fabius. We next passed through the country of the celebrated Hermitage wine, and stopped for the night at Saint Vallier: the master of the house here, most bitterly regretted the war which had again taken place between England and France after so short a peace, and repeated the names of several British noblemen and gentlemen, who had drank deeply of his wine, and had given him large orders for it.

The country had risen for the last two or three posts into hills a little lower than those of the south west; the Rhone ran rapidly at their base as if struggling to get free, and their sides, except now

and then a little slip of meadow, were entirely covered with vineyards, the grapes of which were now in their utmost perfection: figure to yourself what the mountains in your neighbourhood would be under this mode of cultivation, and, at the same time, very thickly inhabited. We were now within a day's journey of Lyons, and hurried on as fast as the roads, which are not so good as in the south, permitted us. We stopped for about an hour at Vienne, which in the days of Julius Cæsar, was a place of some importance, and contained, for some centuries after, several Roman buildings of great magnificence; of these not a vestige remains but one solitary monument; it is about forty feet high, and is on the road side to the south of the town: the probability is, that this memorial of some unknown person existed, as it now does, at least five hundred years before Clovis established himself in France, and yet has it outlasted the monarchy itself, and may, perhaps, survive the Republic. The town is irregularly built between the foot of a steep hill and the side of the Rhone, and must, from its situation in so fertile a country, be a place of considerable trade. We now ascended for some time, and beheld, from the eminence which overhangs Vienne on the north, a country not unlike that which I described to you, the day we first left the valley of the Garonne. The night and rain came upon us soon after; I will not therefore attempt any further description of the country, I will only add that we arrived at Lyons about eight, after a length of suburbs which exceeded in extent all that I could have imagined, and were received in very



handsome apartments at a very good inn.

LETTER XVI.

— — — — — had left Lyons a day or two before, and as I found that the person whose protection I had principally depended on for him at Geneva, was not there, we felt the necessity of rendering our stay as short as possible. You must read in some book of Geography the history of this great city, which is situated at the confluence of two rivers, in a beautiful and fertile country; it carried on an extensive trade, and contained one hundred and eighty thousand inhabitants before the Revolution. I must refer you to the same source for an account of the various arts and manufactories for which Lyons was distinguished, and for the names and works of the illustrious men which it has produced.

As mercantile opulence was for a time equally the object of persecution in France, with nobility of blood, or sanctity of character, or respectability of profession, the same sad scenes have been acted here as in Bordeaux. The Lyonese, however, had the energy to take up arms against their tyrants, nor was it until after an honourable defence that they submitted. They bravely exposed themselves to the dangers of a siege, in defence of their just rights, and when it was no longer possible to resist, they supported, with a patience truly heroick, all the evils, that could be heaped upon them by a cruel and rapacious enemy. In their first efforts against the tyranny of the convention and its agents, they were for a time assisted by the Girondists; nor did their courage fail them, when that

celebrated party gave way before the common enemy. Having ventured to punish their tyrant Châlier, who was the first victim of his own guillotine, they soon foresaw the vengeance with which they were threatened and prepared to meet it. A city for ages removed from scenes of war, assumed at once, as if by miracle, the appearance of a frontier town; a military chest was erected, a paper currency founded on the joint credit of every commercial house of eminence, was put in circulation, cannon were cast, redoubts thrown up, and a commander in chief appointed: it required no solicitation for the young and active to enrol themselves in the regiments which were raised: those also whose age and infirmities or habits of life prevented the offer of their personal services, very willingly submitted to such occupations as were assigned them, whilst the women undertook the charge of the hospitals, and the children were to be alert in picking up the balls that might drop from the batteries of the besieged. I have conversed with a merchant, who commanded a company during the siege, in which his two sons, his four servants, and his thirteen clerks served as common soldiers. The effective force of the besieged never exceeded eight thousand men, whilst that of the besiegers was from forty to sixty thousand: with all their courage and their internal resources, the inhabitants of Lyons would scarcely have ventured upon such a contest, had they not relied upon the general fermentation which then prevailed in the south of France, and which ended so wofully for the people of Toulon. The king of Sardinia too, gave them hopes

of assistance, and a body of troops was set in motion for that purpose; but circumstances, connected, I really believe, with the safety of his own dominions, and with the selfish short-sighted politicks of Austria intervened, and the troops were countermanded. The Swiss Cantons were to the last depended upon for assistance, but they persevered in their unfeeling neutrality, as if Ulysses in the monster's den had remained content with the boon of being the last devoured. The emigrants, seem also to have lost all energy upon the occasion; they made no effort to throw themselves into the town, though collected, apparently for that purpose in great numbers upon the frontiers, and though the fury of civil war had rekindled a flame of royalism in the breast of the Lyonese. Assistance in short offered itself from no quarter, except from the little town of Montbrisson, at the distance of about eight leagues; the efforts of whose inhabitants, however, served only to draw upon themselves a share of those calamities which overwhelmed their friends. Under all these discouragements, and with internal treachery to guard against, was the siege protracted to upwards of two months, until the batteries of the enemy commanded every part of the city, and the daily ration of provisions was reduced to half a pound of bad bread: it then became necessary to surrender at discretion, but their general, the gallant Precy had made arrangements for forcing his way into Switzerland, at the head of fifteen hundred or two thousand determined followers, many of these were joined by their wives and some by their parents, whilst others were under the necessity of

leaving the tender helpless objects of their affection behind them, exposed to the vile passions and savage cruelty of a licentious, unrelenting enemy. Figure to yourself the march of this devoted column from their native city. Gibbon's description of the effort made by a portion of the inhabitants of Damascus, to withdraw themselves from the power of the Saracens will furnish you with some idea of such a scene, but the exiles of Damascus, were more fortunate than those of Lyons, who having been compelled after several severe conflicts to seek for safety in flight and dispersion, were encountered by a still worse enemy than the soldier who had routed them; the peasantry of the neighbouring villages had been made to believe, that this poor remnant of Lyonese, were aristocrats loaded with gold, or foreigners whose object it had been to parcel out the territory of the republick among their different sovereigns; this, with the desire, too natural upon all occasions of siding with the strongest, was sufficient to put arms into their hands, and to steel them against compassion. They waylaid every path, examined every grot and thicket, and proceeded to the deliberate destruction of their former benefactors, as if they had been engaged in a hunting expedition against an inroad of wolves from the mountains, or any other savage race of noxious animals. Of the original fifteen hundred or two thousand exiles, not more than 150 effected their escape, but you will derive a degree of satisfaction from knowing that Precy was of the number. A lady, who had accompanied her husband under the disguise of a soldier, saw him killed at her side,

but was so fortunate as to reach the frontiers. The parish priests saved a few individuals, and a young man from whose conversation I have derived the greater part of this narration, was able to gain the cottage where he had been a nurse, and lay concealed there for a month. Of those who, unwilling to make the attempt, or unable from different circumstances, or trusting to some degree of mercy in the government, had remained at Lyons, the fate was infinitely worse: death in the field of battle, or from the hands of a ferocious peasant was soon inflicted; but death after weeks confinement in a loathsome gaol, and with all the circumstances of refined, unheard-of cruelty, which attended the executions of Lyons, was a termination that completed the sum of human misery. In addition to the common motives which seems to have influenced the agents of the government, who were familiar to scenes of distress, who caught at every excuse to confiscate the property of the rich, and who thought France overburthened with inhabitants, it was the misfortune of the Lyonese, that the principal personage upon this sad occasion was Collot d'Herbois, whom they had formerly known as an actor upon their stage, and had more than once hissed for performing his part badly: this wretch found the guillotine too slow an instrument, and drowning too easy a death for the purposes of his revenge, and it was by his order, that artillery loaded with what is called *langrish*, was pointed against the devoted victims, who were drawn up for that purpose at one time in the square of the town, at others in a field at a little distance from the gates,

which had frequently been a scene of triumph to them during the siege. You may form some idea of the cruel disorder and confusion which prevailed at these executions by a single circumstance: on counting over the dead bodies after the butchery was over, it was found upon one occasion that there were two hundred and two, instead of two hundred, the number ordered for the slaughter of the day; two of the jailors, had, it seems been fastened by mistake to two of the prisoners and had shared their fate.

There must be something in the frequent view of destruction, joined to the oppression the victim feels himself about to be withdrawn from, and the secret sense of a good cause, and the hope perhaps of a hereafter, which not only buoys up man above the fear of death in the worst form, but renders him on some occasions even insensible to its approach; it was not simply with resignation, but even with appearances of joy and exultation that the prisoners marched over the fatal bridge, which led to the field of death; it was in vain that all was put in practice by their oppressors which might destroy the last energies of the human mind—they saw unmoved the battery which pointed against them, and the soldiers, who, to the disgrace of honourable warfare, were to finish the work of death, and the pit into which they were to be promiscuously thrown: the courage even of the women, many of whom were of an inferiour class in society, was not to be overcome; they were seen to tear from their caps as they approached the place of trial, and to throw away with contempt, the tri-coloured cockade, which the

pity of the bystanders had placed there. I have conversed at different times whilst I remained at Lyons, and since I have been at Geneva, with persons who bore a part in the siege; and were of the few who had escaped, or had been able to secrete themselves after the surrender. One gentleman, whom I saw dancing at a ball last night, had prepared for himself before the surrender, a hole in a thick wall behind a press, the back boards of which he could remove at pleasure; luckily for him, it happened not to be one of the many houses selected for destruction, and he remained there, as the rabbits in our country do in the hollow of a tree, descending into the street at night, and listening very frequently during the day to the search that was made after him: the press, he says, was frequently opened and examined; in his place I should have been afraid of their hearing my heart beat. Another owed his life to a female visitor at the prison where he was confined: she to his great astonishment claimed acquaintance with him, reminded him of his having once made room for her in a crowded box at the theatre, and being a person of some charms and some influence contrived to get him enlarged.

## POLITE LITERATURE.

### LETTERS FROM BRUTUS.

#### LETTER V.

*To the Right Hon. Charles James Fox.*

SIR,

The irregularities of genius have been so often observed that it has at length become almost proverbial to associate a want of prudence with the possession of a brilliant imagination.

We easily pardon in others, and excuse in ourselves, an eccentricity of conduct which we suppose connected with the warmth of feeling or the energies of fancy, and set down propriety and discretion as homely qualities, to be valued, perhaps, but not to be envied.

If brilliancy of talents could excuse their misdirection, you, Sir, of all men living, might plead that apology. The variety of powers with which your mind is endowed; the extent of your knowledge, with the vivacity of your imagination; the logical closeness of your reasoning, with that overwhelming torrent of eloquence in which it is conveyed; the rapidity of your thought, with the accuracy of your perception; the intuitive and lightning glance of your own observation, with your just and clear conception of that of others—altogether form a combination which astonishes equally and delights the observer.

But it is by the application, rather than the possession of abilities, that men are useful or respectable in life; and this maxim holds particularly true with regard to publick men, to whom discretion in the conduct of their talents is more absolutely essential than to others, in proportion to the extent of their influence, and the importance as well as delicacy of the situations in which they are placed. In the course of your political life, Sir, such situations have been uncommonly frequent; and it was highly favourable to the celebrity as well as to the development of your abilities, that they rose in a period more eventful than almost any other in the annals of Great Britain, or in the history of Europe.

In those situations, Sir, the publick has not perhaps always done justice to your conduct. In the national temper of England there is a downright openness and good nature, which allows much to purity of intention, which pardons many errors in its respect for general good character; while, on the other hand, it is always disposed to detract from

abilities or success, if unaccompanied with these estimable qualities. Your great opponent, so long (alas! much too long) in administration, possessed the virtues of temperance, which, though they were often vices to his country, its generosity trusted and approved; and it looked with complacency on his amiable domestick character, to which the tenour of your life, and the complexion of your society, were known to be adverse. Your opposition to him was supposed to be grounded on personal resentment. Your opposition to his measures was attributed only to the turbulence of faction. The publick had just begun to feel his demerits, when your coalition with him took place; a coalition which the people felt as individuals, and could not, in the antipathy of that feeling, allow for party combination or political expediency. You suffered thus alike from their indulgence, and their censure of that unfortunate minister; and they gave credit to the justice of your former accusations against him, only at that moment when your ill-sorted junction laid you under the mortifying necessity of retracting them. But on the subject of Lord North, the publick indignation has ceased, and we will not awaken it; though we may be allowed, with a retrospective sigh for national disaster, or a smile at national credulity, to wonder that so weak an agent could occasion so great a mischief to his country. That country, in its wonted good nature, and with a certain reverence for misfortune and infirmity, of which he has not always shown them an example, has allowed his age to remain unquestioned; has left him undisturbed to the quietism of his nature, if haply it may sooth the pangs of recollection, or blunt the dread of that obloquy with which posterity will cover his name. Or perhaps he owes much of this indulgence to the circumstance of being so fortunate in a successor—*"Deus nobis hæc omnia fecit."* We are un-

willing to disturb the present prosperity of the nation with a recollection of its distresses, or of those wretched ministers by whom they were occasioned.

From this natural and commendable propensity in the people to enhance or to lessen the publick merits of men according to their private dispositions, or private character, you have suffered a disadvantage which has counterbalanced all your natural endowments, and all your acquired information, great and extraordinary as we are willing to admit them. It is not sufficient for you to answer, that much of the blame imputed to you in this respect is unjust and ill-founded; for your friends to tell us of the candour of your mind, the benevolence of your heart, the warmth and disinterestedness of your friendship. Did the publick give them credit for their assertions, it would still reply, Why waste those qualities on objects so improper? why degrade them by an association with men so unworthy? But the publick is general in its conclusions, and cannot easily suppose particular exceptions to rules which experience has established. The people look to that circle of which you form a part, and involve you in that general colour it assumes to their eye. They cannot couple dissipation and business, and do not easily associate deep gaming and scrupulous integrity. Some of your friends publicly disclaim gaming, and are content to cheat without it: You play with that gentleman-like fairness which marks every part of your conduct; yet with the million, those friends of yours have the merit of their abstinence from play, while you derive none from that honour with which your indulgence in play is accompanied. The profession of play, like every other profession against which publick virtue and prejudice is armed, subjects to the general obloquy of the calling every individual, however honourably he may exercise it. Nor is it often that this general opinion of

the publick is erroneous ; imputed degradation is commonly productive of the real ; and an association with the mean or the worthless, if it does not corrupt us into vice, will at least blunt our feelings of virtue.

Some of your acquaintance will smile at the word virtue, when applied to political situation : but this is not the cant of fanaticism ; it is the voice of truth and of reason, and a minister of England must hear and obey it. It is for the honour of our country that even private moral rectitude goes so much to the credit of publick men, that we can scarce recollect a popular minister who was not possessed, or supposed to be possessed of it. But there are certain virtues that may be termed ministerial, which a statesman must possess in order to be trusted. Industry, attention, integrity, and economy, are qualities essential to his situation ; and though it is possible that he may take them up, as he does the seals of his office, for the publick use merely, while in his private capacity he never thinks of exercising them ; yet the people will hardly confide in this occasional conformity, but will rather suppose that the habits of his life will outweigh the duties of the hour, and the bonds of his society be stronger than the obligations of his business. The few who are acquainted with the force of the pliability of his mind, may conceive him to be above the debasement of his ordinary occupations, or the contagion of his favourite company ; but the publick imagination is less ductile, and will not so suddenly lose the irreverent ideas it has formed of a man's private manners and private connexions.

You will easily apply these general positions, Sir, you applied them indeed, already, during the short time you and your friends were in administration ; you assumed the grave and serious deportment which you knew was suitable to your office ; you put on the externals of decorum with scrupulous attention ; but the pub-

lick opinion was refractory, and we did not trust our sight against the conviction of our understanding. The solemn suit and its dignified appendages only recalled to our remembrance the blue frock and the familiar rattan ; and we saw still at your side some persons who were only entitled to be there from their participation of those looser hours in which surely nothing was to be acquired that could fit men for the high offices of the State. We regretted this in your former, and feared it in your future advancement. Unless divorced from your former connexions, you must have risen into power, as the vulgar suppose of comets, with a noxious atmosphere around you, to blight the credit of the state, and to taint the purity of publick administration.

The minister of a great empire has other opinions to gain besides those of his own countrymen. The credit of Britain is one of the proudest circumstances in the comparison between her and the surrounding nations. You know, Sir, for you were abroad at a critical juncture, the effect which the virtue of a minister has on that credit : they are polite on the continent ; and it might possibly not reach your ears how much that credit might be lessened by his vices or his dissipation.

I am afraid you have thrown away your talents, as well as sullied your reputation, by your adherence to men who were often as unfortunate in the objects they pursued as in the conduct they held. You have exhibited your eloquence with the dexterity of a prize-fighter rather than the dignity of a champion for truth ; owing, perhaps, to that situation in which you had the misfortune to be placed, the most admirable of its exertions oftener pleased than persuaded, oftener astonished than pleased. You indulged a subtlety in argument which sometimes vanquished your adversaries in debate ; but, like other barren conquests, rather gained an increase of glory than an extent of power. Your audience contrived to

P P

separate the debater from the man, and lavished its applause on the first, without bestowing its commendation on the latter.

This letter, Sir, is addressed to you by one who is of no party but that of truth; who is attached to no interests but those of his country. Did personal attachment or acquaintance weigh with him, he has known you enough to be fascinated by your society, and has felt the chilling virtue and unconciliating pride of some of your opponents. He calls to you "with a friendly voice," for the sake of his country, to which your wonderful talents have been hitherto almost unproductive. In modern men of your rank, talents, any ways approaching to yours, are of a rarity that enchances their value, and the publick cannot spare them to idleness, to intemperance, or to faction. We would call, Sir, on the patriotism of the citizen, or if that claim should appear too general, we would rouse the pride of the man. Did heaven form a soul like yours, and endow it with powers so exalted, to calculate the throws at Brookes's or to measure the ground at Newmarket? Think of yourself more worthily, Sir; leave those provinces to the Dukes of Piccadilly or Bloomsbury, or to any other Dukes or Lords, whose reputation no meanness can lower, whose minds no insignificance of employment can debase. But for you, Sir, thus to misemploy your talents, is a suicide of the mind, impious to heaven, and unjust to yourself and your country. Think how many events may arise to call them into important stations, when the war of parties shall have ceased, when personal distinctions shall be forgotten. Political prosperity is of very uncertain duration; and to states as to individuals, prosperity itself has its dangers. In opposition, or in power, your supereminent abilities must always be valuable, if you will but know their value, and point their use: but while you sink the one and pervert the other, though we may afford

you our admiration or our regret, we cannot bestow our respect or our confidence.

BRUTUS.

*For The Port Folio.*

### POLITE LITERATURE.

*(Continued from page 297.)*

Among other consequences of the incompetency of language to awaken similar abstract conceptions, we may consider as remarkable the diversity of opinion in regard to the ruling principle of human nature. By one party every action is derived from self love; while by the other this is thought degrading to virtue. However, notwithstanding the apparent opposition of opinion, arising from the inadequacy of language, it seems to me, that men of analytical habits of thought, can hardly differ about the actual process by which human nature is incited to action. For whenever any being is impelled to act, it is evident that the final impression by which he is induced to abandon the state of quiescence, must be his own: and that all men who are actuated whether to do good or evil, so far resemble each other, as that they yield to some impulse, or to the prevailing result of some combination of impulses, received through the medium of the heart, or head, which to obey, is more pleasing than to resist. This appears undeniable from the consideration, that as we can have no consciousness but of our own impressions, it is to these only, that we can be obedient; and the impulses of reason, conscience, sympathy, passion, and appetite, being often contradictory, we must be governed by that result, to which obedience is most pleasing, or resistance most painful. But as under

the same exteriour circumstances, different men experience impulses of an opposite tendency; there must obviously be a difference in their habitudes, or conformation. Now when these are such as to cherish impressions tending to the direct gratification of appetite and passion, uninfluenced by the injury resulting to others in the pursuit of this gratification, the slave of propensities so detestable, is universally stigmatized as selfish: but on the other hand, when any nature is so happily constituted as that sympathetick sensibility to the pleasures and pains of others, overbalances the desire of immediate enjoyment, the soul endowed with qualifications so favourable to human happiness, is generally distinguished as disinterested.

Whether this application of the terms selfish and disinterested, be consistent with etymological propriety, may be a question: but it would evidently be incorrect to assign a common epithet to beings whose habitudes and conformation are so different as those above described, because both act from the result of their impressions. In order to estimate them fairly, we must ascertain the route by which these impressions are excited; whether through the base channel of immediate appetite and passion, which degrades mankind to the level of brutes: or through the avenues of the heaven-born principle of sympathy, which exalts them to the rank of angels.

From what has been said, it follows, that if obedience to that prevailing result of our impressions by which we are most allured, or most alarmed, be considered as obedience to self-love; this must be deemed our ruling principle.

But as I have already observed, the impressions of different beings are extremely various, under the same exteriour circumstances. Hence results innumerable shades of virtue and vice: and although as above defined, we must admit self-love to be the ruling principle of our nature, this does not in the least deprive vice of its horrors, nor virtue of her charms. For when we are impelled by self-love to pursue the course of generosity, benevolence, compassion, or any other exalted path of sympathy, we must become the objects of admiration and esteem: and when we are urged by it into the track of avarice, injustice, cruelty, or any other degrading route of selfishness, we must become the subjects of contempt or detestation. Perhaps a stronger discrimination between the best and worst of our species, could not be afforded consistently with any hypothesis, however flattering to human pride.

From the use which I have just made of the term selfishness, it is evident that I have avoided the common error of confounding it with self-love. This error is confirmed by the indiscriminate application of the term selfish, to all actions derived from the last mentioned principle, whereas it is only applicable to such as arise from that portion of our self-love, which may be subjected to the cold calculations of interest, or the direct gratification of passion and appetite. In this view the influence of self-love, is often opposed to that of selfishness; as when we are impelled by it to hazard life and fortune, in obedience to pleasures or pains excited by the calls of sympathy.



In considering this subject, it is remarked by the celebrated Hume, that the secret pleasure excited by good actions, is not the cause of the generous sentiment or passion, but that these are the causes of the pleasure. This is not denied by my hypothesis; but I add that the principles of our nature, whether they come under the designation of sympathy, passion, appetite, reason, or conscience, have one common mode of action on the human being, in rendering obedience to them, more agreeable than resistance; and that consequently there is a common medium of impulse, to virtue and vice, which I denominate self-love.

It will now be seen by the sagacious reader, that while I have nominally appeared to support, I have substantially attempted the overthrow of the doctrines of those who depreciate human virtue; for though I have upheld self-love as our proximate ruling principle, I have made it secondary to impulses, modified by the excellence or depravity of our habits or conformation.

## ANALYTICUS.

For The Port Folio.

## PIC-NICS.

By Thomas Moore, Esq.

We have been favoured with the following interesting communication, from the pen of the elegant translator of the Odes of Anacreon. It was designed as a "Prospectus of a Literary Periodical Paper, to be published weekly, under the title of The Pic-Nic;" but, from various circumstances, it never having appeared according to its original designation, this production is now presented to our readers, who will doubtless think it worthy of being here rescued from oblivion, and preserved as an honourable specimen of the talents of the writer.

Cœnabis bene, mi Fabulle, apud me,  
Paucis, si tibi Di favent, diebus,

Si tecum attuleris bonam atque magnam  
Cœnam. . . . CATUL. CARM. 13.

Among the ancients originated the idea of Pic-Nic suppers; it is very true, among the Greeks and Romans. They had certain entertainments which they called *collatitious feasts*, where every guest that was invited contributed his share to the repast; and it was at one of these ancient Pic-Nics that the witty Cynick of Abdera produced as gentleman-like a *fun* as any popular dramatist could wish to be the authour of. Our moderns have recently revived these Grecian suppers, and instead of the pedantick appellation *Erano*s they have adopted the name of Pic-Nic, which sounds well, and has the advantage of finding almost as few translators as the other.

From this institution we have borrowed the name for a periodical paper, which we take the liberty of proposing to the publick. We thought it a title by no means inappropriate to a work which must live by the contributions of many, and to which, those whom we aspire to please, can alone impart the means of pleasing. Genius and taste must furnish the banquet, which genius and taste will deign to partake of. So much for the *title* of our paper. There is more in "the whistling of a name" than philosophers will generally allow; and Pic-Nic, if it comes not under the description of the "*nomen nobile, molle, delicatum*," will at least, we hope, excite no unfavourable prepossession in our readers.

In stating the design of our publication, we shall not promise too much. We feel as sanguine as we ought, but we know the vanity of speculation. How very few plans are realized according to the fancy that projected them! how very few works will bear a comparison with the prospectus which announced them!

There are certain branches of literature, to which the objects of our undertaking will incline us perhaps

more particularly than to others. In the walks of science England has always been unrivalled, and the radiance of true knowledge was diffused over England before France had yet shaken off the nightmare of Aristotelian philosophy. In the bolder efforts of imagination also, we may defy the emulation of our neighbours; but there is a graceful levity of fancy, an elegance of trifling, so truly expressed by the "*l'usit amabiliter*" of Horace, in which it must be owned we have seldom indulged with success. This happy mixture of sentiment and humour the French have brought to a most interesting perfection. They have even introduced it, to the utter confusion of pedantry, into works of profound erudition and science; and thus very skilfully transfer to truth the only fascinations which have ever recommended error. Is it pride, or is it temperament, that has hitherto so checked our imitation of them? we have courted the muses, and won them; but the lighter graces of literature, what may we call the *younger sisters* of the muses, have found us so deficient in gallantry, that they all have fled to France, where their lovers are ardent and numberless. Let us try to recal them; they are not so dignified as their *elders*, but accordingly much more playful, more easy in the dalliance of fancy. They are not such *pruders* as the *musa severiores* of the family, but they know the charms of delicacy too well to lay aside the veil; and if they correspond not so aptly with the gravity of the sage, they are much more agreeable companions for the man of the world.

If a humble example can tend to promote such a taste, the writers of this paper do not hesitate to confess, that they long have adopted it as their model for imitation; they intend to try whether English phlegm is justly said to be incapable of anything but vulgar humour and blunt obtrusive irony; and perhaps the charge will appear unfounded; per-

haps our circles of fashion may yet have their *Oiseaux des Tournelles*.\*

Let it not be supposed, however, that to amuse is our only ambition; that in imitation of the Spartan lawgiver, we are merely erecting a temple to the deity of laughter. Essays on serious subjects, if not puritanically treated, we shall always receive with pleasure, and submit to the attention of the publick; happy if in our selection we can separate morality from its cant, and learning from its pedantry.

In politics we shall never attach ourselves to any opinion or party whatsoever. Upon this subject a sceptick indifference is always most conducive to the quiet of the individual and the state. If any object of ridicule arises from would-be patriots on one side, or weak-headed ministers on the other, we shall not refuse it a place among our pictures of human absurdity; but, as to further interference on the subject, we agree perfectly with Sir Andrew Ague-Cheek, and "had as lief be Brownists as politicians."

Poetry, of course, will occupy a principal department; and we beg to offer a few remarks upon the state of that Art at present.

According to De Bergerac's account of the kingdoms in the moon, the current coin among its inhabitants is poetry. How convenient would it be for our world of authours, if their lunatic brothers could transfer them this mode of payment! a man might live comfortably on an income of sonnets, and even set up a bank on the strength of an epick poem. But he also tells us that the officers of the mint, who are, we suppose, the

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\* The name given to a society at Paris in the time of Ninon L'Enclos, at whose house in the Rue des Tournelles they held their meetings. See the Marquis de Charleval's verses in the *Bijoux des neuf Sœurs*. Of this society were Madame Scarron, the Comtesse de la Suze, whose elegies are known for their amatory tenderness; Saint Evremond, and all the enlightened voluptuaries of the day.—*Dulce sodalitium*.

criticks of the kingdom, must give their stamp to all verses before they can pass as sterling. Alas! we fear, such knowing inquisitors would leave most of our poets as poor as ever; for, seriously, though the multitude of rhymers has always been a complaint among satirists, we believe in the most scribbling era there never was so much rhyming, with so little poetry, as at present. Nothing can prove the decline of taste more strongly than that love for improbable romance, and strange extravagant fiction, which has so long burdened the press with all the garbage of distempered imaginations. In the early ages of Christianity, when the genius of Greece was declining, its latest moments were marked by such reveries of dotage and imbecility. To that period may be referred those numberless insipid romances, of which time has preserved us enough to make us easy at the loss of the rest; and of which we may pronounce, with the exception, perhaps, of the pastorals of Longus, and the Æthiopicks of Bishop Heliodorus, that their brain-sick absurdities are only to be equalled by those of our modern novels and romances.

This puerile nonsense is not confined to novels; it is the chief characteristic of our most popular poetry. Instead of chastely adorning the pure deities of antiquity, we are become Egyptian idolaters, and worship nothing but monsters! spectres flit around the deserted bowers of the muses, and the region of classic enchantment is overrun with devils and hobgoblins.

We confess ourselves old-fashioned enough to prefer the levities of a *Horace*, or even the philosophick badinage of a *Chaulieu*, to all the *terrors*, *magicos*, *sagas*, &c. which some "sweet creatures of bombast" have conjured up from Heywood and Waukey; and we refer their admirers to D'Alembert's explication of the system figure, prefixed to the *Encyclopedie*, where they will find such productions classed under their proper

head. "*La Poesie a ses monstres comme la Nature; il faut mettre de ce nombre toutes les productions de l'imagination dereglee.*"

Thus far, upon the general objects of our paper. We feel a proportionate zeal on every humbler subject, in which the studies or pleasures of the town are interested; and accordingly, one of our principal departments shall be devoted to free and unbiassed criticism on the merits of publick dramatick performances. The necessity of such a review, conducted without malice or venality, has long been seriously felt and acknowledged. With this conviction we undertake the task; and in the words of the illustrious Roman annalist, "*sine ira et studio, quorum causas procul habemus.*"

We may now and then venture our remarks upon the light and passing publications of the day; but we pledge ourselves not to aspire beyond trifles. Learning and science must go of course to the reviewers, while we shall content ourselves with such summer productions as may be read one fine evening, and criticised the next. Sometimes, indeed, we may come after the reviewers, and indulge a smile at their sapient decisions. When we find them, with other pursuers of literature, attempting to restore that parade of index erudition which has long gone to sleep with Dutch commentators on our shelves, and was only fit for those ages when a man's understanding was measured by the lumber of his library, we may be allowed to exclaim with Shakspeare's Gremio, "Oh, this learning! what a thing it is!" and resolve to use the little "writing and reading that comes by nature" to us, in ridiculing pedantry, and laughing at dogmatists.

With respect to news, we shall leave all foreign intelligence to the ingenious editors of the daily prints, whose manufacture supplies more than enough for the consumption of all our craving politicians. We shall, however, reserve a page for curious domestick information; and the an-

nals of fashionable life shall frequently claim our attention. How much the intrigues and gallantries of the great may tend to illustrate the general history of a period, is easily understood from all the French memoirs; and though our women are not yet such Aspasias in politicks, there is quite enough of talent among them to render their *egaremens* very interesting. We shall therefore record, oh Fashion! "*noctu quid facias in-epitiarum.*"

Such is the Prospectus of the *PIC-NIC*. We omit those minute particulars which relate to the mechanical part of the undertaking. On the price of the papers we have yet to consult our Printer; and with respect to the number of their pages, we shall make them "in the fashion of stirrup-leathers," like Friar John's prayers, and "shorten or lengthen them as we think proper."\*

#### MISCELLANY.

The following poem is a great curiosity. It is the production of the celebrated Charles Yorke, who was so nobly distinguished for his genius and eloquence, and who immediately after his elevation to the Lord High Chancellorship perished prematurely, in consequence of a sensibility too acute to bear the reproaches of a malignant faction. He was a most accomplished scholar, a very eloquent orator, a dextrous logician and an honourable man. His political principles, to a loyal adherence of which he fell a sacrifice, were admirable. He was one of the *King's Friends*, and had he braved the insolence of Sedition and Rebellion, he would have been a most formidable opponent to that pernicious party, who in the years 1768, 1769 and 1770, as well as at other periods, produced so much mischief in England. The ensuing lines written by Mr. YORKE, at a juvenile age, reflect lustre upon his taste and talents, they have been

thought worthy by EDMUND BURKE, to be transmitted to posterity. This is enough, independently of their intrinsic merit, to gain them a conspicuous place in this Journal.

*Ode to the Honourable Miss Yorke, (afterwards Lady Anson) on her copying a Portrait of Dantè by Clorio. B, her Brother, the late Honourable Charles Yorke, Esq.*

Fair artist! well thy pencil has essay'd  
To lend a poet's fame thy friendly aid;  
Great Dantè's image in thy lines we trace;  
And while the Muses train thy colours  
grace,  
The Muse propitious on the draught shall  
smile,  
Nor, envious, leave unsung the gen'rous  
toil.

Picture and Poetry just kindred claim,  
Their birth, their genius, and pursuits the  
same;  
Daughters of Phœbus and Minerva, they  
From the same sources draw the heavenly  
ray.

Whatever earth, or air, or ocean breeds,  
Whatever luxury or weakness needs;  
All forms of beauty Nature's scenes dis-  
close,

All images inventive arts compose;  
What ruder passions tear the troubled  
breast,

What mild affections sooth the soul to rest,  
Each thought to Fancy magick numbers  
raise

Expressive picture to the sense conveys.  
Hence in all times with social zeal con-  
spire,

Who blend the tints, and who attune the  
lyre.

See! in reviving Learning's infant dawn,  
Ere yet in precepts from old ruins drawn,  
Sham'd the mock ornaments of Gothick  
taste,

New artists form'd, each Grecian bust re-  
plac'd;\*

Ere Leo's voice awak'd the barb'rous age,  
Oppress'd by monkish law, and Vandal  
rage;

See! Dantè, Petrarch, through the dark-  
ness strive,

And Giotto's pencil bid their forms sur-  
vive!

When now maturer growth fair Science  
knew,

\* Giotto was the scholar of Cimabue, and the first painter of any genius that appeared in Italy. He worked at Florence: was the contemporary of Dantè and Petrarch, whose pictures he drew, and with whom he lived in friendship.

\* Rabelais.

† Titian her favour'd sons ambitious drew ;  
 Not half so proud with princes to adorn  
 His tablets, as with wits less nobly born,  
 Ariosto, Aretine, yet better skill'd  
 On letters and on virtue fame to build :  
 These in their turn instruct the willing  
 song,

The painter's fading glories to prolong.  
 In later times, hear Waller's polish'd verse  
 The various beauties of Vandyke rehearse ;  
 And Dryden, in sublimer strains impart  
 To Kneller praise more lasting than his  
 art.

Friendships like these from time receive  
 no law,  
 Contracted oft with those we never saw ;  
 In ev'ry art who court an endless fame,  
 Through distant ages catch the sacred  
 flame :

See\* Zeuxis, warm'd by Homer's rage di-  
 vine,

With rapture read, and what he reads,  
 design !

See † Julio, bred on the Parnassian soil,  
 With Virgil's grandeur dignify his toil !

‡ Clovio, perhaps, like aid to Dantè ow'd ;

† Titian drew more portraits of kings  
 and princes, than any painter that ever  
 lived. Ariosto and Aretine were his friends  
 and cotemporaries, of whom he made  
 pictures.

\* Zeuxis is said to have studied Homer  
 with particular attention. He always read  
 such parts of his poems, as were best sui-  
 ted to the subject he had in hand, before  
 he took up his pencil.

† Julio Romano, the disciple and favour-  
 ite of Raphael, was said to have a peculiar  
 majesty in his compositions. He was the  
 best scholar of the modern painters, and a  
 diligent reader of Virgil, and the greatest  
 poets.

‡ Julio Clovio lived 200 years after Dantè.  
 The portrait of Dantè, here mentioned,  
 represents him in a melancholy posture in  
 the fore-ground, looking back on Florence,  
 whence he was banished during the com-  
 motions in that state, in which he bore  
 the highest offices. Clovio's great work  
 is a book of drawings, to be seen at this  
 day in the Florentine gallery, the subjects  
 of which are all taken from Dantè's poem  
 on hell, purgatory, and heaven.

Intent his figure on the can vas glow'd :  
 To Dantè's fame the grateful colours flew,  
 And wreaths of laurel bind his honour'd  
 brow.

Thou too, whom Nature and the Muse  
 inspire,  
 List'n'ing the poet's lore hast caught his  
 fire ;

With so much spirit ev'ry feature fraught,  
 Clovio might own this imitated draught ;  
 And Dantè were he conscious of the praise,  
 Would sing thy labours in immortal lays ;  
 His melancholy air to gladness turn'd,  
 Nor longer his unthankful Florence  
 mourn'd ;

Fair § Beatrice's charms would lose their  
 force,

No more her steps o'er heav'n direct his  
 course ;

To thee the bard would grant the nobler  
 place,

And ask thy guidance through the paths  
 of peace.

Oh ! could my eloquence, like his, per-  
 suade

To leave the bounded walks by others  
 made,

Through Nature's wilds bid thy free ge-  
 nius rove,

Copy the living race, or waving grove ;  
 Or boldly rising with superiour skill,

The work with heroes or with poets fill ;  
 Then might I claim, deserv'd, the laurel  
 crown,

My verse not quite neglected or unknown ;  
 Then should the world thy glowing pencil  
 see,

Extend the friendship of its art to me.

#### EPITAPH.

*St. Bartholomew, London.*

ON WILLIAM SHAW, an Attorney.

Here lies *William Shaw*,

An attorney at law ;

If he is not blest,

What will become of all the rest ?

§ Beatrice, the mistress of Dantè in his  
 youth, who died many years before him,  
 and of whom he speaks with affection.  
 She is represented in the poem, as the  
 guardian angel who leads him through  
 heaven, as Virgil and Statius do their he-  
 roes through hell and purgatory.

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# THE PORT FOLIO,

(NEW SERIES)

BY OLIVER OLDSCHOOL, ESQ.



Various, that the mind of desultory man, studious of change and pleased with novelty, may be indulged—Cowp.

Vol. V. Philadelphia, Saturday, May 21, 1808.

No. 21.

## ORIGINAL PAPERS.

*For The Port Folio.*

### TRAVELS.

#### LETTERS FROM GENEVA AND FRANCE.

*Written during a residence of between two and three years in different parts of those countries, and addressed to a lady in Virginia.*

*(Continued from page 311.)*

#### LETTER XVII.

My dear E—,

OUR stay was too short to enable us even to take a superficial view of this celebrated city; we ascended the hill however, which overhangs it, and enjoyed one of the finest prospects we had beheld in France; two navigable rivers embracing, as they approach the sides of a noble city, with a well cultivated country, and a view of the Alps surmounted by Mont Blanc. Near the spot we stood on were the remains of a Roman amphitheatre, and below was the city, in which I could trace the vestiges of civil war and

jacobinical fury: the streets and bridges were, however, crowded with carriages and people, and the imagination was thus in some measure consoled for the horrors of past time by the appearances of present plenty and tranquillity. Fortunately for the present inhabitants of Lyons, the articles they have been so long in the habit of manufacturing, are of light carriage, and have been gradually brought into use by that return towards monarchy, and to the manners of a court which is now so obvious. On leaving Lyons, we followed, for a time, the direction of the Rhone, the stream of which, soon became too shallow for navigation in any but small boats, but there were evident marks of its rising at times far beyond its present limits, and extending its ravages to a great distance. It was not like the Garonne, the emblem of a gracious and bounteous sovereign, benefiting even by his occasional ex-

cesses; but of a tyrant, fierce, violent and unjust, exceeding at times all bounds, bearing off every thing before him, and then sinking again into insignificance and inutility. Quitting shortly after the direction of the Rhone, we found ourselves in a country not unlike the little Cantons of Switzerland, and reminding me very much at times of the narrow valleys and high mountains on the road from Staunton to the Sweet Springs. There were several circumstances, however, which created a very striking contrast between the back parts of Virginia, and the neighbourhood of Nanthua, where we stopped for the night; every slip of low ground, which was capable of cultivation, became a vineyard in miniature in the hands of these industrious people: no spot of good earth, even though not larger than the Spring-hill at Belvoir, remained neglected, and it was sometimes difficult to imagine, how the husbandman was ever able to reach this species of hanging garden: in addition to this difference in point of prospect, there were the houses of the peasantry, either collected in villages, or scattered along the face of the mountain, and in one spot there was a church on a projecting rock almost perpendicularly above us. The roads too were good though steep, and when we arrived at our inn, which was not until ten at night, instead of a miserable ordinary, the haunt of gamblers, there was a good fire in a comfortable room, and instead of an old fowl pulled from the roost by a drowsy negress, there was a supper of all that could be desired, and we were waited upon by the well-behaved, well-dressed and handsome daughters of the house. Nothing, as I have al-

ready observed, has proved so contrary to our expectation, as the goodness of the inns in France, and the civility of the innkeepers; their floors are not always as clean as one could wish; and we have been more than once shocked at the appearance of two or three stout men officiating as chambermaids, but their beds were invariably good. As to the individuals whom we met with on the road, or in towns, or at the theatre, I do not remember one instance of their behaving rudely, or even impolitely to us; and the circumstance of our being foreigners, which seemed as well known at first sight, as if written upon our foreheads, appeared everywhere a claim to kindness and respect. Of the revolution, and its effects, I have said nothing; except where the siege of Lyons irresistibly drew me from my purpose, not only from the difficulty of gaining information on a subject which has so cruelly divided the minds of men, but from a desire to acquire some better knowledge of the subject before I ventured to record my opinions, even in this transitory manner: I will only say, that I believe the revolution to have been favourable to the peasantry and small landholders throughout France, that as to its effects upon the administration of justice and upon literature, I believe it to have been favourable to the first, in appearance only, and to the last in part, and that I have reason to think, it has been extremely prejudicial to good morals, and fatal to commerce.

We are now, on the thirteenth of October, arrived at the last day's journey, as you must perceive, if you have traced us on the map: it was with mingled sensations that I felt myself approaching Geneva. You know through

how many vicissitudes of life I have passed since I lived at Geneva; a revolution too had taken place there, a sort of sabine marriage with France had been entered into, and I knew, that it had been preceded, and in some measure rendered indispensable, by scenes of outrage and of cruelty, to which some of my old acquaintances had fallen victims. We were anxious to see ———, and delightful as the journey had been, were not sorry that it was now drawing fast to a conclusion.

The country continued mountainous after we left Nantua, so that we proceeded slowly and I foresaw that we should lose that first distant prospect of the Lake which I had promised myself so much pleasure from; I was determined, however, not to lose the opportunity of showing my fellow travellers what is called La Perte du Rhone; the river at its confluence with the Aive near Geneva is upwards of seventy yards over, and though augmented by the accession of many smaller streams as it proceeds, is confined in the neighbourhood of Lecluse, after a course of twenty miles, to a space of not more than three yards. You may judge of the rapidity, with which it now foams along, and particularly when the passage becoming still narrower, as in a funnel, is at last reduced to two feet. There have been persons, who have ventured to stand astride this horrid gulph, which gives me a better idea of a fit descent for a fury to choose, on its way to the infernal shades, than anything I have seen; I could hardly bear even to peep into it; the violence of the river has here made itself a subterraneous passage, and it is seen to rise about one hundred yards lower down, the very emblem of gen-

teness itself. A great many experiments have been made with different bodies, but nothing committed to the stream on one side, has ever appeared on the other, of boats which had accidentally been drifted from a distance, not a fragment was ever seen again; a poor hog was once made to undertake the passage, and has, it is to be hoped, found repose in some other world, for he has never since appeared in this: the connexion is in all probability, through winding passages which extend to a great depth. Lecluse, which is a mile or two from the Perte du Rhone, is the place, mentioned by Cæsar, as affording one of the few passages out of the country of the Helvetians, and it is impossible for any description to be more exact.

We here entered into what was probably in very remote times the basin of a very great lake, which extended in the opposite direction to the Alps, and which having successively burst itself a passage through different places, of which there are evident marks, is now shrunk to the Lake of Geneva. It was night, by the time we got into the neighbourhood of the city, I could still however, recognise several buildings, which I saw, and knew exactly where I was. A little before eight, we arrived at Secheron, which is on the banks of the Lake, about a quarter of a mile from the gates, and had the happiness to find ——— waiting for us. He was a little disfigured by a large cravat and a long coat, but otherwise improved in his looks, and in perfect health. And now ———, adieu, you have had a faithful account of our expedition so far, and may rely upon my continuing to make you acquainted with everything that can interest you in our cir-



cumstances and situation: we shall make some excursions, and I shall have a great deal to say about Geneva, which is to be our home for sometime.

### LETTER XVIII.

*St. Jean, 1st May, 1804.*

My dear E—,

Six happy months have passed at Geneva, as happy at least as can well be in a world, where, with the most reasonable intentions, and the most moderate views, we are still liable to disappointments, and where the possession of all that can render life desirable, still leaves us exposed to the infirmities of human nature.

The inn at Secheron is large and commodious, and has a garden, which leads down to the Lake; it was at no late hour of the next day, as you may suppose, that I walked along this slope, and leaning on the low wall which serves as a barrier against the water, surveyed the interesting scene before me: the map of Switzerland, which, I take for granted, is now spread on your table, exhibits the Lake of Geneva as approaching in some degree the shape of a half moon: it is formed, as you may perceive, by the Rhone, which enters violently with its turbid waters at one extremity, fills an immense basin of sixty miles in length, by about ten in the widest part in breadth, and having divested itself of all impurities, reassumes, as by a sort of resurrection, in the shape of a clear and unpolluted stream, its course towards the Mediterranean: though far inferior in point of size to the lakes of America, and by no means dignified, as they are, with the appearance of vessels, large enough for all the purposes of extensive com-

merce, armed occasionally for war, and navigated as on the ocean, it is still an important and an interesting object. I will say nothing to you, at present, of the people who inhabit its shores, nor of the birds which are found upon its banks, nor of the fish which it produces, nor of the storms which it is sometimes agitated by, nor of its frightful depth: figure to yourself, that I was looking down upon it from a terrace, where the breadth is contracted to about a quarter of a mile; on the left, was an expanse, which appeared as an arm of the sea, not unlike the Sound between Long Island, and the Connecticut shore; to the right, was the ancient and venerable city of Geneva, as if rising from the bosom of the water, a city so long the seat of liberty, and still the seat of literature, and to me so replete with remembrance of my younger days, and before me on the opposite side, was a shore covered with country seats, in the midst of orchards and vineyards, rising by a gentle swell into mountains; the forms of which were as familiar to my mind as the features of a long-lost friend; and over these, at a distance, were the snows of the lofty Alps, and above these was Mont Blanc.

I shall have occasion hereafter to enter into a more particular description of this mighty mountain, and shall be able to do so the more correctly, from its having been so generally an object of attention; it attracted, in a very particular degree, that of the celebrated Monsieur de Saussure, who, after repeated attempts, was, at length, so fortunate as to reach the summit of the mountain, and to feel himself for a time, on the most elevated spot of all Europe, at the distance of nearly three miles

perpendicular from the surface of the sea, or twelve thousand one hundred and seventy-two feet above the village at its base. It happens to very few individuals that they are able to return after a lapse of so many years, and from so distant a spot of the earth, to the scenes of their early youth, and the satisfaction arising from such an event in my life, was accompanied with the agreeable circumstance of having so much of my family with me, and with the reflection, that health and amusement, and the means of a liberal education, were here to be found united in one spot.

The next day was employed in looking out for apartments, which with the assistance of an old friend, were very soon procured, and at no great expense, but as some days would unavoidably intervene, before we could be put in possession of them, we thought it would be best to employ the interval in making an excursion to the extremity of the Lake. On the eighteenth of October, therefore, after having established — at a school, with very respectable people, on whose attention to her I could depend, we set out, in a hired carriage, and moved slowly along the banks of the Lake, into the Pays de Vaud. In the little space of the three or four first miles, there occurred many interesting recollections. We first passed at the foot of the hill of Chambeisi, where I lived a year in company with my friend Muller, now a distinguished name in Germany, and in sight of an old family mansion, where I remembered having been kindly and hospitably received; the master and mistress of the house are no longer living, but I had the satisfaction to learn that their place

in society has been worthily supplied by several families of their descendants. We, shortly after, passed in sight of the village of Genthod, where my friend Muller and I resided a year, and found ourselves blest in the protection, the instruction, and the example of Mr. Bonnet, whose goodness of heart and mildness of disposition gained him as many friends, as his extensive erudition, and his various literary productions created admirers. Monsieur and Madame Bonnet have been dead for some years, but their names will live forever; as long at least as wisdom and virtue are in esteem, or science continues to be revered. The works by which Monsieur Bonnet was first known, were topics of Natural History, the reproduction of plants and animals, the use of leaves to trees, (a subject connected with some of the most important experiments on the nature of the atmosphere we breathe) and on the private economy of insects, either living singly, or in a species of commonwealth. His style and manner of writing on these seemingly less important subjects, were such as to captivate the attention, whilst he gratified the curiosity, and led the mind of his reader along a variety of natural representations, from the knowledge of creation up to the adoration of the Creator himself. A spider defending its future offspring in the shape of eggs, or a silkworm finding its way home, as Theseus did out of the labyrinth, became the subjects almost of our regard; and a yard or two of sand, diversified with small holes, in the shape of funnels, are converted into a land of wonders, when we find that at the bottom of each there lurks a monster, with means of

destruction far more formidable in description than are possessed by any of those that wander over the deserts of Africa; who, with two pointed horns, and twelve eyes, and the knowledge of forming pitfalls to ensnare his prey, and a coat of mail, is in want of nothing but of size, to make himself the terror of all mankind.

Mr. Bonnet's sight, which had never been good, without the assistance of glasses, began to fail him at an early period of his life, and his sense of hearing had always been in some degree deficient: the strength and vigour of his mind, therefore, very naturally led him to subjects of meditation, in the discussion of which, the clearness and precision of his ideas, the order and method of his argument, the unadorned, yet beautiful simplicity of his style, the warmth of universal good will, and the glow of cheerful piety, are as conspicuous as in his earlier productions. How far we are to trust to the truth of that mechanical explanation of the operation of our senses upon the brain, and consequently on the soul of man, which Mr. Bonnet gives, I cannot pretend to say, but it is certainly the best defence against those visual and auricular delusions, which all of us are subject to, and which have sometimes shaken the strongest minds. You know how ridiculous the celebrated Dr. Johnson made himself in his conversations about ghosts, and on fancying that he had heard himself called.

Seated, as it were, apart from the prejudices of man, Mr. Bonnet casts a bold and rapid view over creation; a connexion is explored from the lowest class of organized beings up to the insect that we tread upon, from the insect up to man, from man to God: the

goodness of his heart, aided by the powers of argument, made him see and enabled him to point out a progress of perfection in this mighty chain, the various parts of which, as far as human knowledge can avail, were familiar to him: his religion was, what has been well expressed the sunshine of the mind, it decorated every action of his life, it warmed his heart to universal benevolence, and rendered him anxious to carry the light of human reason as far as possible, from a wish to explain how all men of all religions thought alike, and that words and not things divided them.

The subjects which he treated, led him naturally to speak of our existence in a future state, and here, standing as it were on the brink of eternity, he ventures, with an imagination warmed by the pursuits of his earlier years, to cast a look into the abyss, and points out to his fellow creatures in the Chrysalis become an inhabitant of the air, and borne up by newly-acquired wings in another region, an emblem of never-failing hope and consolation.

It is melancholy to think that this good and enlightened man should have been on some occasions, during the last months of his life, himself a victim of that delusion of the senses, which his Philosophy had taught others to guard against. Reclining on his bed in the evening he perceived, as he supposed, his old and faithful servant and secretary come gently into the room, and carry off a packet of papers from a table near him; to convince him that he had not seen him was difficult, as he had the evidence, as he supposed, of his senses, and to tell him of the delusion he had laboured under, might have been attended

with mortifying, and therefore, dangerous reflections to a person already weakened by a long disorder; the secretary was represented, therefore, as having acknowledged the impropriety of his conduct, and as soliciting forgiveness; and the best likeness I have ever seen of Mr. Bonnet, represents him as stretching out his hands in the act of pronouncing these words so worthy of him, "Ah! if he repents, let him come to me, every thing is forgotten."

On entering into this detail of the character of Mr. Bonnet, I have thought rather of gratifying my own feelings, in paying this tribute of gratitude to his memory, than of amusing you; you also, however, would have loved this good man, the mildness and cheerfulness of his countenance would have won you heart at once; and you would have been delighted with his conversation, which he could accommodate to all ages and to every degree of knowledge.

## POLITE LITERATURE.

### LETTERS FROM BRUTUS.

#### LETTER VI.

*To the Right Honourable Edmund Burke.*

SIR,

When I some time ago took occasion to address you, I recommended, with an honest wish for your fame, the application of your talents to nobler objects than the contentions of party politics, "the struggle for place, or the hickerings of faction." I called upon you to exert the powers you are acknowledged to possess, "the force of a scholar's style, the richness of a poet's imagination, to correct the errors or expose the abuses of publick measures." It flatters me to see that you have fulfilled the wish I then

formed on your behalf: your treatise on the French Revolution has evinced the fullest possession of your abilities, and showed them pointed to an object of such magnitude in the history of mankind, as fully deserved to call them forth.

In this performance you have preserved all the sensibility, bordering on enthusiasm, which has been always characteristic of your happiest political appearances. Feeling as a Christian for religion, as a gentleman for honourable distinction, as a man for the distresses of the unfortunate, you will be pardoned for painting in strong, and perhaps exaggerated colours, the injustice which, in your opinion, all of them have suffered from the present Democracy of France. Many of your readers will coincide with your opinions, and they will relish your wit and your imagery; your style, even in its defects, will find warm admirers: these decorations of your work I will not stop to criticise or to applaud; I have certainly found more, much more room for applause than for criticism; but I will venture a few remarks which have struck me, in a first perusal of your work, on some of its general principles, and its representation of that very striking event of which it treats.

Nothing seems to me more just than your development of the great leading truths of our constitution, and of that renewal or restoration of its principles which took place at the revolution in 1688. I have heard that this part of your work has surprised and hurt some of your Whig friends and admirers. But I confess that I have not been able to find in it any offence against the principles of reasonable Whiggism; if, as a party-man you have sometimes been considered as professing a zeal in that respect, beyond the moderation of your present performance, it will remain to be determined on which side truth and reason lies; and whether the sober confession of your faith, in this publication, be an apostasy or a conversion.

In treating of the proceedings of the National Assembly of France, and of the new constitution which they wish to establish, you do not seem quite so moderate and impartial. The government of a great nation is a machine of so much complexity, that objections, and those too of magnitude, will easily occur to a mind less acute, and less inventive than yours. Objections will arise more easily against the operations of a republican, or anything near a republican government, than against those of a monarchy.—Absolute power is that pervading energy which simplifies everything. Give it but the adjuncts of wisdom, justice and benevolence, and nothing is so delightful to imagination. You know, Sir, that mythology and poetry have always adopted it, because in their hands it is simple, beautiful, and sublime. The difficulty of modelling a new government of this sort is one great reason why reformers have, as you observe, generally contented themselves with only improving on the old system, and have kept as much of that remaining as the immediate feeling of oppression or inconvenience would allow. But the change must always be greater in proportion to the depravity of the former government. The constitution of England, when our ancestors reestablished it at the Revolution, had sustained some injuries from the weakness or bigotry of the monarch, which could be removed without much violence; that of France had abuses inherent in its principle which could not so easily be done away. To use your own favourite allusion, the English constitution had only suffered some dilapidations which it was not difficult to repair: the French was rotten at the foundation, and it required a great deal of pulling down to remedy the mischief.

You allow nothing to the violence inseparable from the application of this remedy. You forget the resistance of the king to the first proceed-

ings of the National Assembly, which unavoidably produced this violence; the dismissal of M. Neckar; the manifesto from Versailles; the army of Marshall Broglie. Those measures of strong coercion were necessarily opposed by exertions of equal force; and in such conflicts, in the shock of heated and contending parties, not only delicacy and decorum, but even justice and humanity are sometimes forgotten. Even after the contest is at an end, the principle of violence will continue to operate; the storm may have ceased, but the swell of the ocean will remain.

With the people especially, that violence will continue, and new authority will not easily be able to repress it. The national quickness and vivacity of France runs out easily into extremes; the sentiment of the moment catches with rapidity, and hurries into excess. There is a sentiment, even of cruelty, among the French, which has often been remarked with astonishment in so civilized a people. It was this sentiment which prompted their inhuman applause, when Damien's first shriek attested the skill of the executioner. They looked on the assassin of their king, and uttered this barbarous plaudit at his tortures. 'Twas a *Vive le Roi* in a savage style; that *Vive le Roi* which made them of old forget their country; you need not wonder that, at present, the *Vive la nation* makes them forget their King.

Yet those outrages, which every good man like you must regret, to which feeling and eloquence like yours can give so much dramatick effect, have not, perhaps, been so frequent, or so great as might have been expected in a period of such commotion and tumult. The force that could wrench its sceptre from despotism could be exerted with the ease and smoothness of regular and ordinary power. If it sometimes shook the pillars of justice, if it sometimes loosened the bonds of humanity, the

transient evil must be endured for the sake of the future permanent good. If France shall ultimately obtain freedom at no greater expense than the blood which has already been spilt, though individuals may have to mourn their private losses, the publick cannot repent of the purchase.

But does humanity never speak on the other side of the question, nor think of what those wretches suffered, on whom the former government wrecked its vengeance uncontrolled? Their sufferings, indeed, were not seen in the streets, nor related in Journals; for the dungeons of the Bastile and of the Castle of Vincennes, were closed upon their miseries. But have you, Sir, whose researches have travelled so far into Asia for stories of oppression, never heard of those at your door? You will tell us, as the other defenders of the French Monarchy have done, of the infrequency of such instances. But in the system of government, it is not what is done, but what may be done, that wisdom and foresight look to.—You talk of the mildness of Louis XVI, you speak with a bombastick rapture of the charms of his Queen: the poets of Augustus, with a taste as elegant, and a style somewhat chaster than yours, could tell us of the mildness and munificence of his reign; but that power which in him was mildness and munificence, in his successors was tyranny and murder.

The circle that sees and can best talk of kings, is a narrow and partial one; and the delegated power of the Sovereign is often mischievous in the extreme, while he, from whom it flows, is amiable and beneficent. Kings may be praised by poets, and idolized by courtiers, even without the aid of much imagination or flattery, while their people are groaning under the oppressions of their government. On such testimony Louis XVI. has been celebrated as the most liberal, the most magnificent, the greatest of Monarchs; the miseries of millions of his subjects make

no figure in his history, or at least in the common and current ideas of his history. To them no painter has given colour, no poet description; they make no part of the pedestal in the statue of the *Place des Victoires*.

The distresses of the lower orders of the people, the want of food, of cloathing, of fuel, are not calculated to figure in painting and sculpture, to melt in poetry, or to rouse in eloquence. These orders, however, are what political and philosophical truth must own to be the nation. It was the misfortune in France, that the manners modelled by the form of government, established a sort of contempt for every individual, who had not rank and fashion to recommend him. This mode of thinking was not the less fatal, and was much less easy to be corrected for its really not being highly censurable in those who indulged it. It was not the effect of selfishness and inhumanity; it arose from habit merely; it was worn by a man of the court like his new suit, without any other consideration than that his companions had the same. His sphere of connexion with mankind reached no farther than a few parties of rank and fashion, whom he called the world. The twenty millions of Frenchmen, who were not of these parties, went for nothing in the account. The men of superiour rank who thought thus, were in general polite, obliging, honourable, and brave. Some of them, whom strangers were most likely to see, were possessed also of the more solid and estimable qualities of taste, of sentiment, of information. But they still retained the aristocratick prejudices of their order. These are, indeed, not unnatural to minds of a certain refinement. The heroism of knight errantry, the gallantry of a cavalier, the spirit of hereditary nobility, all these interest the feelings and captivate the imagination. We are, therefore, not surprised, that you, Sir, should be seduced by them.

It is not, perhaps, unfair to bring the very abasement which the nobility of France has suffered, in proof of

its having somewhat deserved that abasement. That this great and numerous body, possessed for so many centuries of its elevated station, with so much power, and so much property to attach men's interests, with all its present and all its traditionary grandeur to overawe their minds; that such a body should have shrunk into annihilation without a struggle, is pretty strong evidence of its having lost, by some demerit, that influence which it should have had in the country; that it held the people in a vassalage intolerably oppressive, and had exercised all the feudal tyranny without having gained any of the feudal attachment.

A similar argument may be brought with regard to the church. The higher ecclesiasticks must have forfeited the esteem and regard of their own subordinate clergy, and of the people, before their power and their domains could have been wrested from them, without the impression of sacrilege or impiety, almost without the idea of injustice. Had they claimed veneration by their sanctity, or good will by their benevolence, the reverence, or the love of the people, would have felt and resented the infringement on their possessions. The people would have complained from sentiment, but it would have still been a question how far they complained with reason. The property of the church certainly stood on a very different footing from that of an hereditary descendible estate. No man is born Archbishop of Paris, or Abbé of St. Germain's. Their great incomes were a stipendiary allowance, though they arose from the possession of land. The function of ecclesiastical is more sacred than that of temporal offices; but if their emoluments are beyond the abilities of the state, or if any of those religious offices are entirely unnecessary, it may fairly enough be argued, that the power of resumption of the ancient stipends, or of abolition of the ancient offices, lies with the people. Even if it were to be

granted that all the revenues of the church had been laid out in the best possible way, yet the charity of the state, like the charity of individuals, must be a secondary consideration to its own immediate subsistence or support. State necessity called for retrenchments and for imposts. Had the King retained that power which this very necessity tended to overthrow, he would probably have wrung some more millions of livres from the poverty of the people. Was it much to be regretted that his successors in that power found a resource in the exorbitant wealth of the church?

I easily allow for your feelings on behalf of the monastick establishments. There is a "dim religious" reverence, a tenderness for storied melancholy, which the heart and the fancy will readily acknowledge towards their "ancient solitary reign;" but the abolishment of their cold ascetick austerities, (for in a cloister there can scarcely be any virtues) will not, I believe, be considered by philosophy, (or philanthropy; if you should dislike the word philosophy) as one of the evils of the Revolution.

From you, Sir, one would hardly have expected that violent and somewhat illiberal attack on the philosophers and men of letters in France which your book contains. Do you really, in your cooler judgment, believe, that the world has gained nothing by their labours? Has your sympathy in the pride or prosperity of mankind found nothing with which it could congratulate itself in all the increased knowledge and humanity of the present century, for a part of which we are indebted to the men whom your zeal in this argument has condemned in the gross? Would you forego all the discoveries of their science, all the productions of their genius, to retire again into the shade of that gloomy superstition which your fancy has hallowed? In all ages philosophers have been sceptical, and wits licentious: but it is

not like the liberality of Mr. B. to proscribe philosophy and wit in a peevish indulgence of his aversion to scepticism and licentiousness.

As I am not a pleader so determined for one of the parties in this great question as you, Sir, I will freely confess, that in the opinion of thinking and impartial men, there are, in the present state of France, considerable abuses, and that in the prospect of her future condition, there are to be foreseen much difficulty and danger. In some of the members of her National Assembly there is a want of virtue, in more there is a want of wisdom, and in a still greater number a want of moderation; while in the aggregate body there is a deficiency of power to enable it always to adopt the best measures, or to enforce those which it has found a necessity of adopting. From the imposition and collection of the revenue, from the construction of the inferior municipal jurisdictions, but especially from the situation of the army, they are threatened with the overthrow of all they have done in correction of the old, or in the establishment of the new constitution. But many of the friends of mankind will hope, as certainly all of them must wish, that all those dangers may be avoided and those difficulties overcome; that the wisdom of the enlightened, and the virtue of the good among them, may succeed in establishing, though not a perfect or an unexceptionable government, one at least more consonant to the natural rights (for the expression, after all their abuse, and your ridicule, is still in itself a good one) and more friendly to the happiness of man than that which they have abolished.

Your objections are stated when the new constitutions are yet in their beginning, before the effects of their general operation can be seen, or the errors in their detail corrected. You write with the decision of a supposed perfect knowledge of the present circumstances, and predict with

a perfect confidence of the future. A little more diffidence in opinion, and a little more reserve in expression, might have been safer, as well as more conciliating. One consideration should have especially induced this, which must have great weight in a calm and dispassionate view of this whole business. The bulk of the people seem to be satisfied with the Revolution. After a considerable time to cool from the fervour of newly acquired freedom; a great majority of the nation have, on trying occasions, declared for, and supported the measures of the National Assembly. It is bold in an individual foreigner, however able and enlightened, to arraign the measures which so general a suffrage of the people, whose interest they concern, has sanctioned.

While I venture these remarks on your performance, I mean not to depreciate its merit, or to doubt the goodness of those motives with which it was written. I feel all its genius and its ability, with that partiality which is inspired by its virtue and its benevolence. This is an advantage which the writings of its author, in general, possess. The defects of his character are pardoned like the defects of his writings, because they proceed rather from the extreme of estimable qualities, than from the want of them; from overstrained feeling, from mistaken humanity, from the zeal of right pushed almost to fanaticism.

With me, Sir, the regret of such defects is always attended by a wish for their correction, and a hope of the usefulness of those talents by which they are accompanied. From the spirit of your present performance, I anticipate a conduct beneficial to the community. I see in it a dread of the inconsiderate desire of reform; a jealousy of needless innovation, which it seems to me extremely useful to keep awake at the present time. Even when the outcry for change and innovation is honest, it may be hurtful; but if it is only the cloak of



profligate self interest, or inordinate ambition, who for their own private advantage would risk the peace and prosperity of the country, it is doubly to be dreaded. It is not from the mean or desperate tools of sedition that the country has most to fear, but from more artful and more respectable partizans, whose abilities for mischief hide their inclination for it. To you, Sir, and other virtuous citizens, the publick looks for protection against such enemies. If faction should at any time wish to corrupt our freedom into anarchy, to usurp the just prerogatives of the Crown, or to infringe the rights of the people, from you, Sir, we shall expect their defence. With moderate and virtuous men, the present performance will be a guarantee for your conduct, they will figure you laying your hand upon this book, swearing loyalty to your king, and fidelity to the constitution; pledging yourself as attached to no principles so much as to those of genuine patriotism and publick virtue; as subservient to the interests of no party in opposition to those of your country.

BRUTUS.

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*For The Port Folio.*

## POLITE LITERATURE.

*(Continued from page 316.)*

According to my last essay, self-love under a certain definition, is admitted to be the ruling principle of human nature; and it is consequently inferred, that the degree of human virtue is not to be determined by our greater or less tendency to self gratification, but by the route in which this gratification is sought. Certainly of all paths by which this is attained, none are more worthy of investigation, than those which lead to love, friendship, and natural affection. To pursue the influence of self-love through all the windings

by which effects so favourable to happiness are produced, is a task cheerfully undertaken in the following essay; which I conceive to contain the theory of human attachments, in all the forms above-mentioned.

When the governing impressions of different beings, tend at the same time to the gratification of each one severally, and mutually to that of each other, a coincidence may be said to take place in their self-love. This may be considered as the sole cause of human attachments, which must vary in their durability, force, and elevation, according to the peculiarities of the coincidence, to which they owe their existence.

Hence the display of all the various contingencies, wherein the self-love of one being may coincide with that of another, will develop the various, and apparently intricate channels of human affection.

The investigation of the sources of a coincidence, so influential on the happiness of those, who most deserve to be happy, were well worth our time. They will be found to be immediate, and intermediate, real and imaginary, some of them durable, but most of them transient.

That coincidence of self-love may be called intermediate, which results from similar attraction to the same object, or pursuit, whence there ensues common convenience, safety or success. In this case the interest excited by the common point of attraction, is associated with every object by which it is surrounded, and particularly with the living objects; and we imagine that we experience a direct attachment, whereas it is only intermediate; being of similar

origin with that gregarious sensation, which is the bond of union among flocks and herds, and which arises from the identity of food, and the necessity of mutual protection. For though the attachments thus subsisting between these lower orders of the creation, be more crude, and even more versatile and transitory, than are the mass of ours; this is the result not of any difference in the cause, but of the inferiority of the nature subjected to its influence.

Friendship resulting from this intermediate coincidence of self-love, is very common among soldiers, sailors, sportsmen and debauchees, and is also to be found in striking colours, among such as belong to the same art, trade, or profession, where there is no competition of pecuniary interest. When this takes place, dislike and even hatred are apt to arise, as an opposition of self-love must ensue.

Hence I imagine that friendship will be found more frequently to exist between apprentices than journeymen; between the latter than their employers; also more among soldiers fighting for liberty, or glory, than those who fight for plunder, among sailors serving on board men of war, than those who serve in privateers; among sportsmen who hunt for amusement, than hunters who pursue their game for emolument, and that the friendship of the debauchee is rarely found among those, whose wealth does not afford ample means of satiety. The poor sot is in general solitary, as the partition of his bottle, would more disappoint his self-love, than the power of association, or the interchange of ideas could possibly gratify it.

From this source also arises our attachment to our country, or to a

successful chief, which is never so strong as when we are in foreign countries, or times of national danger: for as under such circumstances we feel a strong opposition between our self-love, and that of foreigners; the coincidence of our feelings with those of our countrymen, is the more enforced.

That more universal species of conjugal affection, which being supported by community of interest, and offspring, strengthens as much after marriage, or more than before it, differs not in its origin from the attachments just described; but in the superiour sanctity, force, and tenderness of the ties, which draw the parties towards those common objects, wherein their self-love is coincident, being a more elevated species, of the same genus.

As among the more exalted consequences of this source of attachment, we must consider filial affection, and that arising between brothers and sisters.

The coincidence of our self-love, with that of our parents, is one of our earliest impressions. The tie thus originating, is soon strengthened by the discovery of our inferiority and dependence: and though the sense of this decays with education, and progression to maturity, impressions are still left more or less durable, according to the excellence of our heart, and the merit of our parent. And even where these early impressions, are wholly eradicated, vanity, pride, self estimation, and the opinion of the world, must still preserve a coincidence between the self-love of the child, and that of the authours of his existence.

But however it may subsequently diminish, during infancy filial affection is the strongest sentiment

of which we are conscious. Hence it is the primary cause of affection between children of the same parents; in regard to whose welfare, they must often experience a coincidence of pleasing, and painful emotions. But in many other respects they must have a unity of self-interest, which must render many of their feelings, at the same time individually, and mutually interesting: and as they advance in years, a coincidence of self-love arises in a concurrent disposition, to exalt their common pretensions, to respectability of birth; and from the discovery that their vices, and virtues, are partially productive of mutual lustre, or mutual opprobrium.

When extraordinary affection arises between the child and the parent, or between brothers and sisters, it is to be attributed to the concurrent influence of those causes, which are productive of friendship, where there is no consanguinity.

The affection of the child to the parent and that of the parent to the child, obviously differ materially. In fact the latter has something peculiar in its origin, which will be found in a mixture of causes. On this account, we must afford it a separate analysis.

When under the influence of the principle here described, so little that is peculiar, or superiour, is necessary in the objects to which it causes our attachment, that we become fond of the scenery surrounding any dwelling where we have enjoyed any tolerable share of happiness, by associating the pleasing ideas excited by other causes, with the pleasurable sensations, inspired by the beauties of nature. By a species of personification, the trees and shrubs, and general verdure, appear to re-

joice in their growth, and in the display of their shade or their beauties for our comfort or admiration, while we not only feel ourselves indebted to them for consequent accommodation, and pleasure; but find health and amusement, in the labour bestowed on their cultivation or defence. With the humblest domesticks, or animals officiating as ministers, or companions, to our wants, or comforts, we find a similar tie to arise. This however is the result of a coincidence of self-love, originating in reality, whereas the attachment excited by inanimate objects originates in an imaginary coincidence of feeling: for though where these are concerned, there can be no reciprocity of impressions, at the same time tending individual and mutual gratification; such is our tendency to personify and to associate that we often act as if it were imagined to exist.

The durability of the sources of friendship here enumerated, must in many cases be temporary; and in every instance dependent on chance. Fortunately, however, the attachments to which they give rise, are not always equally fortuitous or transient: for to the honour of human nature, whatever may be the sources of its impressions, they will continue, when their causes have ceased; though the period of continuance, will be widely various in different beings, according to the various excellence of that refined portion of the system, which is termed the heart. This delicate recipient of every moral impulse, but slowly relinquishes those habitudes which have been the result of powerful emotions. Hence consequences will remain, when their causes are involved in obscurity. Indeed to such as discover by careful an-

alysis, the paucity, feebleness and transitory nature of these sources of human attachments, their cessation will excite less surprise than their endurance: the explanation of which we must finally seek in the omnipotency of that mysterious first cause, who by the slightest means can produce the most beneficial effects: for however humble a coincidence of self-love arising from extraneous, and fortuitous causes, may appear as a source of friendship, by stimulating the better part of our nature, it becomes by far the most fertile, and universal source of human attachments: being at least the primary exciting cause, of consequences which are happy and noble.

ANALYTICUS.

*(To be continued.)*

## VARIETY.

In the rough blast heaves the billow,  
In the light air waves the willow;  
Every thing of moving kind  
VARIES with the veering wind:  
What have I to do with thee,  
Dull, unjoyous Constancy?

Sombre tale, and satire witty,  
Sprightly glee, and doleful ditty,  
Measur'd sighs, and roundelay,  
Welcome all! but do not stay,  
What have I to do with thee,  
Dull, unjoyous Constancy?

An early acquaintance with the Classics is the only foundation of good learning, and it is incumbent on all who direct the studies of youth, to have this great object continually before them, as a matter of the most serious concern; for that a good taste in literature is friendly both to publick and to private virtue, and, of course, tends to promote in no inconsiderable degree the glory of a nation; and that as the ancients are more or less understood, the principles and the spirit of sound erudition will ever be found to flourish or decay.

SONG BY DIBDIN.

Up from a loblolly boy, none was so cute  
Of knowing things, most sorts I follard,  
Ben Binnacle learn'd me to read and dispute  
For Ben was a bit of a scollard;

Of the whole crisscross row, I in time  
know'd the words,  
But the dear letter N, for my fancy,  
For N stands for nature, and noble and  
North,  
Neat, nimble; nine, nineteen and Nancy.

She soon was my wife, and I sail'd round  
the world,  
To get prize money, where I could  
forage,  
And for love wheresoever our Jack was  
unfurled,  
I daunted them all with my courage;  
For I now read in books about heroes and  
fame,  
And for all sorts of rows got a fancy;  
Sticking still to dear N, for N stands for  
name  
Note, novel, neck, nocking and Nancy.

In the midst of this bustle I lost my poor  
friend,  
And each object around me grew hate-  
ful,  
For I know'd not false heart with a fair  
face to blend:  
Nor had larning yet made me ungrate-  
ful,  
I lik'd my friend well, and deplored him,  
what then?  
My wife was the first in my fancy,  
For though B stands for buck, brother,  
bottom and Ben,  
Yet N stands for needle and Nancy.

Well I've weathered life's storms, and till  
laid a sheer hulk  
With my absence again never shock her,  
Thanks to fortune, at sea I've no need to  
break bulk  
For I've plenty of shot in the locker;  
Our kids play around us, and still to per-  
sue,  
The letter so dear to my fancy,  
Though nineteen twice told noons and  
nights but renew  
The nice natty notion of Nancy.

*For The Port Folio.*

## ORIGINAL POETRY.

## THE ORPHAN.

'Twas on a wintry eve, when all was cold,  
And the sad North blew desolation  
dear,  
When fleecy storms along the heav'ns  
were rolled,  
And Nature shook with tempest, as  
through fear;  
Along the darkened air the snow was  
blown,  
The troubled winds their anger mur-  
mured round,

And mad'ning clouds with wilder tem-  
pest torn,  
Shed their cold wrath upon the frozen  
ground.

A lovely female at this lonely hour,  
With steps bewildered, trod the track-  
less plain,  
Her bosom heaved beneath the snowy  
shower,  
And her hair floated wild, like one in-  
sane.

No neighbouring cottage cheered with ta-  
per bright,  
Or hope imparted to her chilled breast,  
But all around was lost in gloomy night—  
Her trembling limbs could find no place  
of rest.

Her eyes one moment beamed with hor-  
rour wild,  
As if by hideous spectres they were  
pained,  
By grief then softened, they became more  
mild,  
On her pale cheek the frozen tear re-  
mained.

Mercy, ye heavens! with anguish loud she  
cried,  
“Oh, spare an Orphan mid this scene of  
death.”  
She hush'd; the cruel winds around her  
sigh'd,  
And still the snow drove o'er the frigid  
heath.

Unpitied Elements! why spend thy rage  
Upon the beauteous, helpless victim poor,  
Oh woman, guardless, cease thy ire to  
wage,  
Cease, on their feeble forms, your rage  
to pour.

Man looks with eager eyes his beauteous  
prey,  
With smiles, besets the passage to her  
heart,  
Nor can his villainy soft Pity stay,  
He vows to love, but leaves a deadly  
smart.

Wide in the world the ruined hapless maid  
Is by her faithless lover left to stray,  
Whose cruelty, with scornful laugh, up-  
braid  
The houseless object of his perfidy.

And will you join, with your too chilling  
arms

The unprotected maid t' o'erwhelm with  
wo,  
Will you the care-wrought heart with fear  
alarm  
And beat the breast when tears already  
flow.

Will you then aid t' increase the wretch's  
pain,  
To press to earth the flower which  
droops its head?  
Rather with vernal winds its life sustain,  
And raise it healthful from its lowly bed.

For lovely woman, ever soft and kind,  
Why send my pray'r where Mercy lends  
no ear,  
Why should I plead with the unpitied  
wind,  
When it resists th' orison of a tear.

Anguish had given way to milder grief,  
She droop'd her head, exclaim'd in ac-  
cents low,  
On this drear heath I need not seek relief,  
Here must I die, here must I end my wo.

Why should I grieve, alas! I have no home,  
No kindred friends my wounded heart  
to heal,  
And if I live, 'tis living but to roam  
'Mong those who seldom for the wretch-  
ed feel.

As the rude wind which passes with a  
sigh,  
And heedless of its victim on is flown,  
So the regardless cruel world moves by  
And leaves the solitary wretch to moan.

On Julia then beat, thou inclement blast,  
Wing'd by thy winds, her griefs this  
world may fly,  
Rock'd by thy tempest, she will breathe  
her last,  
And 'mid thy waving clamours learn to  
die.

Scarce from her lips had the sad accents  
fled  
Ere she fell lifeless on the drifting snow;  
The blast howl'd o'er her corse and froze  
bed,  
But with the blast fled hapless Julia's  
wo.

OWEN.

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# THE PORT FOLIO,

(NEW SERIES)

BY OLIVER OLDSCHOOL, ESQ.



Various, that the mind of desultory man, studious of change and pleased with novelty, may be indulged—Comp.

Vol. V. Philadelphia, Saturday, May 28, 1808.

No. 22

## ORIGINAL PAPERS.

*For The Port Folio.*

### TRAVELS.

#### LETTERS FROM GENEVA AND FRANCE.

*Written during a residence of between two and three years in different parts of those countries, and addressed to a lady in Virginia.*

*(Continued from page 327.)*

#### LETTER XVIII.

My dear E—,

DR. MOORE'S travels and those of Mr. Coxe, will tell you of the little town of Versoix, of Nyon, and of the other towns on the road to Lausanne; they will give you some idea too of the Pays de Vaud, of its highly cultivated hills and vallies, and of the general appearance of the country, which is bounded by the Jura, not unlike the Blue Ridge in appearance, though considerably higher, on the one side, and by the lake on the other; the opposite, or Savoy side of the lake has not been so favoured by nature, or impro-

ved by art; and the appearance of cultivation gradually declines, until it ceases altogether with the black and gloomy precipices of Meillerie. As we travelled slowly, we stopped for the night at Morges, a very pretty, and well built town in the finest part of la Côte; it is a place of trade too, and has a harbour of almost an acre and a half in dimension, where the vessels of the lake take shelter in case of bad weather, and where the Genevois, who has ventured so far from home by water and for the first time, feels as I did when I entered the Gironde. A daughter of a person whom you have seen at Georgetown, resides here with her relations, and came to see us at our inn: she is a very pretty girl of about eleven, who lives with people whom she loves and who are tenderly attached to her, in a beautiful spot, and in one of the finest climates in the world, and had been all day in the vintage, and yet she did assure us,

that she had rather have passed her summer at Georgetown, or on Waccamaw: such is the invincible effect of early prejudice!

You are acquainted with Lausanne by description; but no description can give you an adequate idea of the extreme beauty of the country, which rising into irregularly broken hills, with the appearance, upon a great scale, of the ocean, when, after a storm the wind has suddenly shifted, is every spot of it under the highest cultivation. It was here that the celebrated Mr. Gibbon passed seven or eight happy years of his life, in the composition of a work, which gave him fame and fortune, and in the enjoyment of the sort of society he preferred to all others. See an account of his house and gardens, in one of the volumes of his posthumous works. As we walked upon what was formerly his terrace, the garden appeared inferiour to the account he gives of it; but the vineyards, inclining by a rapid slope towards the lake, and the elegant and comfortable seats and farm houses without number, and the lake itself, now at its broadest, and the opposite shore, would require a pen superiour even to that of Mr. Gibbon.

Along the wall of the terrace we saw preserved in earthen pots many of the common plants of our country, which, whatever we may think of them, are treated here like strangers of distinction; there was a small Pride of India, about three feet high, and a little Calico Tree, and a plant of the Prickly Pear, and a Dwarf of Palmetto, which, placed as a curiosity in a finely varnished vase, put me very much in mind of the Porter in one of Farquar's plays, who is disguised in beau Clincher's clothes.

The novel of Rousseau has spread a charm over the country between Lausanne and Vevay, and by Clarens to the castle of Chillon; and surely never was there a scene so worthy the highly descriptive powers of such a writer. The vineyards rise by terraces one above the other to the summit of the hills on one side of the road, and end only at the edge of the water on the other, and the houses bespeak that just degree of opulence, which supposes some remains of former simplicity; in addition to these beauties of art and nature it was now the midst of vintage, the fields and the roads were filled with people of all ages, gathering, or carrying, or pressing grapes, and all that could delight the eye or gladden the heart of man, seemed assembled in one spot. Vevay is a pretty little town which you will find well described in twenty books of travels; but Clarens seems too small a place to have been dignified with the birth and residence of Julia. I did not see a single house where I could suppose Mons. de Wolmar to have lived, nor anything worthy of the description which St. Preux gives of the garden and pleasure grounds: a little farther stands Chillon, where the fatal accident is supposed to have happened: this ancient castle, flanked with four gloomy towers, is built on a rock, which projects into the Lake, and which, were the water withdrawn by some such convulsion of nature as we every day see the effects of, would hang over a most frightful precipice: no length of line which could ever be commanded at the spot, has proved sufficient to reach the bottom.

We walked about the Castle for sometime, and then went down into what was the dungeon of for-

mer days; it is considerably below the surface of the Lake, and has a most dungeon-like appearance: no wretch has pined there for the last century, but there remains the very ring to which Bonivard was chained, and which confined all his movements to a half circle of a few feet, for seven years: he was a Genevan, who though a priest, had ventured to oppose the pretensions of the Duke of Savoy, and whose patriotism brought down upon him the heavy doom of perpetual captivity in this dismal place; but the forces of Berne drove off those of the Duke, took possession of the Castle, and liberated the poor Genevan: we may, in some measure, conceive his feelings, when the noise of his liberators passing over the draw-bridge, was heard below; and if you wish to be still more strongly impressed with the ideas, natural upon such an occasion, read Madame De Genlis's description of the Duchesse of C....; you cannot have forgotten her long confinement, and the interesting account she is made to give of it.

Having embarked at Chillon, we coasted along the extremity of the Lake, passed through the turbid stream of the Rhone, and landed at a solitary house at the foot of the steep rock which overhangs the Lake, and which takes its name from the neighbouring village of Millerai. We were now in the republic of the Vallais, which is spread along the sides of the Rhone, as that of the Grisons is along the Rhine. It is worth your attention to observe on the map how nearly the sources of these two great rivers approach, and what different directions they afterwards take. Not far from them rises a third mighty river, the Danube, which has kingdoms and nations

of its own to visit in another direction: observe the various courses of these kindred waters mingling at last in the great Atlantic, like children of the same family leaving the paternal mansion at an early age, following their various pursuits in life, and never meeting but in eternity.

Coxe will give you a good idea of the Grisons, but you must not trust altogether to Rousseau's account of the Vallaisans; trust rather to that of Miss Williams, all Jacobin as she is.

The frequency of ideots, and of other persons deformed by a monstrous swelling on the throat, is a calamity which afflicts the Vallais, and which has ever been peculiar to the Alps,\* where a confined and vitiated air in the deep and narrow vallies acts as powerfully as the wand of Circe: the people of the mountains, on the contrary, are an active, healthy race, who pass their days in a comfortable ignorance; frugality is a virtue of very common growth among them, particularly in the Italian Alps, where coarse rye bread, baked twice a year, a bowl of milk, and garlick, with now and then, upon particular occasions, a little dried cow beef, or goat's flesh, satisfies all their wants, and completes the circle of their enjoyments: I have seen the father of a family at Macugnaga, says Monsieur de Sausure, go gravely to his cupboard of an evening, and return from it, after having carefully put the key into his pocket, with a handful of garlick, which he distributed, clove by clove, to his wife and children; and this was all the seasoning their appetite rendered necessary to a morsel of dark bread, which was

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\* Juvenal mentions it as proverbial in his time.



to be bruised between two stones before they could eat it.

But, what will surprize you still more, he says that the people of this country, who occasionally have descended into the plain, and tasted the luxury of the lower world, snatch every moment that they can to enjoy their native Alps again, and never leave their garlick and their hard rye bread without tears of regret.

*For The Port Folio.*

## NEW BIOGRAPHY OF SALLUST.

By THOMAS MOORE, Esq.

We so seldom find the talents which make men admirable, united with those qualities of the heart which render them amiable, that many have supposed such perfections to be, in some degree, incompatible; have imagined, that refinement in individuals, as well as nations, is generally purchased at the expense of purity and innocence, and that the son of knowledge too often corrupts while it illuminates. It cannot be denied, that the union of virtue and genius is a phenomenon almost as rare as it is glorious; and amply as human nature abounds in contrarieties, it does not produce a more degrading alloy, a more melancholy mixture, than that of talents with profligacy. We contemplate a character of this kind, in which meanness is so blended with sublimity, as a traveller through Greece and Asia looks on these motley structures, in which broken marbles and columns are found mixed among the vilest rubbish, and the fragments of ancient splendour are converted to purposes of filth and wretchedness. Such is the

mortifying spectacle which the life of Sallust presents: alternately exciting our admiration and contempt by the vigour of his intellect and the corruption of his heart, he seems to have studied all that is excellent in theory, for the sole purpose of avoiding it in practice.

He was born at Amiternum, in the country of the Sabines, in the year of Rome 668. The family of the Sallustii was good but not illustrious; and it does not appear that, previous to the time of the historian, the name had acquired either rank or celebrity at Rome. He was in his eighth year, when Sylla, after a life of tyranny and faction, died with a composure of spirit which better men might emulate.\* The honours which the Romans paid to the memory of this extraordinary person, afford a most striking example of the anomalies of the human mind. His government had been a series of murders and proscriptions; ninety senators had fallen the victims of his cruelty, and near three thousand knights had been massacred or exiled. He had sacrificed to the rage of civil dissension the blood of one hundred thousand citizens; and yet around the pile of this foe to her liberties, Rome did not blush to exhibit all the pageantry of grief;† and the shower of rain which happened to fall

\* When Sylla found that he was dying, he hastened to put a finishing touch to those memoirs of himself, from which some interesting traits are preserved to us. Among the many examples of a calm resignation of life, which the Pagan world has left for our instruction, there is none perhaps more gracefully firm than that which Tacitus has recorded of the polished voluptuary, Petronius. His death was indeed (as St. Evremont calls it) "la plus belle de l'antiquité."

† For the particulars of this splendid ceremony the reader must consult M. de Brosses, in his very skilful Supplement to

after the burning of the body, was supposed by the infatuated people to be sent expressly by heaven at that moment, to cool the ashes of the tyrant, and give him, even in death, some proof of its interposition in his favour.

As long as Sylla lived, notwithstanding his abdication of power, the influence of his name and the terror of his presence, were sufficient to repress every thought of innovation. The man still remained, though the dictator was no more. But, as soon as he died, this calm of cowardice ceased, and the claims of the respective factions were renewed with all their former animosity. The cause of the people was but little advanced in the struggle, and the power of Pompey, which succeeded to that of Sylla, preserved to the nobles that high superiority which the aristocratic laws of the dictator had given them.

The early pursuits of Sallust were such as might be expected from the discordant qualities of which his character was composed. While the learned philologer Attæius presided over his studies, and fed his mind with that pure attack eloquence which we find transfused so admirably into his writings, the abandoned Nigidianus was the companion of his debaucheries; and it is to be feared, that even Nature herself was not sufficiently respected in their orgies. With such dispositions we cannot wonder, that, when Sallust applied his attention to political

affairs, he should adopt the popular faction as the more favourable to his views and character, and as opening a field for his ambition, while it flattered all his baser propensities. His first appearance in public life seems, however, to have been rather unsuccessful, and he thus complains of his failure in the History of Cataline's Conspiracy: "I was induced, in my younger days, by my own inclination, and the example of others, to devote my time to the affairs of the republic; but the impediments were numerous which I met with in this pursuit. Instead of modesty, temperance, and public spirit, I saw nothing around me but boldness, bribery, and rapacity; and though my mind, as yet unaccustomed to corruption, was struck with disgust at the depravity which it witnessed, yet, young and thoughtless in the midst of profligacy and temptation, I caught the infection of the times, and became the victim of cupidity and ambition."\*

Ambition, however, was not the only feeling which occupied, at this time, the ardent spirit of Sallust. Fausta, the wife of Milo, and daughter of Sylla,† one of

\* This passage recalls to our minds the account which Lucian so feelingly gives, of the disgust with which he retired from the profession of the law: "As soon as I perceived the numberless inconveniences which necessarily attend the professors of the law; as soon as I knew the deceit and falsehood, the effrontery, clamour, and dissension, which characterize them, I naturally fled with disgust from the pursuit, and turning my mind to thy beauties, O Philosophy! it was my wish beneath thy auspices to pass whatever yet remained of my existence, like one gliding into a peaceful harbour from all the inclemency of winds and waves."

† Fausta was one of those heathen ladies, whom a father of the church very elegantly styles "*expolita libidinis victimæ*." Her gallantries indeed were rather multifarious; for time has preserved us the names of five

the remains of Sallust, tom. i. p. 377. He seems, in the following passage, to have imitated the pompous formula of the King's toast in Hamlet: "Le sénat répondoit aux trompettes par des acclamations lugubres: les chevaliers répondoient au sénat: l'armée aux chevaliers: toute la populace à l'armée."

those beautiful philanthropists, who study more to bless than to tantalize mankind, was wooed by the young historian, and did not distinguish him by a refusal. He seems, however, to have been as unlucky in love as in politics. The husband was officious enough to interrupt the lovers "*dans un moment*," if we may believe the learned, President De Brosse, "*fort essentiel et tout-à-fait critique pour l'honneur du mari*," and the gallant was dismissed after a chastisement so severe, and so degrading, that it disgusted him forever with intrigues in consular families. Indeed so complete was the reformation which the lash of Milo produced, that Sallust is said to have declared sometime after in the senate-house, upon being reproached with the immorality of his life, that "he had given up women of rank, and taken to the daughters of freedmen."\*

Libertinorum dico, Sallustius in quas  
Non minus insanit quam qui mœchatur.  
Horat. Sat. ii. Lib. 1.

of her lovers, and we may of course allow for a considerable number, who had either the discretion or the luck to lie concealed. Macrobius tells a lively witticism which was suggested by the names of two of these favoured gentlemen: Faustus, Syllæ filius, cum soror ejus eodem tempore duos mœchos haberet, Fulvium Fullonem et Pompeium Maculum: Miror, inquit, sororem meum habere maculam, cum fullonem habeat." Saturnal. i. ii. 2. Unfortunately the pun here is not translatable; but there is another ancient witticism upon a similar subject, which, though it has nothing to do with Fausta, deserves to be repeated. When Porcius, son to Cato of Utica, was in Cappadocia, he intrigued with the fair Psyche, who was wife to his friend Maphradates. "What close friends" (it was remarked) "are Porcius and Maphradates! they have but one soul between them."—*φίλοι δυο, ψυχη μια*.—It should perhaps have been premised, for the sake of some readers, that Psyche is the Greek for soul.

\* "Sallustius tanto ardore insanivisse in libertinos, quanto mœchus in matrones: quod cum illi in senatū a censoribus objec-

We cannot ascertain the period of his life, when he first aspired to the honours of magistracy; but as the quæstorship was a previous step to the other offices which he appears to have held, we may suppose that he obtained this situation soon after he had reached the age which the laws rendered necessary for its attainment. In the year 702 he was elected a tribune of the people, and it is less a subject of triumph to him than it is of disgrace to the times in which he lived, that Cato should have failed at a moment when Sallust was successful.\* He had now an opportunity, however, of revenging himself upon the husband of Fausta, whose trial for the murder of Clodius took place during the year of his tribuneship. The factious spirit of Clodius had long disturbed the commonwealth. His animosity to Cicero, after the suppression of the conspiracy of Cataline, had been so actively exerted, that, notwithstanding the influence of the senate, who regarded Cicero as their grandest bulwark, that great man, with a timidity which was the blemish of his character, yielded to the popular clamour, and retired into voluntary banishment. A triumph so signal, and in some degree unexpected, was sufficient to intoxicate the party of Clodius; and their insolence was such as generally follows a

tum esset, respondit: Se non matronarum sed libertinorum sectatorem esse." Schol. in Sat. Horat. Lib. i. Sat. ii.

\* He alludes to this preference, with some degree of vanity, in the introductory part of the Jugurthine War, where he says, "When the juncture in which I succeeded to the magistracy is considered, as well as the respectability of those who were disappointed in the same pursuit," &c. —Castilioneus, however, is of opinion, that the prætorship was the object of rivalry to which the passage refers; and he is possibly correct.

momentary advantage in civil dissensions. During these events the designing Cæsar, whose mind never wandered from its mighty object, abetted the party of Clodius and the populace; while Pompey, with a fluctuation which never yet characterized greatness, after abandoning Cicero to the persecutions of Clodius, assisted Milo in his hostility to the latter, and then attached himself again to the demagogue with the hope of supplanting the popularity of Cæsar. The absence of Cicero was not protracted very long; the law for his recall was passed by acclamation, and the vanity of the oratour was gratified by a kind of triumphal entry into Rome. Such were the transactions which preceded the year 702, when Sallust became a tribune of the people. The commotions of the former year were continued with unabating fury; and the first event which gave Sallust an opportunity of exerting his talents and gratifying his revenge, was a violent struggle for the consulship between Milo, Hypsæus, and Scipio. His ignominious exposure in the bed-chamber of Fausta still rankled in the heart of the historian, and he eagerly coalesced with Clodius in opposition to the authour of his disgrace. The riots and massacres to which the contest gave rise were but a repetition of those barbarous scenes of blood by which Rome, the great theatre of the world, was so often stained and degraded. At length the murder of Clodius put a crown to these party excesses, and raised the indignation of the populace as high as their demagogues could desire. The particulars of the trial of Milo are, perhaps, better remembered by the scholar than any other detailed transaction of antiquity,

from its having given birth to the most polished piece of eloquence that ancient or modern genius has ever produced. But, unfortunately, the talent to write was not seconded by the courage to speak; the muse of oratory trembled before the legions of Pompey; and Milo, amidst the luxuries of his banishment at Marseilles, confessed himself indebted to the timidity of his advocate for the very delicate mullets to which it had been the means of introducing him.

Sallust was one of the managers of this memorable trial; and even without reference to the authority of Pedianus,\* we may imagine the degree of acrimony with which the prosecution was conducted. His enmity to Cicero, which had originated, perhaps, in their political differences, and was at length become a personal feeling, displayed itself, upon this occasion, openly and malignantly. Assisted by his colleagues, Rufus and Munacius, he endeavoured to implicate the oratour in the guilt of Milo, and did not hesitate to say, in the course of his violent harangues, that "though the arm of Milo had struck the blow, the head of a greater man had planned it."

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\* "Inimicissimas conciones de Milone habebant." Ascon. Pedian. in Milon. Ciceron.—This seems to have been the only occasion (if we except his virtuous declaration before the senate) on which Sallust appeared as a public speaker. His habits of concise and elaborate composition were not very favourable to that ready flow of thought which is the first requisite to extemporaneous eloquence. It was said of Hortensius, the rival of Cicero, "*dicebat melius quam scripsit*," and indeed the talents of writing and speaking have been very seldom united. An oratour in some degree resembles an *improvisatore*, and it is always with difficulty, and seldom with success, that either can submit to the trammels of regular composition.

The biographers of Sallust have supposed that soon after the termination of this affair, some pacifick overtures were made by the parties to each other, and a kind of reconciliation established between the historian and Milo. It is, certainly, not difficult to believe that men so ambitious and profligate would readily assume any feeling, either of hatred or amity, which promised to promote the factious design of the moment; for the heart has no share in the transactions of a true politician, and there is as little of principle in his enmity as there is of sincerity in his friendship. But we do not find a sufficient motive for this accommodation; and that Sallust did not cease to be obnoxious to the partisans of Milo appears by his subsequent expulsion from the senate, which may be safely attributed to their machinations. This signal degradation he suffered in the year 704, and it cannot be doubted that the licentiousness of his life concurred with the zeal of his enemies in bringing him to such public debasement, and almost justified their hostility.\* The ignominious retirement to which he was dismissed had scarcely lasted two years, when the return of his patron Cæsar, into Italy, after a long series of the most splendid victories, consoled his mortified spirit and gave a new spring to his ambition. It was at this period he is supposed to have written his first letter to Cæsar on the regulation of the commonwealth;† and if his-

\* M. Le Clerc and others seem to think; that the censors inflicted this disgrace upon Sallust on account of his *bonnes fortunes* among the matrons of Rome; but the passage in Dion Cassius, who is our only respectable authority for the story, does not warrant such a conclusion.

† This letter is the second as they stand in the common editions of Sallust, where the chronological order is evidently inverted.

tory and experience did not amply teach us the hollowness of that zeal which demagogues profess for liberty, we should wonder at the apostacy which he exhibits throughout this extraordinary composition. No longer the advocate of free government, he looks to arbitrary power as the only hope of salvation to the state, and urges Cæsar to assume the sovereignty with an earnestness, which we might respect, if we could but think it disinterested. The adulation which breathes through this letter is equally unlike the republican character of the writer, and we cannot imagine the female robe to have sat more awkwardly on the limbs of Achilles than the garb of flattery hangs about the nervous sentences of Sallust. This sacrifice of principle, however, was not left unrewarded, and the influence of Cæsar procured his appointment to the quæstorship, by which, after two years of humiliation, he was restored to his senatorian rank. During the period of his office, or a short time after, while Cæsar was occupied in the siege of Alexandria, he composed his second political letter; and as the object to which he had formerly directed the ambition of the conqueror, was in a great measure secured by the blind devotion of the senate, who had lately united in the person of Cæsar the three incompatible dignities of dictator, consul and tribune of the people, the tenour of this address is more calm, enlightened, and dispassionate; and the luminous glimpse which he gives of the last dying moments of the republic is interesting and instructive.

In the year 708, upon the return of Cæsar to Rome, he was raised to the high situation of prætor,

and about the same time became the husband of Terentia, whom Cicero had been obliged to divorce, after an experiment of thirty years. It is difficult to account for this singular choice of the historian,\* unless we can suppose that it proceeded from his animosity to Cicero, and that he was happy to receive a deserter from the hostile camp who could best betray to him the weakness of the enemy.

(To be concluded in our next.)

*For The Port Folio.*

## POLITE LITERATURE.

(Continued from page 335.)

Parental affection, as existing among mankind, arises from sources which are both immediate, and intermediate; the latter being peculiar to the human race, the former common only to females, throughout the greater part of animated nature.

This source of affection, in its origin immediate, and in its influence on the more tender sex so universal, appears to arise from a peculiar ordinance of nature, whereby the parent is endowed with an extraordinary capacity to receive, and the offspring with a

power no less surprizing, to excite, the most delightful sensations. These are in general more than a counterpoise for all the pains, difficulty, and danger, to which the parent is exposed in affording support and protection. However, among the lower orders of creation, the pangs of hunger are found sometimes to overbalance the pleasurable sensations excited by offspring, and among mankind, the fear of infamy has, in some instances, usurped the place of those pleasurable sensations, which, ordinarily entwine the self-love of the mother, with the preservation of her child. Of this horrible commutation of feeling, the sufferings and genius of the celebrated Savage have consigned to infamous perpetuity a most memorable instance. How we shudder on reading the just execration of this unfortunate son:

*Mother miscalled, farewell! of soul severe,*

*This sad reflection yet may force one tear,  
All I was wretched by to you I owed,  
Alone from strangers every comfort flowed.*

It is not to be inferred, from what has been said above, that I conceive a capacity to exist in each individual parent solely to receive pleasure from its own proper offspring, nor a power in the latter exclusively to excite pleasure in its own proper parent: but it is to be understood, that there is at a certain period a capacity in every parent, to receive pleasure from offspring of its own species, of a certain age, and a consonant power in these, under the same circumstances, to excite pleasure. The child of another, held unwittingly in the arms of a recent mother, would, undoubtedly, excite the same pleasurable sensations as her own, if presented to her before any acquaintance with the features of the latter

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† After the death of Sallust, when Terentia must have been about fifty-six years of age, she was married to Messala Corvinus, another celebrated orator; which has led the pious St. Jerome to congratulate her upon having been put through such a course of oratours. But this was not all: so late as the reign of Tiberius, Terentia still had charms to captivate the antiquarian Rufus, who married her after she had passed her hundredth year, and thought himself the happiest virtuoso in Rome to possess two such valuable antiques in his collection, as the chair of Cæsar and the wife of Cicero. See Dion Cassius, lib. lviii. for some pleasant remarks upon this taste of Rufus.

could subject the deception to a discovery. But should this take place, the consequent abhorrence of the authours, and, perhaps, the instrument, of a deceit so cruel, and affrontive to every sentiment, and habitude, of human nature, would more than counterpoise the power of the infant to excite pleasure. The commutation of their own progeny for that of another, hardly appears to excite the notice of animals devoid of the conceptions or habitudes which should subject the change to detection, or abhorrence.

I have already hinted that the source of affection thus described, was only to be considered as operating immediately on the more gentle sex. The few instances among animals, where the male is associated with the female, in the protection of their young, may be considered as the result of constancy to the female. Or it may be imagined, that where this constancy is intended by nature, both are endowed with a common susceptibility. Among mankind, however, it is evident that there is little of this sort of attachment, which does not arise from constancy and tenderness towards the mother, and consequent sympathy with her sensations. Or otherwise, wherefore are illegitimate children so often deserted, even where there is a perfect conviction of the unmerited fidelity, and warm, though ill-requited affection of the conjoint authour of their being. It is true, that illegitimate children are not always deserted, and that the mothers of legitimate offspring are not always the objects of constancy and affection; but in such instances, a hold is retained through channels very different from that which I have just been describing,

but which it is now time to display.

These lead to a coincidence between the self-love of the parent, and that of the child, intermediate in its origin, and peculiar to the human species.

Next to ourselves, it is our nature to place that which proceeds from us, of which we are, beyond all doubt, the exclusive authour, and with which we feel a more close alliance, than with any other object. To a being thus situated many powerful passions tend to attach us. In ordinary minds, vanity and pride, and in those which are more elevated, ambition, and the love of glory, indissolubly bind mankind to that which may reflect consequence or lustre by success, or opprobrium by failure, and in which the advantages enjoyed by self, may be perpetuated most nearly to it, in lieu of being scattered among an indifferent crowd.

But a more amicable support for this species of parental affection is founded on those celestial qualifications of the human bosom, which give rise to sympathy.

This most fertile source of all that is valuable in human nature, produces a coincidence between our feelings, and that of every object in distress; since we are oppressed by painful sensations until relief is offered by ourselves, or by others. But in those cases, where relief appears justly, or necessarily to be demanded of us in particular, the tie must be indissoluble to any but the hardest heart. Such is the situation of the father and his child, whom he cannot expect to find compassion, support, or protection in another, if deserted by him; and of whose sufferings whether in soul or body, he would be negatively, the cruel,

criminal, and despicable authour. A father deaf to every sentiment but self interest, may still dread the day, when his child may arraign him in words similar to those which Savage applies to his unnatural mother.

"You, unenslav'd by nature's narrow laws,  
Warm championess for freedom's sacred cause,

From all the dry devoirs of blood and line,  
From ties maternal, moral and divine,  
Discharg'd my grasping soul; push'd me  
from shore,  
And lanch'd me into life without an oar."

"—No Mother's care

Shielded my infant innocence with pray'r:  
No father's guardian hand my youth maintain'd,  
Call'd forth my virtues, or from vice restrain'd."

It is upon grounds somewhat similar to these, that foundlings sometimes obtain that protection from the stranger, which necessity or the fear of infamy may have constrained their parents to deny them.

The child deserted by its natural protectors, must obtain a claim on the being who first meets it for as much protection, as can be afforded consistently with higher duties, a claim that will be answered in proportion as its immediate protector, is more under the influence of sympathy, than under the baser propensity to immediate gratification. It must be obvious that all the extrinsick ties which thus arise between the father and his child, equally operate on the mother and tend to the confirmation of that union, which in her originated from the intrinsick source already described, as infixed in her by nature and extended to the father by sympathy.

When different beings discover in each other a capacity somewhat exclusive, to afford mutual delight, through the direct excitement of

refined thoughts, and exquisite emotions; a coincidence of self love must ensue, which may be called immediate, because immediately resulting from their own intrinsick qualifications.

The friendship arising from this coincidence, would appear to be eminently distinguished, from such as originate in the adventitious sources described in the preceding chapter. Indeed were it not for the illusive power of fancy, few would find in each other the qualifications, requisite for the origin or support of this more genuine friendship: the mere existence of which, so far as it is not founded in the imagination, would appear to be demonstrative of a similar and peculiar superiority. For without superiority of a similar kind, or its fancied existence, there can be no direct and exclusive capacity, to afford that mental repast, of which the diversification, and repetition, can be the only lasting cause of immediate mutual interest.

The fancied idea of peculiar superiority, is the most frequent basis of the better component part of love. And on the same imaginary foundation, frequently arise the violent attachments of young people of the same sex, at the age when they first become susceptible of this passion. But as whatever is founded in the imagination, is necessarily unbounded; the attachments thus originating, are equally noted for their enthusiasm, and for that ephemeral duration, which necessarily awaits the fabrications of fancy. Undoubtedly, the growth and production of these juvenile attachments, is very much stimulated, by the vanity of displaying sentiments which may excite admiration; by the pride of realizing appearances, and our own primi-



tive expectations; and more than all by a certain "craving void" implanted in the bosom of youth, for the wisest purposes; but which being diverted by the constraints of delicacy, or custom, from its natural object, is exercised upon such as are within its scope. But all these exciting causes, only act by disposing the mind to blind itself to reality, and to indulge in the more pleasing illusions of fancy, whose delusive decorations, must notwithstanding be dissipated by experience, and with them the vivacious pleasure to which they gave rise. Nevertheless from a good heart, the traces of these attachments, are rarely effaced unless by subsequent injury; as there must to the last be a coincidence of pleasurable feeling, in the recollection even of a delusion, which had been productive of reciprocal delight.

Genuine affection may sometimes originate, without a real return of sentiment, but then it must be expected or imagined. In love that attachment which arises, independent of a real, expected, or imagined reciprocity; is founded on that fondness for personal charms, which does not come within the scope of this essay.

That the only true, and lasting support, of this species of friendship, is a real, similar, and peculiar superiority of the heart, and head, must be as obvious as, it is evident, that the only unfailing direct source of sentimental delight between human beings, must be the reciprocal excitement of exquisite emotions, by the interchange of the refined conceptions of the soul. Crude ideas, and coarse feelings, are too limited in their number, and too ordinary, to afford vivacious or lasting pleasure.

The enjoyment of such as deal in sentiments of this stamp, rather arises from the vanity of being heard, than the pleasure of listening, whence there can only ensue an alternate gratification, which is widely different from a simultaneous one; however, the rapidity of the alternation, may deceive those concerned.

In fact so far as we associate for the pleasure of expressing our own sentiments, there is a real opposition of self-love; which however tacitly compromises, for alternate indulgence; the anticipated return of which, balances the intermediate deprivation. Further it is evident, that the coarse, and the crude, can never regale each other with the mental banquet; since they have little appetite for the food, and less capacity to produce it. It is by the refinement and subdivision of ideas, that they are multiplied and improved; and that those with whom they originate, are enabled reciprocally to afford an inexhaustible flow of interesting, and novel sentiments, in the discussion or comparison of which, they receive perpetual delight.

But almost every superiour mind, has a peculiar way of analysing and subdividing ideas; and as language calculated for general use, and necessarily corrupted by it, must be inadequate to the conveyance of peculiar conceptions, there is a great, if not an insurmountable difficulty, in conveying them to such, as either from disparity, or diversity of nature, may not have contemplated the world in the same way. On this account similitude is to a great degree indispensable. For it cannot be imagined, that those who contradict, or misunderstand each other, at every step, can excite reciprocal pleasure by the communication or

comparison of their ideas. The vulgar remark, that we like our opposites in character, is therefore a paradox, when applied to the mind; though it may be just, as it regards the temper.

That peculiarity is requisite, for the origin and support of this species of friendship, is evident from the consideration, that if we experience in various quarters the same congeniality, our feelings would be weakened by division: for the current of affection, like all other currents, must be enfeebled by diversion into various channels. The more that those qualifications of our friend, which afford us delight are exclusively his, the more ardently do we prize his society, and the more bitterly do we lament his absence, or decease.

Friendship founded in this last most elevated basis, must necessarily be as durable, as the qualifications from which it originates, and when from any cause a change ensues in these; they must still in common with all the other causes which influence the soul to affection, leave impressions cherished by a reminiscent pleasure, proportioned to their original vivacity and elevation. Probably no source of attachment would be more durable, were the souls of those concerned, to progress in a common path of improvement, uninfluenced by opposite passions. But mixture with the world; too often perverts them into discordant channels of mental exercise: while the heart is hardened, and jarring passions arise. But when existing between individuals of different sex, when combined with that influence which ordinariness constitutes the passion of love, and when cemented by those which give rise to conjugal

affection, this species of attachment must of all others be the most celestial and permanent. Such a contexture of indissoluble and blissful ties and attractions must carry "friendship to its noon-tide point, and give the rivet of eternity." "High-flavoured bliss for gods! on earth how rare."

But after having analytically investigated the sources of human attachments, when we return to survey their momentuous influence in the human bosom, we feel as if there was something in the effect for transcending the probable influence of apparent causes: and borne by fancy above the just restraints of analytick deduction we may imagine ourselves arrayed with a peculiar faculty or sense of affection, the most exquisite result of all our senses, nay above all sense, which is more refined than contact, or even the gentlest touch of vision, an influence celestial, mysteriously exciting in congenial souls ineffable delight, as that which floating on the wings of harmony produces in kindred instruments reechoing unison.

ANALYTICUS.

For The Port Folio.

### CLASSICAL LEARNING.

(Continued from page 301.)

ANACREON was a native of Teos, and applied himself to Lyrick Poetry, with small pretensions to genius, and sometimes little regard to decency. He possessed a correct taste, and an exact acquaintance with the weaknesses of human nature. His Odes are simple, perspicuous, and tender; and appear to be written with the greatest ease. The gratification of human passions constitute their sole subject, and they display the careless gayety of a mind resolved to be at ease, and giving itself no trouble about tomorrow. Probably the smoothness and ease of his compositions has been the cause of their descending to posterity. The immortality of some names is in some sort ridiculous. Little did Anacreon know that near two thousand years

after his death, Mr. Barnes in England, and Madame Dacier in France, would take so much pains to translate, correct, and ascertain, the reading of the productions of his loose hours. Mr. Balfour of Edinburgh, about thirty years ago published an elegant edition of Anacreon on a square yard of white satin. So voluptuous a poet could not have desired to have his works published in any other manner!

**TYRTÆUS** was a Lacedæmonian. The Athenians had been ordered by the Oracle of Apollo to ask a general from the Lacedæmonians, who, in derision, sent them this Tyrtæus, an old man, and lame, unacquainted with the art of war, but possessed of a great spirit and courage, with a turn for poetry. Horace compares his verses with those of Homer for their tendency to excite a martial spirit. *Post hos insignis Homeri, Tyrtæusque, &c.* This Poet applied the Elegiack measure, commonly used for soft and tender subjects, to a very different purpose, and succeeded, but none since his time have dared to imitate him. What remains of him consists chiefly in a comparative view of the talents of the mind, to show how useless all of them might be to society, unless accompanied by bravery and a military spirit.

Some account may not be amiss, of those poets, whereof we have only small fragments remaining.

**PHOCILIDES** composed Elegiack verses, containing moral precepts. Simmias of Rhodes composed a poem in the shape of an egg; another resembling a pair of wings, a shepherd's pipe, an altar, and an ax.

The ancients can dispute the preeminence of folly and false taste, as well as that of propriety, elegance, and beauty. A poem on the story of Hero and Leander is attributed to Musæus, but does not reach that elevated character and rank, which Virgil has given him among the poets. It is the work of an inferior author, though, perhaps, pretty ancient.

**MENANDER**, and **DIPHRILUS** were the favourite authours of Comedy among the ancient Greeks, yet we have only a few fragments of them left, which excite us to regret what is lost. We can only conjecture the foundation of their great character among their cotemporaries from a few sentences preserved by accident. **Alcæus**, **Sappho**, and **Mimnermus**, are known only by fame, and small fragments. **Theognis**, **Moschus**, and **Bion** are writers of Elegiack verse, and we have sundry moral sentences of their compositions preserved.

**PHALARIS**, the tyrant of Agrigentum, in Sicily, is not only famous for the brazen bull presented him by **Perillus**, in which

he burnt that artist. His fame is preserved likewise by a small collection of his Epistles, which has descended to posterity. They do not seem intended for publication, and the subjects of them are not very interesting. They are prized chiefly for the language, which is much extolled by the critics. Mr. Boyle and Dr. Bentley have had furious contests concerning the authenticity of these Epistles. In **Theognis**, **Theocritus**, **Archimides**, and **Phalaris** we see the colonial language of ancient Greece, and remark with pleasure in what purity they preserved it. It is to be wished, that the English Language may be as well preserved in this country, as the Greek is in the Epistles of **Phalaris**.

**PLAUTUS** composed twenty comedies, which have been preserved to our time. When we reflect that he had only rude examples before him, such as **Andronicus**, **Nævius**, and **Accius**, he may be allowed to possess no small merit. Doubtless, he derived no small assistance from Greek authors, though some of his plays are manifestly originals. His *Miser* is still read with pleasure and admiration, even after **Molière** and **Fielding** have tried their talents on the same subject. His *Amphitruo* has been imitated by Mr. Dryden and **Molière**. The latter has also imitated his *Menechmi*, from which, probably, **Shakespeare** took the first hint of his *Comedy of Errors*.

The Punick scene in **Plautus's Pænulus** is the only fragment of that language now remaining. **Parvus** and **Bochart** have taken great pains to illustrate its affinity to the Hebrew. Horace scarce seems to do justice to **Plautus**, and treats his admirers as fools; *At nostri Proavi, &c.* Though not so much celebrated by the critics, **Plautus** appears to have possessed as much genius and knowledge of human nature, as any of the ancient dramatick writers.

**LUCAN** was a native of Corduba in Spain. He wrote the *Pharsalia* or the civil war between **Pompey** and **Cæsar**, which may be called an historick rather than a heroic poem. He details his incidents in the order of time they happened, and makes little use of machinery. **Lucan** wanted not genius, but he was deficient in taste, and the elevation of his style often degenerates into bombast; not but that he likewise has his beauties, but these are not numerous. The genius of **Lucan** was not equal to the subject he had undertaken, and he sinks under the weight of the great characters of **Cæsar**, **Cato**, **Pompey**, and **Cornelia**, which he endeavours to repre-

sent. As a describer of nature he sometimes deserves praise. Being obliged to cut his veins by Nero he died repeating some of his own verses, in which he had represented a person dying by loss of blood.

STATIUS was a little genius, and may be called a versifier, rather than a poet. His *Thebaid* is a mere imitation of Virgil and Homer, and bears few marks of invention. The work of Statius has that dullness which is inseparable from works of mere imitation. His *Silvæ* and *Achilleid* are entirely of the same character, and instead of representing nature, recal to the memory of an attentive reader, those passages only of ancient poets, which he has marred by endeavouring to imitate. Statius's *Thebaid* has been lately translated into English. What a capricious thing is popular approbation! It would be strange if he should become a favourite authour.

SILIUS ITALICUS was a man of letters, ambitious of the reputation of a poet, but not designed by nature for poetical compositions. He was the friend of the younger Pliny, and paid great respect to the memory of Virgil. He has writ the *History of the Punick War* in what he thought heroic verse. His work, probably, cost him much labour, but he was a man of fortune, and had nothing else to do. His language is cold and stiff; and he does not appear to copy from nature, but from other authours. Neither Statius nor he appear to have possessed any high degree of taste or invention. For the sake of brevity, we may apply the same character to Valerius Flaccus, the authour of the *Argonauticks*. Claudian, Ausonius, and Sidonius Apollinarius were poets of the middle age, and not to be reckoned among classick authours. Panegyrick, Epigram, and the lighter kinds of poetry, were those in which they excelled. It is usually remarked of Claudian, that he wanted only a subject to make him a great poet, but unluckily, he chose the rape of Proserpine, which admitted of little variety and few persons.

BOETHIUS the Consul, who wrote partly in verse, may be reckoned among the poets of the middle age, as well as Prudentius, who wrote on Christian and sacred subjects, but Prudentius is far inferior to Boethius in taste and learning. The prose, as well as the verse of Boethius was much admired by his cotemporaries.

The eight tragedies of Seneca deserve to be mentioned, as being the only performances of that kind extant in the Roman

language. Many will not allow them to be the productions of Seneca, the philosopher. Yet they have a Spanish cast, and resemble the writings of those Spaniards who wrote in Latin. This language does not seem well adapted to tragedy, and all the tragedies of Seneca, except the *Octavia*, are only translations from the Greek.

QUINTUS CURTIUS wrote the *History of Alexander the Great*. He was a retainer to the Proconsul of Africa, and is said to have been informed of his fate by a supernatural apparition. From what authorities he compiled this work we know not. He does not always agree with Arrian. His language is perspicuous, nervous, and proper, but the two first books of his history are lost. John Freinsheimius has writ a supplement to it. Mr. Digby has translated the history of Quintus Curtius rather negligently.

## BIOGRAPHY.

### LORD CUTTS.

Lord Cutts, descended from a family long settled at Arkesdon, in Essex, was son of Richard Cutts, Esq. and successour to his elder and only brother Richard, who died unmarried. Sir John Cutts, of Childerley, in Cambridgeshire, created a baronet in 1660, either from a distant relationship, or merely for having the same surname, adopted his father as his heir; by which means a considerable estate and an elegant seat at Childerley centered in him; who, upon this accession of fortune, disposed of his Essex estates, and fixed his family residence at Childerley.

Lord Cutts was bred to arms. Attaching himself to the duke of Monmouth, he followed his fortunes as aid-de-camp to the duke of Lorrain, in Hungary. On his return, he became an attendant upon the Princess Mary, and went with her highness, on her marriage, into Holland. William III. procured him the command of an English regiment in the Dutch service. Shocked at the conduct of James II, "the Protestant religion being dearer to him than all things in this world," he accompanied the prince of Orange to England in 1688, who gave him the second regiment of foot-guards; created him, Dec. 6,

1690, Baron Cutts, of Gournan, in Ireland; and, in 1693, appointed him governor of the Isle of Wight. As he had represented Cambridge-shire in parliament, he was afterwards returned a member for Newport, in the Isle of Wight. He often distinguished himself in the House of Commons as an orator;—but it was a little too much like court-martial law, when he proposed that Captain Porter's evidence should be allowed sufficient to convict Sir John Fenwick, under the idea that, as it was a *new case*, it was allowable.

As the manners of a soldier and the camp were more congenial to his lordship's mind than the comparatively still life of the senate, he accompanied the king to Flanders, and greatly distinguished himself at Namur, the siege of which place was the most brilliant of all William's military transactions. Lord Cutts received a dangerous wound in the head at the above siege; but such was his ardour, that he barely submitted to have it dressed, and immediately returned to his post.

In the reign of Queen Anne he was made a lieutenant-general of the forces in Holland, and employed in all the campaigns of the second war in Flanders, as he had been in the first. Eager for military fame, he willingly shed his blood, and particularly distinguished himself at Steinkirk, at Fort St. Michael, at Venlo (which he carried sword in hand,) Ruremont, Korkslet, and Blenheim; everywhere showing that "he was a stranger to fear," by giving the strongest proofs of intrepidity. Rejecting the idea of implicit obedience to the Duke of Marlborough, Lord Cutts left the service in disgust, and was sent, covered with scars, and crowned with laurels, into a kind of honourable exile, to Ireland, being

appointed, March 23, 1704-5, one of the lords justices general of that kingdom, and general of all the forces there. He died in Dublin, Jan. 26, 1706, and his remains were interred on the 29th, in Christ Church cathedral, in that city. His death was lamented by the publick; but Swift disgraced himself by the most illiberal reflections upon this gallant nobleman, in his scurrilous lampoon called the Salamander.

His lordship was not only a patron of poetry\* (as Briscoe's dedication to Mrs. Behn's works will serve to prove,) but a poet himself, and as such he is classed among the noble authours. It is acknowledged he had "abundance of wit;" but he has been charged with having too great a portion of "vanity and self-conceit." In his person he was "pretty tall, lusty, and well-shaped." As an officer, extremely vigilant and prompt in execution; in private life an agreeable companion: and so liberal, that his revenues, great as they were, were not sufficient to satisfy the demands made upon them.

"Yet Cutts was no unsocial creature,  
"And Lindsay felt for human nature."

Though twice married, he left no issue. His wives were, a sister of Sir George Treby, knt. lord chief justice of the Common Pleas, who was a widow; and the daughter of Sir Henry Pickering, of Whaddon, in Cambridgeshire, bart. well known as the charming Lady Cutts, and who has been noticed in the last reign.

\* Sir Richard Steele's popular publication "The Christian Hero," is dedicated to Lord Cutts, a connexion he was led into, probably by his military engagement at that time.

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# THE PORT FOLIO,

(NEW SERIES)

BY OLIVER OLDSCHOOL, ESQ.



Various, that the mind of desultory man, studious of change and pleased with novelty, may be indulged—Comp.

Vol. V.

Philadelphia, Saturday, June 4, 1808.

No. 23.

## ORIGINAL PAPERS.

*For The Port Folio.*

### TRAVELS.

#### LETTERS FROM GENEVA AND FRANCE.

*Written during a residence of between two and three years in different parts of those countries, and addressed to a lady in Virginia.*

*(Continued from page 340.)*

#### LETTER XIX.

My dear E—,

AS I may not again have occasion to mention the Vallais to you, I may as well give you some account of that country now, and of the people who inhabit it, in addition to the information which you will find in different books of travels. The extreme length of the valley of the Rhone, which forms by far the greater part of the Vallaisan territory, is one hundred and twenty miles, and its greatest breadth about thirty; and there are several narrow recesses which lose themselves in the neighbouring mountains: there is no-

where a more strongly marked variety of soil and climate to be met with, than in the Vallais. To fertile fields succeed uncultivated deserts, and mountains covered with eternal snow, overhang those vallies where one experiences all the evils of heat, and moisture, and stagnated air: their intercourse with the rest of the world, except by the valley of the Rhone, is at all times difficult, and in winter rendered nearly impracticable by the fall of snow; so that they have remained longer than the rest of Europe in the darkness of the middle ages, and have universally incurred the imputation of ignorance, laziness and superstition. The upper Vallais, which was divided into seven communities, each possessing a portion of independent sovereignty, not unlike that of our states in America, and represented in the sovereign council or congress, became proprietors of the lower Vallais by right of

v u.

conquest in a war against the Duke of Burgundy in the year one thousand four hundred and seventy-six; had they now admitted their neighbours to a fair participation of rights, and not preferred the illiberal advantage of governing as subjects, those, whom they ought to have embraced as brethren, it is probable that their remote situation, the poverty of their country, their inoffensive politicks, and the facility with which they might have gratified France in granting a passage through their territory into Italy, would have insured their tranquillity; there is no arguing, I confess, on the probable conduct of the directory of the French republick, but the plausible pretext of liberating the oppressed, would not have been afforded them. Berne was taken in March, ninety eight, and the people of the upper Vallais were shortly after made to understand, that they must free their subjects from their allegiance, and admit them to the equal enjoyment of every civil and political privilege: to this, though with some degree of reluctance they consented, and the new election districts had been already marked out, and every preparatory measure taken for the important change, when there came a new order from the directory, that the Vallais was no longer to be considered as an independent state, but as a department of the new Helvetic government, which had lately been established upon the ruins of the Swiss aristocracy: the whole of the upper Vallais flew to arms upon this indignity being offered them, nor did they yield until all the powers of resistance had been exhausted in a succession of bloody actions, in which their towns and villages were taken by

storm, their property destroyed, and the persons of the more helpless part of the community treated with a degree of atrocity, that human nature recoils from a description of. They have since, after another ineffectual effort, in eighteen hundred and one, and after undergoing every degree of oppression rather than request a union with France, been restored to a sort of mutilated independence, which leaves them like shipwrecked passengers upon a desert shore. The new road which is connected with Geneva on the one side, and with the Italian republick over the Simplon on the other, is carried on with very little attention to the comforts of these poor Vallaisans: it is, by all accounts a stupendous work, and will save the exertions of future Hannibals and Bonapartes; but if the tide of power should ever set in a different direction, if some great potentate should ever spring up to the south of the Alps, and Italy be once more enabled, as in the time of the Romans, to avenge the insults and injuries which have been heaped up without mercy upon its ill-fated inhabitants, good policy and self-defence may require, that this easy access to France should be stopped up again.

On our return from the rocks of Meillerai to Vevay, and about midway where St. Preux may be supposed to have been, when a fit of despair had almost got the better of him, the wind headed us, and the lake rose in gentle waves so as to give a representation in miniature of the appearance we had so lately been familiar with; I felt no temptation however to jump overboard with any body in my arms, but waited patiently, assisting sometimes at an oar, sometimes at the helm, until we ran

into a cove between Clarens and Vevay, and landed in the midst of a scene of labourers and sun-burnt maidens. You may now transport yourself back again to Secheron, observing however as you pass, how visibly the lake has retired from its former boundaries, which may be traced by the accumulation of pudding stone several feet above the present road, and deposited horizontally, and how regularly the Jura, like an immense wall, shuts in the prospect from the fort de l'Ecluse behind Rolle, where it begins to take a western direction, leaving that opening through which, in all probability, the waters flowed in former times towards the lake of Yverdon. The land about Vevay is cultivated almost entirely in grapes, and is frequently held at a price beyond what I could have supposed possible, had I not been on the spot and derived my information from the best authority; a pause of twenty-five thousand six hundred square feet, (French feet) or about two thirds of an English acre, has sold for five hundred pounds sterling, but the medium price, on an average during the last twenty years, may be called two hundred and fifty pounds an acre; the medium profit at the same rate has been about five per cent on the capital. My information on this subject and on some others, was from the clergyman of the parish, who having accidentally met ——— in the street, and having discovered him to be a foreigner by his accent, for ——— had inquired of him the way to the inn, had accompanied him and introduced himself to our acquaintance. He addressed us in good English, which I was not so much surprised at as to find in him, the brother of an old acquaintance, d'Eli-

ant, a Swiss officer, who had served as brigade major to Gen. Moultrie, during the war of the revolution. The good man, who had been several years in England, was delighted to speak to us in the language of that country, and to make inquiries about America, which is the Eldorado of Switzerland.

The same sort of cultivation which prevails near Vevay, is to be found on the whole of the way to Geneva, and seems particularly well understood, and particularly profitable in the district of la Côte, which is a ramification of Jura, and presents an appearance, not unlike that of the south west mountains in Albemarle. The Jura reminded me of the Blue Ridge, which it resembles very much, except that it is considerably higher; there is a small portion of it immediately behind Nyon, which deserves your attention: it is where a smaller mountain known by the name of the Dole, rises above the general level and diversifies the scene: there is a plain on the top of it of small extent, but much visited by strangers, who are desirous of enjoying one of the most sublime of all prospects. It is there that the shepherds and labourers of the neighbourhood meet by immemorial custom on the first Sundays of August in every year: the best of everything that the mountain dairies can produce is prepared for their entertainment, and every sort of rural game contributes to make their time pass away delightfully. One may without any great effort of imagination suppose what are the topics of conversation among such a group of rusticks, as they look about them from this elevated spot, of nearly a mile in perpendicular height above the



country below; their own fields and villages are at their feet, the larger towns of the Pays de Vaud are conspicuous, the Alps terminate the view on one side, and losing itself in the Alps is seen the road to Rome; Rome, the great fountain of indulgencies and dispensations, and always in some one way or other the seat of empire; the lakes of Geneva and of Yverdon are spread out in all their grandeur and magnificence of surrounding scenery, that of Annecy in Savoy appears at a distance, and that of Joux, seems bosomed in a deep vale, for ages, according to tradition the favourite seat of innocence and simplicity, whilst that of Morat, suggests to some gray-haired peasant, that he has heard of a famous battle fought upon its banks in days of yore, when the Swiss were men indeed, and would admit of no degrading medium between liberty and death.

One would hardly suppose that this isolated plain, so far removed in appearance above the cares and evils of the world, could have been the scene of a shocking tragedy, but the account which I have now before me, and from which I take my idea of the prospect, ends with a sad story, of a new married pair, whose fate will remind you of the lovers described in one of Gay's letters, as having been the victims of the same thunder storm: they had come up the mountain on their wedding day, followed by their nearest friends, and by the guests of the marriage feast, and having shared in the amusements of the place for sometime, had withdrawn a step or two from the company and were conversing at the edge of the plain, on that side where it ends abruptly. I am not so old, but that I can easily conceive the gay prospects of life, which

animated their conversation; they were pointing, perhaps, to the very grove, where they first exchanged mutual vows, or, to the steeple of the church, where those vows had been ratified by heaven; or sitting silent with their eyes fixed on some retired valley, some distant hill side; where their new cottage was to rise "embosomed in a peach orchard," they perhaps already enjoyed in imagination, for they were young and very unexperienced, that endless succession of days, which were to roll away in never-ceasing happiness,

"the seasons too,  
As ceaseless round a jarring world they  
roll,  
Would find them happy still, the genial  
Spring  
Would shed her rosy garland on their  
heads;  
'Till evening came at last, serene and  
mild,  
When after the long vernal day of life,  
Together freed their kindred souls would  
move  
To scenes, where love and bliss immortal  
reign."

But heaven had ordered otherwise—suddenly the earth gave way under the feet of the bride, the husband caught her in his arms, and they were precipitated together into the abyss below; a rock which projects from the side of the precipice, full many a fathom down, remained stained with the blood of this ill-fated couple.

## NEW BIOGRAPHY, OF SALLUST.

By THOMAS MOORE, Esq.

(Concluded from page 345.)

In the meantime the wreck of Pompey's army was collected under Cato and Scipio in Africa, and began to assume an aspect of resistance, which, though not very formidable, called for the atten-

tion of Cæsar. He accordingly gave directions to Sallust, whom he had appointed one of his lieutenants, to march with a body of troops to the coast, and there embark immediately for Africa. But long and painful service had wearied these hardy veterans. As soon as they arrived at the place of embarkation, and found that they were destined to new dangers, a spirit of mutiny declared itself, and they refused to obey the orders of their lieutenant. In vain did he threaten and promise; their discontent soon kindled into fury, and he was forced at length to consult his own safety by flight, while the malcontents proceeded with the most furious menaces towards Rome, murdering, indiscriminately, all who were ill-fated enough to encounter them. Cæsar, upon hearing of their approach, went forth to meet them alone, notwithstanding the representations of his friends, who trembled at the danger to which he exposed himself, and it was upon this occasion that by the single word "Quirites," he abashed a whole army of mutineers, and had them all repentant at his feet. Such was the dominion which he held over the soldiers, and must ever be the ascendancy of those splendid qualities, which, like the shield of the magician in Ariosto, dazzle men out of their liberties.

E tolto per virtù dello splendore  
La libertà a loro. Cant. ii.

Soon after the arrival of Cæsar in Africa, there were some apprehensions entertained of a scarcity of provisions for the troops; in consequence of which a part of the fleet was detached under the command of Sallust to take possession of the island of Cercina, in which a rich magazine had been

formed by the enemy. "I do not pause to consider," said Cæsar, in giving orders to his lieutenant, "whether the service on which I send you is practicable or not; the situation in which we are placed admits neither of delay nor disappointment."\* The enterprise, however, succeeded without much difficulty. Decimius, who commanded at Cercina, upon seeing the approach of the squadron, escaped to sea in a skiff, and abandoned the island to Sallust, who, taking possession of the stores, had the corn all shipped aboard his transports, and returned with the welcome supply to Cæsar.

This is the only occurrence during the war, in which the historian appears to have been prominently concerned; but either his services or his flattery recommended him so strongly to Cæsar, that he was appointed, after the conquest of Numidia, to the government of the whole African province, including Lybia, Numidia, and Mauritania, and extending along the coast from Carthage to the ocean.† If the wild irregularities of youth were all that could be objected to Sallust, his biographers would have lingered less harshly on his name, and the follies of the boy would have been forgotten in the greatness of the man.‡ But those cold vices of the

\* "It is not thus," says De Brosse, "that ordinary men are addressed; and when we recollect that it was Cæsar who gave these orders, we cannot but think highly of the talents of Sallust who received them."

† "Elle comprenoit la Lybie maritime, la Numidie et la Mauritanie; c'est-à-dire toute la côte d'Afrique depuis Carthage jusqu'à l'Océan." M. de Brosse, *Vie de Salluste*, tom. iii. p. 360.

‡ There is something so meritorious in surmounting early frailties, that a manhood of virtue is even enhanced by a youth of irregularity. Neither the temperance nor

heart, which time can neither soften nor eradicate, were, unhappily, his leading characteristic, and have left the darkest stain upon his memory. So active was the spirit of rapacity with which he plundered the subjects of his government, that in the course of a year he returned to Rome, sinking under the wealth which he had wrung from the unfortunate Numidians. An effort was made to bring him to an account for these extortions, but the fruits of his guilt enabled him to avert its punishment; a bribe administered to Cæsar was the spell which dissolved the prosecution, and Sallust was left to employ his affluent leisure in writing against luxury, speculation, and avarice.

With the wealth of the injured Africans he laid out those delicious gardens\* which still "look

the orthodoxy of St. Austin would have appeared to us half so admirable, if he had not been in his youth both a Manichæan and a profligate.

\* M. de Brosses, in his life of Sallust, has described these gardens very amply and accurately. The learned president visited Italy in the year 1739, and has given such a lively account of his travels that we cannot help wishing he had written more in this style, and had left all the learned lumber of his Sallust to German professors and Scotch doctors of laws. The following is his account of the site of these gardens: "Ils comprenoient à ce qu'il semble, tout ce grand espace qui se trouva enfermé entre les murs de Rome, la rue de la porte Colline (via Salaria), la rue qui va des quatre fontaines ou de la porte Pie jusqu'à l'angle de S. Suzanne (via Nomentana,) et de là, suivant en ligne droite le long des jardins de Barberini, et à travers les jardins de Ludovisio, jusqu'aux murs de Rome, ou peu en deçà de la porte Pinciane, à l'angle de l'ancienne rue Collatine. Cet espace qui contenoit autrefois la maison, les jardins et le marché de Salluste, le temple et le cirque de Vénus Erycine ou Sallustienne, les petits temples de la Lune et de Quirinus, les rues de Mamuria et de la Grenada (malum: Punicum) et même peut-être une partie de la place exécrable (campus Sceleratus), où l'on enterroit vives les vestales

green" in the pages of antiquity, and which were long the delight and the wonder of Rome. There, in the midst of parterres and porticos, with an Italian sky over his head, and the voluptuous statues of Greece before his eyes, the historian produced those rigid lessons of temperance, those strong delineations of character and those connected views of motives, events and consequences, which deserve so justly to be called "Philosophy teaching by examples." There, reposing in the temple of his Venus, after an interview, perhaps, with some fair Libertina, he inveighed against the sensuality of the Roman youth; or reclining amidst vases and pictures which African gold had purchased, composed his elaborate declamations against the rapacity of provincial governors.

Such were the labours and the luxuries, which Sallust was obliged to relinquish, before he could be weary of the one or sated with the other. He died at the age of fifty-one, in the year of Rome 718; and perhaps the best summary of his life and character is comprised in the following couplet of Young:

The man disgusts us, while the writer shines,  
Our scorn in life, our envy in his lines!

The merits of Sallust as a writer and a historian have been often discussed, and are in general just-

coupables, est aujourd'hui occupé par divers terrains incultes, par les églises de N. D. de la Victoire, de Sainte Suzanne et de St. Nicolas de Tolentin, par la rue Salaria, par les vestiges d'un ancien cirque, nommé mal-à-propos, dans quelques cartes modernes, le cirque de Flore, mais qui est en effet le cirque de la Vénus Erycine de Salluste, et enfin par les jardins de Negroni, l'extrémité de ceux de Barberini, et la plus grande partie de ceux de Ludovisio." Tom. iii. p. 362.

ly appreciated. He shows, however, the fallacy of a standard in criticism, as there is scarcely a fault in his writings, which some have not praised as a beauty; and, on the other hand, scarcely a beauty which some have not censured as a fault. While Quintilian admires the brevity of his style, there are others who condemn it as vicious and affected;\* and Julius Scaliger, with a still more capricious singularity of opinion, declares that diffusiveness and prolixity are the most striking defects of Sallust. The speeches, interwoven with his history, which some critics value so highly, are considered by others as false and inelegant fabrications; and Cassius Severus has classed them among the failings of genius with the verses of Cicero and the prose of Virgil. The authenticity of these harangues is certainly too questionable to admit of their exciting such a lively degree of interest as might atone for the interruption which they cause in the narrative; and even the dramatic allusion that should be preserved is destroyed by the uniformity of the historian's style, which confers on the rough, uneducated Marius an array of language as dense and artificial as it gives to the polished and eloquent Cæsar. Without, however, entering into the minuteness of criticism, or pausing upon any of those heretical opinions which we have mentioned, we may consider ourselves orthodox in looking to

Sallust as one of the purest models of historical composition; as a writer, whose style, though formed on the study of the Greeks, is peculiarly his own and original both in its faults and in its perfections, being often affected yet always vigorous, and sometimes too brief yet never obscure. The precepts of virtue too with which he has enriched his works are truly philosophical and most admirably inculcated; and we have only to regret, while we read and admire them, that these flowers of moral eloquence are not native to the heart of him who utters them; but, like Virgil's branch of gold upon the gloomy tree in the shades, are a kind of bright excrescence, "*quod non sua seminat arbor.*"

For The Port Folio.

### CRITICISM.

RURAL POEMS, *Moral and Descriptive; to which are added, Poems on several subjects.* By JOHN HAYES, A. B. Professor of Languages, Dickinson College, Carlisle. From the press of A. Loudon, Whitehall. 1807, pp. 180.

Perhaps no species of poetry has been so frequently attempted as the rural. In the spring of life, ere the sensibility of the heart has been frozen by the sad realities which it must experience in an intercourse with the world, the charms of nature make the most vivid and delightful impressions. If the creative imagination of the poet can, even in his closet, so embody his ideas, as to give to airy nothing a local habitation and a name; how much more forcible and exquisite must his sensations be, holding converse with his Creator in his works, when in the words of a royal bard, "The flowers appear on the earth, the season of the song is returned, and the voice of the turtle is heard in our land!"

\* Quos inter (says Morhofius, Polyhist. lib. iv. cap. xi.) Joh. Petrum Maffeiū quoque fuisse Erythrum refert Pinacoth. ii. p. 53. "Illud," inquit "in eo ferendum non erat, quod Sallustium Crispum, Romanæ decus historiarum, ad sui judicii calculum revocare et damnare audebat; ideo fortasse, quod divinam ejus prudentiam illustremque brevitatē," &c.

The youthful days of our authour appear to have been passed amid the scenes which he describes.

The following is his preface:

"In presenting the following poems to the publick, the authour feels a degree of diffidence peculiar to a young writer, unknown to the world, and sensible of his own imperfections—a diffidence, which has been much increased by the generous and active part which some of his friends have taken, in recommending the work to the publick, and procuring subscriptions. His apprehensions, lest its appearance might disappoint the publick expectation, and reduce his friends to the disagreeable necessity of retracting their former opinion, have sometimes led him sincerely to repent of the step he has taken. Embarrassing, indeed, is the situation of a young poet: in other writers, truth and utility are sufficient to atone for almost every defect; but in a poet, whose professed object is to please, the reader naturally looks for some degree of excellence; and when he does not find it, he is very justly offended and disgusted. And yet of all writers, none is so ill qualified, as a poet, to judge of the merit of his own compositions; or to determine how far they are calculated to meet with general approbation. The pleasure he finds in composing leads him to expect, that others will find the same pleasure in reading his productions; in which expectation he is frequently disappointed. The reason is obvious; the taste of the authour, and that of his readers may be very different; and this diversity, on which side soever the preference lies, will infallibly prevent his success. A poet must generally be, in some measure, pleased with his own compositions; it is this pleasure alone which can reconcile him to the labour necessary to finish any poetical work; but it depends entirely upon the correctness of his taste, whether, or not, he shall be able to communicate any degree of the same pleasure to the judicious reader.

If, then, the authour of these poems has overrated their merit, (which he will be supposed to have done, if they are unworthy of a publication,) the observations already offered will account for his mistake—a mistake common to him with many others in almost every age and country.

A considerable part of the Rural Poems was composed by the authour, some years ago, for his own amusement, and without any immediate view to a publication. Following the bent of his own inclination, he continued from time to time to prosecute the work, till it arrived at its present magnitude. Having from childhood made poetry the amusement of his leisure hours, and being sometimes carried to that species of composition by an impulse almost irresistible, it was natural for him to inquire, whether such an exercise would, in the end, be productive of any benefit to himself, or others. To ascertain this he could not think of any expedient so infallible as that of publishing these poems; as the tribunal of the publick alone has power to pronounce, decisively, and without appeal, upon the merit of any production.

The authour regrets that he engaged in this work at so early a period of his life: several of his first productions, originally intended to make a part of the Rural Poems, have, upon a review been rejected altogether; and others after having undergone very considerable alterations, have been admitted in their present form, only because he had not time still further to improve them, or rather to substitute something better in their place. Other parts which the authour himself condemned, have been retained merely for the sake of connexion. After all, it is probable, that in every part of this work, some crudities, inaccuracies, and other blemishes may be found; many of which a greater length of time, and more leisure for a severe examination might have

discovered and removed. Scarcely in any instance has the authour succeeded to such a degree, as fully to satisfy himself. The reader is therefore entreated to exercise candour and forbearance in the perusal of these poems, and to consider them in the light of a rude sketch, merely the outlines of a work, which, if it should ever undergo a second impression (an event not very probable) may appear considerably improved.

With respect to the reception which he may experience, from the publick, the expectations, and the wishes of the authour are very moderate. It was not without much previous hesitation that he resolved to publish these Poems; and now that they are likely to appear, he is sometimes, from various considerations, tempted to wish that they had been yet confined to his desk, or even sentenced to a severer doom. Should their merit and reputation be such as to gratify the partial feelings of his few sincere friends, it would be to him a highly pleasing reflection.

When this little volume shall fall into the hands of a candid and benevolent reader, the authour entreats him, that, if he discovers in it anything like accuracy of description, or justness of sentiment, he would allow these to atone, in some degree, for its various defects; and if he should find it entirely destitute of merit, that he would suffer the incorrectness of the authour's judgment, and perhaps something of that partiality which we feel for what is our own, to pass, as his apology, for having given it to the publick."

A volume of American poetry is almost a phenomenon in literature, and we opened the present one with no very favourable expectations. Rural Poems, are, in general, little more than "pouring out of one phial into another." There have been a few inspired bards, but a herd of servile imitations. In our expectations, however, we were agreeably disappointed, and much pleased to

find that we could speak of the volume before us in a tone of commendation. In many parts it is entitled to the claim of originality; and the American scenery with which it abounds, is depicted with much fidelity and beauty. We exhibit the following passages, taken with little selection, as a proof of its merits.

In through my window breaks a boundless  
song

From all the groves around; the morn's  
soft breath

Whispers abroad, or through the lifted  
sash

My pillow fans. Ah! let me haste away!  
The hour of prime will soon be past, the  
winds

Shake from the flower the pearly drops,  
and waste

Its balmy sweets. Now glows the liquid  
sky

With rosy light. Shorn of her beams the  
moon

Pale in the west retires. Close by the  
wood,

Around the blooming pastures let me stray;  
Where bathed in dew the clover blossoms  
nod

Before the gale, and breathe a rich per-  
fume.

In wanton pride elate, the approaching  
steed

Snorts at the passenger; or flying o'er  
The smoking field, devours the ground  
with speed:

High in the wind his head; the flaky hair  
Lightens along his proudly arched neck;  
His fiery nostrils smoke; his waving mane  
Like streamers round his sturdy shoulders  
plays.

Noisy, above my head, on frequent wing  
The woodpecks rove, in playful freaks en-  
gaged;

Round, thro' the boughs, and leaves, and  
open sky,

They urge the sportive chace; till gathe-  
red on

Some aged bough, loud the mock quarrel  
sounds

In harsh and scolding notes: then parting  
wide

Each fastens on some bare decayed trunk;  
And with their beaks the hardened oak re-  
sounds.

But, now behold, the dazzling orb of  
day

Flames in the east. Down to the dewy  
green

The feathered tribes repair; or to the  
wood

Silent retire; all but the tuneful bird,  
That sings melodious from the lofty elm:

Charmer of groves, that, on some airy top,  
Sole seated, sings through all the live-long  
day,

And warbling o'er a thousand varied notes,  
Pours her sweet melody around. Oft too,  
When all is hushed amid the silent hours,  
Serenely bright o'er nature's midnight rest  
Smiles the fair moon, and from the distant  
wood

Is heard the night-bird's interrupted  
strain ;

Soft breaks her musick from the sleeping  
grove,

And charms the ear of night.

Rising with morn, the breezy zephyrs  
shake

The spangled mead, play o'er the bending  
corn,

And murmur thro' the grove ; or on the  
floods

Gently disport, and curl the restless waves.

The following description of Winter,  
is, at the same time, faithful and  
poetick.

Not wrapt in fogs, 'mid ever-frowning  
storms,

And deepening glooms, in sullen state en-  
throned,

Our winter reigns ; of piercing eye, and  
stern,

Tho' cloudless aspect, on the northern  
blast

He rides sublime, and rules with iron rod  
The prostrate world. But ere he yet ar-  
rives

To rule the year, he sends his harbingers,  
November's rains, poured down in copious  
floods

From leaden skies. All night the ceaseless  
shower

Beats on the wood ; and fast at every drop  
Struck from the boughs, the withered  
leaves descend.

Next morn the forest waves it's naked  
arms

Before the blast. Stretched o'er the vale  
immense

The torrent glitters to the morning sun :  
Proud of a transient greatness, not its own,  
It foams, and boils, and roars along the  
plain.

Heard high amid the clouds, the nightly  
cry

Of banded wild-geese, through the path-  
less air

Steering with heaven-taught wing their  
annual course,

Forewarns the swain of winter's near ap-  
proach.

A somber gloom  
Invests the world, and night in deepening  
shades

Closes around. Scarce yet perceived, mi-  
nute,

And rare the snowy particles descend ;  
Felt on the hand of busy swain, as to  
His nightly charge he bears the fragrant  
hay.

Now let the fire be trimmed, and social  
chat

Drive fast the hours ; the song and rustick  
tale

Go merry round ; while heard without, the  
storm

Howls unregarded, on the face of things  
Effecting change unseen ; till from his door,  
The swain surprised ; sees by his taper's  
light,

The whitened ground, and fast descending  
snow.

Whence is it that this scene has charms,  
and o'er

The musing soul a pensive pleasure spreads,  
Inspiring happy thought ! these precious  
hours

I steal from sleep, while silence dwells  
around.

My windows closed, the blazing hearth  
emits

A cheering ray. I ruminating sit,  
And from the blast that sadly sighs abroad  
Catch inspiration ; through the boundless  
fields

Of fancy stray ; in Athens, or in Rome,  
Converse with sages born in other days,  
Or to the fairy world of fiction rapt,  
Paint to my mind, far in the watery waste,  
Some happy isle, where spring forever  
blooms.

Thus on my mind poetick raptures swell,  
Too great for utterance ; emotions strange  
Struggle within my breast, and transports  
high ;

A sweet delirium, known to bards alone.  
Oft too, the songs of ancient time return  
To memory, which in younger days I read  
With keen delight. Say, which amid the  
band

Shall raise the song : shall Milton's hea-  
venly muse,

Or Virgil's polished strains, or Shakspeare's  
lays

Demand my ear ! these too I love ; but  
these

Must yield, when to my view the Grecian  
bard

Unfolds his page, and in harmonious song  
Pours his resistless soul. Father of bards,  
Whose boundless mind surveyed the vast  
extent

Of nature's field, and swelled his matchless  
song

With all her choicest stores ! Majestick,  
broad,

And deep : thus rolls the Mississippi's flood  
Through southern plains, swelled with the  
watery wealth

Of half a world. Whate'er in song divine

Has moved the soul, since first her heavenly harp

Urania strung, to charm the listening world.

Is here contained; hence other bards derived

Their borrowed wealth; yet ne'er could half exhaust

The golden mine.

Nor would I, Milton, thy high-sounding harp,

The awful grandeur of thy soaring thoughts,  
And thy rich fancy's ne'er exhausted stores  
Neglect, or lightly pass; whether the deep  
Tartarian gulph, or heaven's refulgent fields,

Or Eden's rosy bow'rs thy verse depict.  
Nor bards of later times, illustrious heirs  
Of deathless fame, lights of Britannia's isle.

Cowper, thy moral and descriptive lay  
Repeated oft, yet still with new delight.  
Nor thee, great bard\* of evangelick song!  
Thou stored with lofty thought, and soaring high

Above terrestrial things: the world retires,  
And vast eternity her awful scenes  
Unfolds; till on the boundless view I'm lost,

And wonder how th' immortal, high-born mind,

Her dignity forgot, could, with such zeal,  
Pursue the baubles of so vain a world.

We have no hesitation to say that the Rural Poems display poetick genius, and classical taste; but in many parts there are inaccuracies which we should be pleased to see corrected in another edition. Had they been written in Latin or Greek, we believe the "professour of languages" would have discovered many false quantities, which have passed him unnoticed in its present form. We observe, with displeasure, the Americanisms *illy* and *lengthy* used; and it was not without some surprise that we, in our northern climate, were told of *shepherds* singing. Concerning those gentlemen, we can only say, with the correct and elegant Goldsmith, that to us "Thyrsis is one of the most insipid fellows we ever conversed with; and as for Corydon, we do not choose his company."

\* Dr. Young.

For The Port Folio.

## CLASSICAL LEARNING.

(Concluded from page 301.)

The younger PLINY was the Proconsul of Bithynia, and nephew of the famous Natural Historian. His Letters, though overdressed, with regard to language, exhibit a benevolent heart and a cultivated mind, and are the best description of the manners of the age of Trajan, whose favourite he was, and whose panegyrick he has composed in the usual manner in which Princes are praised, *i. e.* from invention, representing to them rather what they ought to be, than what they are, to excite them to deserve praise, by observing how well it sounds.\*

EUTROPIUS, and AURELIUS VICTOR wrote short summaries of the Roman History in the middle age. Their language is pure, considering the period they wrote in and they are sometimes put in the hands of youth, to give them a connected view of the Roman History.

Florius, and Velleius Paterculus, are abbreviations of the same kind, and possess very little merit.

SENECA, the Stoick philosopher ought to be mentioned as a classick authour, though according to Quintilian, he corrupted the Roman eloquence, and introduced a bad taste. He was an oratour, as well as a philosopher, and like Aristotle and Plato, has treated both of Natural and Moral subjects. He was the Preceptor of Nero, and one of the victims of his cruelty. Seneca was of Corduba, in Spain. By the bounty of his master, he became immensely rich, and the maxims of his philosophy were pure his manner of living was splendid and magnificent. This circumstance he has thought fit to convey to posterity himself, lest some other person should have gloried in the discovery, and made a merit of communicating it to the publick. Seneca has the honour of the famous *Quinquennium Neronis*, as it was while he listened to Seneca's counsels, that Nero gave so great satisfaction. The faithfulness and worth of Seneca were also set in a stronger light by the enormities of Nero, when no longer under his influence. Seneca's Exercises in Rhetorick, are puerile and contemptible, like all essays on feigned occasions.

For The Port Folio.

THE SIGNORA AVEDUTA,  
From the German and French.

It was midnight, and I was on the the great road between Naples and Rome, when my carriage broke down;



I had only one servant with me ; we could not see a step before us, and were obliged to manage as well as we could to drag on the carriage as far as the post-house a mile off, in the hope of being able to have it repaired ; but on our arrival there we found no other shelter than what was intended for the post horses and for the men who took care of them. We were in the midst of the Pontian marshes, and the bad air which is most noxious at this season of the year had driven every one else for refuge to the neighbouring towns. It was with very great difficulty and only by promising to recompense handsomely, the ostler and postillion for their trouble, that I could prevail on them to undertake the repairs of my carriage, and they were examining it for that purpose when we were joined by a pilgrim who had preceded me and who was adroitly contriving to draw a handkerchief from my servant's pocket, when I caught him in the fact, and begged of him to be so good as to leave in its place. *Scusi Signore*, (excuse me, Sir,) said he, as if he had done it from inattention, and quietly returning to his station in the corner, wrapped his cloak around him and soon forgot his disappointment in sleep. Being in want of tools, and several other necessities I endeavoured to prevail on the postillion to take a horse and go as far as the next town, and if possible to procure them, but just as he had begun his preparations for setting out, and I was making up my mind to the remaining a considerable time in this miserable place, the effort, for it was no inconsiderable one was prevented, and the train of my reflections interrupted by the arrival of a carriage, at the door of which I immediately presented myself. Whoever you are said I to the travellers, whom the darkness of the night at first rendered invisible to me, whoever you are, you will not surely refuse your assistance to a stranger on his way to Rome, whose carriage has met with an accident, and who is utterly at a loss what to do, or how

to proceed on his journey. No certainly, replied a voice, which I knew to be that of a woman, *Giacomo! Pietro!* come to this gentleman's assistance and do everything in your power to be of service to him ; but said she turning to me, why stay exposed to the cold in that miserable hovel? I am also on my way to Rome, why not take a place with me? One of my people shall remain and assist yours, and they will follow you with the carriage as soon as it can be repaired : so saying the good Lady, whom I could now barely discern by the help of a taper from the stable, made room for me next to herself, whilst two persons who appeared to be her female attendants remained on the front seat. I would have excused myself ; no ceremony said she, rather impatiently, I cannot bear it, come sit down here, come quick, no affectation ; so I accepted her offer and placed myself beside her, and having ordered my servant to follow me to Rome together with the Lady's, and to bring on my carriage as soon as possible, we drove on. The stranger soon overwhelmed me with questions : " Whence I came ? How long I had been in Italy ? My object in visiting it ? My rank in life ? My age ? and whether I was single or married. ?" All these questions followed each other rapidly, and without her appearing to pay any attention to my answers ; but what surprised me much more was that she seemed to suppose I had asked her a question, and to feel herself called on to answer it, when in fact I should have been very far from taking such a liberty : " why, I am going to the baths of Pisa," said she ; as if I had known she was going there, " why am I going to Pisa ? I go there in search of a husband, and it will be no easy thing to find one."

These last words gave rise in my mind to the most singular and unpleasant conjectures. Every thing about my travelling companion seemed to announce opulence and high rank ; why then did she think it so difficult to find a husband ? The te-

tal darkness of the night rendered it impossible for me to form any idea of her shape or features, and I concluded that she must be old and ugly; besides her familiar manners and very great affability towards one who was a perfect stranger to her, gave me no favorable idea of her delicacy or prudence. To tell the truth I was not without fears, that in offering me so generously a seat in her carriage, she might have intended to save herself the trouble of going as far as Pisa. As such was the result of, my reasoning, I got as far from her as I could, and drew myself up in the corner, but I was wrong in doing so, for I soon found that her confidential prattle had only arisen from her impossibility to refrain from speaking on the subject which seemed to engross her whole mind. "It is not" continued she, "that there are not a great many men who would think themselves blessed in the possession of my heart and hand, for thank God, I am still young, and neither ugly nor stupid, and if I do not flatter myself, am not deficient in those accomplishments which become my station; but it would be a difficult matter to find a man such as I could wish. I have already been twice married; and neither time happily, you will not therefore think it strange that I should now be rather difficult to please, both times I thought I had the best reasons in the world for supposing I had chosen well; I know you would like to hear my story, and I will relate it to you, for I count on your discretion, and as I believe you to possess a sound judgment, founded on long experience and knowledge of the world, I must request of you in the end to give me your advice, as to the manner in which I must in future conduct myself, in order to avoid those dangers I have hitherto heedlessly exposed myself to." So lost in astonishment was I at the confidence placed in me that before I could recover myself sufficiently to thank her for her compliment, she had begun her history in the following words:

"I lost my mother while I was yet a child, and my father, who did not like a convent education, determined to bring me up at home, where the seclusion was as great as in convents of the most rigid order.

I was every Sunday carried to mass, and sometimes I was allowed to walk in the garden, which was surrounded by high walls. Such were the recreations which, until I had attained my fifteenth year, alone varied the uniformity of my life. One evening, as I was taking my accustomed walk, I distinctly heard a man's voice, which appeared to proceed from the street, adjoining the garden wall. The voice was accompanied by a lute, and the words I soon discovered to be extempore. Never had musick appeared so delightful to me, and, perhaps, never will again." Here the lady paused, and turning to me, Stranger, said she "the charming age of fifteen comes never to return. A woman can hear but once the first eulogium on her beauty; the first declaration of love can be made but once." Such was the purport of the song addressed to me; I was fifteen, and I leave you to judge of the impression made on me. I wished, above all things, to be able to scale the wall, but it was high, and rugged, and the shades of night had already extended their influence over the universe, when the voice ceased. and I returned to my prison, divided between hope and fear.

What an idea did I not conceive of this unknown admirer;

"My fancy formed him of th' angelick kind,  
"Some emanation of the all beauteous mind."

How ardently I wished to see, and to speak to him! At last, evening returned, and I once more heard the voice which had so much pleased me. The same obstacles, however, which had before prevented me from seeing him, still existed, but I contrived to make a small aperture in the wall, through which we

could converse. I now heard that he had often seen me at church, that he had long suppressed his love and admiration, and that the height of his ambition was to be sometimes allowed to amuse me with his voice; he added, that the idea of affording me any pleasure, would be to him supreme felicity. I pressed him to tell me his name, and to give me such a description of himself, as that I might be able to recognise him the following Sunday at mass, but he refused to comply with either of my requests.

‘Were you to see me,’ said he, ‘the charm, if there exists one, would immediately be dispelled, my voice would no longer afford you any pleasure, and I should lose my only consolation.’ His refusal, however, only the more forcibly excited my curiosity. “Perhaps,” said I “you have neither birth nor fortune to recommend you, and can the want of two such slight and frivolous advantages, so far overwhelm you with false shame, as to prevent your making yourself known to me! Ah, what are rank and fortune in comparison with talents such as yours!” ‘No,’ replied he, ‘my birth is illustrious, and my fortune considerable, but, I conjure you, do not insist on overcoming my reluctance to make myself known to you. You would be shocked at the discovery you would make, and I should forever lose the place I now hold in your good opinion.’ I own, at that moment I felt something like fear; my imagination conjured up the strangest phantoms. I had often heard of evil spirits, and magicians, and I had fancied to myself these imaginary beings as very different from anything in the human form. Unable to conceal my terror, I threatened my unknown friend, no longer to listen to his voice, and was preparing to put my threat into execution, when he at last promised to satisfy me, ‘Stay,’ said he, ‘since it must be so, you shall know all. I am of mortal kind. But, alas! few are they whom Na-

ture has so cruelly ill treated.’ So terrified had I been, that was agreeably surprized by this little explanation. “What!” said I, “is that all, and do you pretend to love me, and at the same time, have you so little esteem for me, as to imagine that a circumstance such as the want of personal beauty, could make you appear less amiable in my eyes. If as I am afraid I cannot but acknowledge, I feel myself already prepossessed in your favour. Do you not owe it to your melodious voice, to your mental charms? Of what importance is your external appearance? have I ever bestowed a thought on what it might possibly be?”

‘Would to heaven,’ replied he, that I could flatter myself that such would always be your opinion; I once more conjure you to suffer me to remain unknown.’

I at last, however, succeeded in overcoming his reluctance to gratify my curiosity, and finished by exacting a promise, that on the following Sunday he would be at mass at St. Charles’s, near the third column to the right, on entering, and that he would appear in blue and gold:—such are the liveries of the imagination, and such have always been my admiration.

(To be Continued.)

## POLITE LITERATURE.

### LETTERS FROM BRUTUS.

#### LETTER VII.

To R. B. Sheridan, Esq.

SIR,

Some of the severer philosophers have excluded eloquence, poetry and wit, from their system of a republick, as tending to mislead the people, to perplex those councils which wisdom only should be suffered to guide. This will readily be allowed too rigid an idea for modern times, yet it were well, perhaps, if in publick men and in publick assemblies, the more solid qualities of knowledge, virtue, and prudence,

were allowed a superiority to those ornamental talents which captivate and dazzle the lively and the unthinking.

You have contrived to apply wit to subjects generally held unsusceptible of its attractions, to the dry and intricate operations of figures, to the complicated details of finance, to the laborious investigation of publick accounts. Perhaps, however, exclusive of the exuberance of your fancy, this talent might in some measure be derived from the private habits of your life. The Lydians are said to have invented gaming, in a season of famine, to appease hunger: so, if a man cannot pay an accompt, it seems an allowable expedient if he can contrive to laugh at it. From the same source certain splenetick people have traced your unwearied attention to the national debt. Who, says your favourite poet,

“Who can hold a fire in his hand  
By thinking on the frosty Caucasus?”

But the millions so often in your mouth have some little connexion with the money you hope for in your purse, because there is a distant prospect that you may one day be in a situation to draw on them for yourself.

In your late annual harangue on this subject, you ventured on some expressions which even the most innocent and unsuspicious of the new country members could not help applying. When you talked of “deducing our creditors,” and of the “land of promise,” they looked to one another as Scrub does to Mrs. Sullen in the play, with faces lighted up by the discovery of a joke amidst the bewildering darkness of the unfunded debt and the sinking fund. The last phrase, as they were ignorant of its being borrowed from Junius, they could hardly have expected from you, as it was a bible one; but they recollected other instances of your having shown a perfect knowledge of the history of the Jews\*.

Some indeed, of the elder and graver of those country gentlemen,

who have some oldfashioned landed interest prejudices about them, do not so easily relish jokes upon publick matters, when uttered by men who have “no stake in the hedge,” they will allow a D——to wander after extravagant conceits, or a Hill to twist scripture into buffoonery; because those gentlemen have some thousands of acres to back their pretensions to humour; as if wit, like bail, were to be justified by the extent of a man’s possessions: they will even pardon your friend Mr. Coke of Norfolk his honest declaration of disapproving “every one thing the minister has done,” because a gentleman of so many thousands a-year is entitled to that sort of unperplexed wholesale understanding, to which such declaration is suitable. But from you, Sir, they expect some appositeness in your allusions, and some argument in your objections.

Those gentlemen, however, should consider whether the limitations they would impose on you are consonant to reason and justice. When you come down to the House to bully Administration by strong assertions, or to ridicule it by flippant jests, you are only labouring in your vocation. The House of Commons is your estate, your freehold, out of which you are to draw by every means in your power, as they do from their acres, your revenue and your credit. The publick, the country of which you talk so well, is not the object of your concern, but merely the object of your discussion; it is only the to-pick of your argument, the canvas for the pictures of your fancy, the theme for the display of your wit. Whether it really thrives or not, whether the measures you oppose be really for its advantage, cannot reasonably be supposed to have any impression on your mind. The prosperity of the publick estate, with the situation of which you seem so minutely acquainted, is nothing to you; its stewardship, whether it prospered or not, might be something, and you

\*Vid. an admirable scene in the *School for Scandal*.

have many of the virtues of a steward.

But the present time is unfavourable to the success of your exertion. Your pleasantry will not unbend the muscles of those plodding faces which are to be seen in Lombard-street, and the Stock-Exchange; and I will suggest a doubt whether it be worth your while to disturb your holiday festivity with the more serious and elaborate calculations of your Anti-Budget. The little hieroglyphick article at the end of your most favourite newspaper, will outweigh all the lengthened columns it devotes to your eloquence; while the 3 per cents at 80, the minister will smile at the comick powers of Mr. S—, and the tragick predictions of Dr. Price.

BRUTUS.

### BIOGRAPHY.

#### ARABELLA HUNT.

This lady was admired for her beauty, her fine voice, and exquisite skill on the lute, and for her exemplary conduct in the most trying situations. Queen Mary had so great an attachment to the amiable Arabella, that she retained her as an attendant; in which situation she amused her majesty's private hours in the concert, and often with such common and popular songs as "Cold and raw," once at the expense of Purcell's feelings. But Queen Anne did not particularly notice her, though she taught her musick. The nobility highly valued her, and she was received with respect in every company. Beautiful and engaging as she was, she had no silly conceited airs nor affectation, but complied with the wishes of the humble as readily as with those of the illustrious: in-

deed, to oblige was a happiness not to be resisted by her; and she who possessed so many excellencies, alone seemed unconscious of them. She often visited Mr. Rooth, of Epson, who married the countess dowager of Donnegal, a lady who was particularly fond of musick. It is difficult to describe the power of so lovely a woman, with such uncommon virtues. He who saw and heard her, must be fascinated. "So excellent was her skill," says Mr. Granger, "that she was listened to with silent raptures and tears of admiration." Congreve forgot the wise man's advice, "Use not the company of a woman that is a singer, lest thou be taken with her allurements;" for he was entirely captivated. To her he addressed one of the finest of his poems. "You make," says he, "every place alike heavenly, wherever you are." It is therefore no wonder he was, as he subscribes himself, her "Adorer." What pity, that she, who merited happiness so much, should have been married to one incapable of conferring it. This modest woman, wife to less than a man, died Dec. 26, 1705. Her devoted poet, on seeing her portrait by Kneller, wrote, in remembrance of the publick, and his own particular loss, the following lines, which are preserved upon the print:—

"Were there on earth another voice like  
thine,  
Another hand so blest with skill divine,  
The late afflicted world some hopes might  
have,  
And harmony recall thee from the grave."

### EPITAPH.

Know thou, O stranger, to the fame  
Of this much lov'd, much honour'd name?  
(For none that knew him need be told)  
A warmer heart death ne'er made cold.

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(NEW SERIES)

BY OLIVER OLDSCHOOL, ESQ.



Various, that the mind of desultory man, studious of change and pleased with novelty, may be indulged—COWP.

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No. 24.

## ORIGINAL PAPERS.

*For The Port Folio.*

### TRAVELS.

#### LETTERS FROM GENEVA AND FRANCE.

*Written during a residence of between two and three years in different parts of those countries, and addressed to a lady in Virginia.*

*(Continued from page 356.)*

#### LETTER XXI.

My dear E—,

**BEFORE** we descend the Dole, cast your eyes on the chain of Jura, on those mountains, which overhang Geneva, and towards the Alps, and confess, that this scene of nature in its original sublimity, and of all that art and industry can execute, derives an additional degree of interest from the idea, founded on very obvious facts, that it has been covered in very remote times by some great mass of water. The attention of literary men in Europe has been extended to every object, connected with the history of the globe;

to the stony substances, in particular, which are almost everywhere to be found upon its surface, or in the bowels of the earth; to their natural and chymical properties, and to the manner in which they are found either aggregated or scattered; those objects, therefore, which, however they may be situated or formed, attract in Carolina and Virginia as little of our attention as the particles of dust, which float around us, are here, become the alphabet of a new language, the signs and characters of a new science, intimately connected with the origin of the globe we inhabit; nor is it unusual to hear people argue, with as much earnestness, and gravity upon this subject, as if they had been consulted at the creation; I do not, I am far indeed from carrying my pretensions to knowledge so far, but I am persuaded, that the works of the Creator would everywhere, if they could be properly investi-

Y y

gated, be found arising out of secondary causes, and as much so in the formation of the Andes, as in the growth of a mushroom: the two most powerful instruments which have served as secondary causes have been fire and water: whether portions of the surface of the earth have sunk, so as to leave the original supporters of it in those places protruded in the shape of mountains, or whether a shifting magnetick centre of gravity has occasioned a sudden change of bed to the ocean, I do not even surmise, but we have every day, in various parts of the world, an evidence of what fire can effect, and upon how great a scale, and he must be blind and deaf, who denies his assent to the powerful operation of water in former times. If the structure of a mountain be in beds, one above another, nearly parallel, and generally horizontal, such as we might suppose deposited by water, when charged with heavy particles of various sorts; it is made to remain stationary for a time, if there are found sea-shells of various sorts;\* and fish either in parts or entire, and fragments of various sorts of stone, which have all the marks of having rolled over and rubbed against each other; if the portions of the mass, in which

these marine productions of various sorts of stones are contained, appear to have been formerly in a state of fluidity, a circumstance very easily ascertained, we may fairly and reasonably conclude, that the mountains so constituted, is formed from deposits made at different periods in the bosom of some great ocean, which has been since withdrawn; these secondary mountains, so called to distinguish them from the primeval mountains, or such as contain no marine deposits, consist generally of limestone, the primeval mountains are of granite, a substance in which various sorts of stone in portions infinitely small, are found united without any visible cement: these last may have been as islands before the others existed: but they must also at some remote period have been themselves formed by a species of chrySTALLIZATION. Such ideas of progressive gradual creation may have the effect perhaps of removing the commencement of our globe too far back for your scrupulous faith; but you have only to suppose what I have heard a professor of divinity give as his opinion, that the era described by Moses was not the commencement but the renewal of existence on a portion of the globe, after some great operation of nature, and that the several days were so many ages, and your faith is saved. Independently of the effect which a former ocean appears to have operated by the sediment it has gradually deposited, the influence of the water in its retreat seems also to have been very great; the whole bank of the river I walk upon every morning and evening and that of the opposite side, consists of a great variety of stones which appear to have been rolled smooth

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\* It is a singular circumstance that the sea-shells found in the beds of mountains, are in no instance the same (except in the case of oyster shells) as those left by the sea on the nearest shore; in some instances they are unlike any now known to exist, but in general their resemblance is to shells of distant seas: the same observation is made on the various sorts of fossil fish; those discovered in the quarries of France or Switzerland appear, with very few exceptions, to be of the sort now existing on the coasts of Brazil, or in the Indian seas. The inference is, that the retreat of the sea has not been gradual but sudden, and that there have been great changes of climate.

and left sticking in the mud now also converted into stone: immense fragments of granite too from the primeval mountains are found in places and positions which bespeak some powerful cause: as to the stones, which, to the confusion of the learned, have fallen in different places, at least which are said to have fallen; whether they are from the moon, some volcano of which may have thrown them out of its sphere of attraction, or from a satellite of our globe, visible only at moments and then mistaken for a meteor, or produced in the upper regions of our atmosphere, is what I am far from pretending to say; I believe, however, if we are to yield to recent evidence in contradiction to the former experience of mankind, that they really have fallen.

I saw one of these stones the other day in the possession of Mr. Pictet, it was about the size of a large pear, and not altogether unlike one in form: the extremities were rounded by some unknown cause, as those of a body, exposed to a sufficient degree of heat might be, but it had by no means the appearance of having been rolled along with others; the component parts are the same, as those of some other strong substances, but they are differently aggregated; the portion of iron, which it contains to judge from experiments which have been made is more easily malleable, than iron ore is in other cases known to be; the ore, in this instance, must, therefore, have been exposed to a great degree of heat prior to its being incorporated with stone; had it been subsequently, the stone would have been vitrified. No person now doubts of their having fallen, but, we are as far as ever from being able to surmise how they

have been formed, and where they fell from.

The cabinets of Geneva contain a multitude of the marine remains which are found in the neighbouring mountains, that of Mr. Deluc in particular, where I lately saw a petrified fish, which had been brought from a quarry of stone in Piedmont, it is in the greatest state of preservation, and being of a dark colour reminded me of those fish we read of in the Arabian Nights Entertainments, where a female figure comes out of the wall and frightens the Sultan's cook almost out of his senses. The impression of leaves also is frequently found on the stone of quarries amidst a variety of marine substances, but no discovery of human bones was ever made, and the probability is, that the deluge which sacred and prophane history agree in describing as so fatal to the human race, still covers the scene of its devastation: we will now leave the mountains, but before we settle ourselves in Geneva, I must give you some account of the last revolution in Switzerland, which I have barely alluded to in what I have said of the Valais.

## LETTER XXII.

In distinguishing the seat of the aristocratick and democratick Cantons on the map, you will perceive the propriety of Milton's epithet in speaking of liberty; the government of the former however, even by the confession of Miss Williams, rendered their subjects happy, or as she in her goodness expresses it, was too weak in general and too timid to hinder them from being so: the government had in many instances succeeded to the feudal rights of the duke of



Savoy, and to the tythes and other property of the Roman church, and of the seigneurs whom it had conquered, or bought out; but we may easily believe, that the subjects who were left in possession of the most valuable civil rights, who paid few or no taxes, who had arms in their hands, could not have much actual oppression to complain of. Of all the subject countries, the Pays de Vaud, which belonged chiefly to the Canton of Berne, has at all times attracted the greatest attention; it is thickly inhabited, cultivated to the utmost, and adorned by the hand of nature with almost profuse magnificence. If ever the requisites of happiness existed on earth, they were certainly to be found in this fine country, where peace and plenty, good air, agreeable prospects, literature and the charms of society were to be enjoyed, under the protection of a mild, paternal government. But man was not made for happiness. The gentlemen of the Pays de Vaud felt themselves worthy of a higher station in the political scale, they felt as the gentlemen of South Carolina did before the American revolution, that a degree of employment suited to their education, and of importance in proportion to their fortune, was still wanting, and the government of Berne, like that of England stood in the unamiable light of a parent, who keeps his children too long dependant upon his bounty, instead of providing for them handsomely in the world. At the conquest of this country nearly — years before, from the duke of Savoy, France it was pretended, had guarantied the privileges of the people, and though no one could say what those privileges were, or how they had been violated, it appeared to the Directory

a sufficient reason for interfering in the affairs of a country, where a spirit of dissatisfaction was supposed to have for sometime existed, and where it had of late been extremely promoted by the writings of a gentleman by the name of La Harpe, whose history reminds me of what is said of Dr. F—— after his appearance before the privy council: they were not insensible, at the same time, to what publick report said of the treasury of Berne; that accumulated wealth of hoarding ages seemed already in their grasp, and to have been placed there for the purpose of aiding them in their intended expedition to Egypt.

It is probable that the duke of Savoy when sovereign of the Pays de Vaud had from time to time assembled the states, and it is certain, that they have never been assembled since; but that Fribourg and Berne, having nothing to ask, should not have called them together for the only purpose which had ever given rise to their meeting in former times, or employed them when met, is not surprising, nor is it so, that those Cantons should have retained the abbey lands and other church property, which was confiscated at the reformation, and which ever since have stood in lieu of taxes. I can conceive, however, that the gentry, may, in addition to the causes of revolutionary ideas already mentioned, have been mortified at the airs of superiority assumed by the Bernes, and at the general right of hunting and fishing which they exercised, as a lord of the manor might in England: it was another mortifying circumstance that they could fill none but inferior offices of a civil or military nature, and that a sort of court was to be paid to the bailiff or go-

vernour of the district: this bailiff who had originally united the powers of a sheriff and receiver of a county, such as they are exercised in England, had in time assumed airs of greater importance, and though he might be an awkward unlettered man, with an ungracious Swiss German accent, yet was he to be looked up to as an oracle on all occasions, his lady claimed precedence in all companies, and he was to be called Monseigneur. All men have a right to freedom, and are not to be argued out of it by casuistry; in such cases precedent is nothing: but the people of the Pays de Vaud ought, I think, to have reflected how far they would have it in their power to retain, what they were so desirous of obtaining, and they might, in justice to their sovereigns of Berne, have cast a view on the opposite side of the lake, and have compared their situation with that of their poor neighbours who had remained subject to the duke of Savoy, they should have compared Rolle with Thouon, Morge with Evrau, and Vevay with Meillirie. They have succeeded however in all they desired, but I do not find the inhabitants in any respect better off than before the revolution; the government is fallen into the hands of those, who were never considered as the most respectable of the community, their taxes are much greater, their manufactories are gone to ruin, and their commerce is extremely diminished; they have disgraced their name, their country, and their cause, by aiding the French to subdue the Vallaisans, and with the painful recollection of having solicited the ruinous, and humiliating interference of a foreign power, they are now to hold that independence, which has been accomplished at

the expense of so much blood, at all times subject to the will and to the caprice of France. The great object of Switzerland and particularly of Berne, had always been to avoid being absorbed in the French revolution. Mistaking a long continued lethargy for prudence, and insensibility for good policy, they were not to be roused by anything that could happen; not even the return of the poor, half naked, wounded remnant of those fine troops, who had remained faithful to Louis XVI in his utmost need, could turn them from their purpose.

The treaties and military capitulations between the two countries had been annulled by the French government, and every outrage committed upon the dignity and honour of the Swiss nation, which the ingenuity of the French journalists could invent, when the Directory finding the Swiss still passive, published a decree, by which all persons subject to Berne and Fribourg who had grievances to complain of, or rights to vindicate were placed under the protection of the great nation; a body of their troops shortly after entered the territories of the Canton of Berne, and the attack commenced. The Latin proverb says, that Heaven begins by depriving those of their senses whom it means to destroy, and the events of the last period of the history of Berne seems a proof of it: all their ancient wisdom, their decision and firmness seemed to have abandoned them: no concession which might have conciliated the discontented among their subjects was ever made until it was too late; and the courage of their officers and soldiers was damped, and their patriotism allayed by a continuation of half measures, and

a succession of truces, until the enemy who spared no arts, and respected no engagements, was prepared to act: you have seen an account in the publick papers of the sad scenes which followed.

There is something extremely affecting in the last efforts of a brave people, in the united exertions of all ages, sexes and conditions in defence of their native country. I say of all sexes, for even the woman were willing to share the danger of the conflict: two hundred and sixty of them, armed chiefly with instruments of agriculture, appeared in the field in the last fatal action which took place near Berne; of these one hundred and eighty were killed; among them was the mother of a family with two daughters and three grand daughters; they were found stretched lifeless on the spot, where the battalion to which they had attached themselves had been drawn up. Such desperate valour was however of no avail. The soldiers of the Bernese army rendered suspicious of their general by French agents, massacred him in the retreat, the capital was taken, and that treasury "which might have ranged embattled nations at their gates" became the prey of the Directory: in the other aristocratick Cantons, the defence was even less protracted, the orders of the French general were received with submission, and a revolutionary government everywhere established.

### POLITE LITERATURE. LETTERS FROM BRUTUS.

#### LETTER VIII.

*To the Right Hon. W. Pitt.*

SIR,

Some laughing authour tells us of an old lady, who, upon any little grievance that befel her, used to write to the

King. I am sufficiently aware of the ridicule which may be affixed to the circumstance of an individual addressing the Minister. Yet a man not unaccustomed to think on political subjects, who has lived with some degree of observation, and amidst a circle capable of informing him, to a very advanced period of life, may, in this country, and in this era of political disquisition, be pardoned the vanity of such a correspondence. An honest man, without any pretension to superiour abilities, who has only talents and moderation enough to discover what the better part of the country thinks, and who has no motive to mislead him, either in forming, or in expressing, his opinion, may be of some little use, even to a well-informed Minister. If he cannot influence the conduct of a bad administration, he may, at least, convey a suffrage not displeasing to a good one.

To you, Sir, he will be particularly entitled to address himself, when he considers you as the Minister of the people. This title, I know, has not usually been allowed you; titles are given to men, as names to things, from their first appearance to the eye; and you were certainly less formed to conciliate popularity than to deserve it. But whoever looks back to the history of your publick life, will see that its distinctions chiefly flowed from the suffrage of the people. Under the shade of your father's name, and with a fortune not unlike to his, you came into power, in opposition to that aristocracy which has so long encompassed the throne. That aristocracy forgot the moderation which used to secure its influence, which still characterized many of its individuals; it forced the crown to an alliance with the people; and the people, who are generally somewhat guided by sentiment, were not unwilling to trust the hereditary virtue of a young man who had not had time to foul his mind with the practice of older and more experienced politicians. This connexion, Sir, we wish you not to forget. We have

not yet found reason to withhold our confidence in the wisdom of your measures ; but it is still more material to retain that which we bestow on their virtue.

In consideration of this, we are sometimes willing to allow a little more to the feelings of the man, than may be thought to accord with the cautious prudence of the Minister. If, in some measures of a brilliant and popular kind, you have ventured to engage with a degree of warmth beyond the ordinary reserve of a statesman, with a quickness not suited to that wary step, that *pas de plumb* which the hoary counsellor of Louis XIII recommends, we are disposed to separate those individual instances from the ordinary tenour of your administration, to allow a sort of holiday excursion to official prudence ; and, as tradition tells of Charlemagne in his hours of social festivity, to suppose the Chancellor of the Exchequer to be gone, and the animated generosity of Mr. P. to interest itself in the somewhat romantic notion of the time.

In this country, he who begins a second lustrum in the highest department of the state may be regarded as a permanent Minister. You have stood some shocks which may be fairly held as proofs of the firmness of your mind, the extent of your talents, and the probable stability of your situation. In one of the rudest conflicts of party which the nation has witnessed in modern times, you came off with victory, though opposed by the ablest and most experienced politicians. In two contests with foreign powers, you supported the dignity, and exerted the force of the empire, with a decision, a promptitude, and an energy, that has seldom been surpassed by a British administration. It must be allowed that in all those events a very uncommon degree of good fortune attended you ; but the epithet *felix* is a compliment in every wise man's vocabulary as well as in the Roman. To seize the occasions which good fortune pre-

sents to us is always the mark of superiour talents ; to seize them at all is always a mark of such talents in possession ; to seize them with the readiness which you showed in some instances, is a mark of such talents at command. The publick acknowledged this in you, and gave you credit for a sort of intuitive state abilities which shot forth at once in vigour, unripened by time, unconfirmed by experience.

This is the language of eulogium, your enemies will but just venture to call it flattery. But I have neither motive, nor a mind for flattery, and my purpose is not eulogium. The talents and virtues of a Minister are the right, the property of the people ; I call on you, in the name of the people, for their exercise and their use. In this demand I have but little personal interest ; I have lived through many ministries, and have now but a few days left of pride in the glory, or mortification in the disgrace of my country. Forgive this old man's mention of myself ; I speak in the first person, but I think for my equals and co-evals, a circle as much more respectable, as it is more impartial, than that which glitters in the sunshine of your favour, or that which scowls around the leaders of opposition. From this middling rank of men, that point in the country where information and independence meet, arises the genuine and lasting reputation of a Minister. From such men arose the fame of your father ; I hope you have ambition proud enough to look for that of their posterity.

I trust I shall not be supposed to favour despotism, when I say that in this country the publick interest suffers nearly as often from a want of power, as from a want of good intention in Ministers. It has been the vice of some administrations to compromise away their duty and their reputation ; to be satisfied with the presumed purity of their intentions, and to suffer all the mischiefs that could result from their want of power to carry

those intentions into execution, to fall upon the country. We trust you are "made of sterner stuff," that you will never submit to barter the pride of right for the vanity of place, nor cling by the elevation of office amidst the wreck of real and honourable dignity.

At present you have no such trial to encounter. With the confidence of the people, and the concurrence of a great majority of their representatives, it is a compliment, if we look without jealousy, on your power to promote our interests. With that commanding place in the scale of Europe, which some late instances of the force and resources of the empire have given it, its credit and its commerce are at their highest point; the publick revenue has been augmented beyond even the sanguine calculations of the treasury. You had the prudence to adopt some of the best ideas of your predecessors, and the good fortune to see them as successful in the execution as they were promising in theory. The increased wealth of the country enables it to bear increased taxes with but little complaint from individuals, and with no hurtful consequences even to local and particular manufacturers. These advantages we have gained in the short space of a five years administration; and it was another piece of your good fortune that they succeeded a period of calamity, which, after the elation of former successes, we felt with an unreasonable depression, and predicted consequences in future, to which the temper of the nation always disposes it to give ear in the hour of adversity, but which its vigour and its genius always contradict in experience.

With all those advantages on your side, with the reasonable prospect of a lasting peace, and at the beginning of a parliament friendly to your exertions, it may fairly be expected that you will think of objects beyond the daily and common employments of official men, whose minds are

often chained down by the cares and necessities of the moment, forced to devote their talents to the petty contests of internal cabals, to the management of narrow and struggling majorities, or the party solicitudes of elections to secure them. If the weight of the people with you saves you the trouble of such attentions, they have some title to expect in return those great and permanent benefits which they place you in a situation to procure, or at least to attempt with a probability of success, for your country. One or two of those important objects I will take the liberty to mention; not that I suppose you stand in need of the suggestion, but merely to tell you, that the people look to them with anxiety, and to you with expectation.

One, which must of necessity soon become an object of your attention, is the situation of our Eastern possessions. The great company by which that empire is immediately held, exhibits a singular phenomenon in politics. A society of merchants, incorporated for the purpose of trading with a joint capital, and supporting by the magnitude of that capital the demands and difficulties of an extensive and distant commerce; that corporation becoming sovereign of a country containing sixteen millions of inhabitants, and affording an annual revenue of several millions sterling, is an event which must certainly, in one way or another, produce powerful and momentous effects on the nation in which it exists. Whether these are useful or pernicious is a question of much doubt; it is a question which, in your own mind at least, you must unavoidably meet; and it will not be easy to avoid a discussion of it in parliament.

There may be abuses, which, from their very magnitude, we dare not attack; gangrenes in the state, like some in the body, which we are content to palliate, from a fear of amputation being mortal. But in both cases our fears often betray us, and it is only from a conjunction of forti-

tude with skill that we are to look for a cure. In the consideration of this great question you will be assailed by a thousand motives of present convenience, "That bawd Commodity," as Shakspeare phrases it, will insinuate the danger to the finances, to the credit, to the growing wealth, and the increasing power of the country, which any change so great as an entire resumption of the charter of this company, or even taking their territorial acquisitions into the hands of government, would occasion. But if wisdom and philosophy speak on the opposite side; if they tell you that, from the time of Carthage downwards, the dominion of merchants has been oppressive and fatal; that from the nature and constitution of the company which holds this dominion, (particularly the opportunity which it affords to its wealthy servants of purchasing by shares in its stock, a sanction for their own malversations) there are abuses in its administration superadded to the general evils of mercantile sovereignty; that the very commercial advantages pretended to arise from it to the parent state, are but the specious mischiefs of monopoly; and that the real interests of our manufactures and commerce would be infinitely promoted by throwing open the East India trade to the invention and industry of the nation at large. If such arguments, which a liberal and enlightened period like the present is accustomed to hear without wonder or alarm, should press upon your consideration, you will listen to them with impartiality.\*—You will not in-

terpose your own private convenience or accommodation between such advantages and the publick; you will not suffer a party in the India House, or their representatives in the House of Commons, to overawe or to rebuke the genius of Great Britain, of freedom, of humanity.

The existence of that party is one of the greatest evils of which we have to complain in this business. It has become a kind of fourth estate, and weighs with an unconstitutional preponderancy, on the measures of Government. It is only a virtuous minister who will wish to resist it; it is only a powerful one who can resist it with safety: if we call for this resistance in you, Sir, it is from a confidence with which you ought to be flattered, both in your uprightness and ability.

In the province of minister, you will probably confine yourself to publick and political considerations; else you might hear, from many wise and virtuous citizens, complaints of this Asiatick system in more private points of view. This crusade of avarice, they would tell you, like those of superstition in the middle ages, powerfully affects the manners of the people. It has increased the influence of "ill-persuading gold" in a most rapid and extensive degree; it has changed the sober and moderate economy of domestick life, which nursed at once the private and the patriotick virtues; it has substituted the vanity of ostentatious wealth for the ambition of an honest popularity, and spread over the land the refinements of Eastern luxury, to displace the wholesome enjoyments of industry, and the manly and vigorous exertions of genius.

As a mere commercial question, it will not escape you, that in this trade, as in every other, the spirit of adventure, if the country is ripe for it, will burst the shackles of excessive restriction, and that if an open trade is prohibited, a contraband one will be carried on equally hurtful to the company, without equal benefit to the state. I believe it is pretty

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\* It has been said, that the late Adam Smith (whose genius and knowledge embraced more objects, and produced greater effects in their discussion, than any other writer in Europe) wished to have seen you once more before his death, to have left, like Cato, the last sound his voice could utter, his "*delenda est Carthago*" against the East India Monopoly. I allow something for the enthusiasm of a system so splendid as his; but the arguments for his conviction are before the world, and you are not ignorant of their force.

well known, that vessels under Imperial or Swedish colours have lain in the very pool of the Thames, fitting out in the employment of British merchants for India. These interlopers the Company were afraid to stop, even with the law on their side, or to meet the question of the insufficiency of their investments for either the home or the foreign market. Will not this clandestine invasion of a monopoly, which they only hold against their country, still prevail? Will not Ireland openly assail it?

Our connexion with Ireland is an object of consideration less pressing, but not less momentous, nor less difficult than that with India. It was reserved for that unfortunate minister by whose timid and palliating politicks America was severed from the empire, to loosen, by a like imbecility of measures, the closeness of that tie which held Ireland to Great Britain. During a capricious succession of viceroys, he had alienated the affections as much as he had lost the respect of Ireland. By the common effect of his half resolutions, he had kept up all the odium of hostility, without any of its firmness; the face of a bully, with the heart of a coward. But I will not drag him from the shade of that retirement in which the compassion of his country allows him to be forgotten. His situation is interesting, and disarms resentment; let him but feel for the mischief he has caused, and my charity shall spare him.

Without going back then to the causes or the conduct by which this event took place, it is sufficient to consider, that in fact Ireland is in that situation with regard to Great Britain, which is pregnant with danger to both. It is a subject of so delicate a kind, that I will use no determinate vocables to describe that situation; it is like a matrimonial quarrel, which should never be defined, but which, it is sufficient to know, is ruinous to the family, and ought to be made up as soon as possible. I know not that Ireland, soberly and mode-

rately speaking, has gained anything substantial by these concessions, which, in the hour of our weakness, she wrung from Britain: yet it was natural for a spirited people who felt some of the badges of former oppression hanging upon them, to shake them off indignantly, though they weighed not a straw against their interest. But if the spirit of jealousy and separation should increase, the consequences may be more easily feared than foretold. To Britain they must certainly be extremely hurtful; but to Ireland, ruinous: I believe there is not a sensible moderate man in that kingdom, who can look on the situation of his country and doubt the proposition. Such is the danger of the present position of both countries; an ordinary administration may palliate or temporise with that danger; but it would be a proud undertaking for a great and popular minister to endeavour to remove it forever.

The word Union, I believe, is not popular in Ireland; yet if reason or precedent may be looked to, the idea should not be disagreeable to that country. Every advantage which Scotland has received from a similar connexion, Ireland is better calculated to obtain; and many of the disadvantages which nationality magnified at the time, and which in some degree have been felt since, Ireland is not so subject to as Scotland was. Her commerce and manufactures stand more in need of the fostering influence of this junction with her wealthy neighbour than those of Scotland did; and the non-residence of her absentees, if increased at all, would be increased in a much smaller proportion. Her jealousy of a united legislature may be natural; and yet, if the probable conduct of the legislative body be considered, I think she will not have much to fear on that score:—She knows the value of her present representatives, and I will not presume to characterize them even from their own authority. To secure her from an overburden of British debt would be an arrangement difficult, but not impossible;

and as to the taxes she might hereafter be liable to, it is her misfortune at present to be subject to so few.—The few to which she is subject, press on her starving peasantry with a weight that bears them down in a miserable and hopeless vassalage; if commerce and manufactures should subject her to those of a better sort, it would be a symptom of her prosperity: no body complains of succeeding to an estate, because the inheritance burthens him with a quit-rent. The subject, I know, is complicated, and this is not the place, even had I the abilities, to detail it. I do but point it out to your consideration, at a period when it may be considered with advantage; when peace has left both countries leisure for the discussion, and, when Britain is in a situation to make her friendship a privilege, and her displeasure a misfortune. If there is patriotism on either side of the water, it will compromise little losses for the attainment of an object so essential to the future security of the empire.

I will not add to the length of a letter already too long by suggestions of a less important kind. There are local improvements and local abuses, of which a minister may long remain ignorant from the very power that should procure him information; because that power creates a motive in individuals for concealment or misrepresentation. A minister is commonly misled by individuals; it is the broad and general voice of the people, informed by experience and prompted by necessity, that can truly guide him. The information which he thus acquires is like the light of the sun, which equally illuminates every object around us; private official intelligence is often like a narrow dark lantern gleam, that only enlightens a corner.

If I shall find it necessary to trouble you with any further communications, they shall at least have the merit of fidelity. Absolutely unknown, though I believe not altogether unnoticed, I cannot be allured by the hope

of reward; and it can alarm none but bad men, to be told, that falsehood is the only danger I shall fear.

BRUTUS.

### MORTUARY.

Died, at St. Helena, in the 31st year of his age, GEORGE L. GRAY, formerly Editor of the *Anti-Democrat* of Baltimore. He had sailed from New-York on a voyage to Calcutta, but was obliged from severe and increasing indisposition, to land at the Cape of Good Hope. Finding that there was no probability of his recovery, and anxious to give his last sigh in the bosom of his family, he determined to return to the United States, that he might at least have the melancholy satisfaction of seeing the faces of his friends once more before his death. He accordingly took his passage home in a vessel bound for Boston; but the fatal mandate had been issued, against which all struggling is vain; and the compassion of his fellow passengers landed him at St. Helena, only to see the last decent rites paid to his remains. He has left a young family, of whom he was the sole support, to buffet unassisted, with the calamities of life, and an aged and almost heart-broken mother to mourn over the disappointment of all her earthly hopes. Cut off in the prime of life, the world has lost much of usefulness, and society much of ornament. Distinguished for the powers of his mind, and the elegance of his attainments, it was not alone the partiality of friendship which attributed to him the acute discernments of judgment, and the powerful fascinations of genius. By all who had even a slight acquaintance with him, it was admitted that by few was he excelled in the gayety, the brilliancy, or the instructiveness of conversation; in the touches of humour, or the flashes of wit: that his pen was powerful in controversy: and the muse which sometimes smiled upon him, spoke to the heart. Alas! he is no more. The pleasing and instructive companion, the warm and faithful friend, the elegant poet, the polite scholar, is gone forever! Nor did the affections of the heart lag after the accomplishments of the mind. His whole life was spent in the performance of every social duty. The entire object and aim of its early part, was to give comfort and independence to an aged parent, by giving up his ease, his safety, his health, to this darling consideration. To the pursuit of this soul-ennobling purpose he has fallen a victim. It is devoutly trusted that he is now receiving his rich reward in Heaven.



And yet not altogether without consolation are those who best knew his worth, and have to survive his loss. Precious to their hearts is the odour of his virtues. He has died without reproach or stain. And she who gave him life can exult in the consciousness that he ennobled the gift.

May those who reverence his virtues, imitate his example. Let the son of genius shed a tear to the memory of a departed brother. Let those who are strong in health, surrounded by prosperity, rich in the endowments of nature, steal a moment from the world and from themselves, and in the deep musings of solitude, be humbled in the mournful contemplation of the untimely fate of youth, genius, intellect, and probity.

Would that these unavailing lines could carry comfort to the heart of the mourner, and bind up "the broken reed."

### BIOGRAPHY.

DAVID TENIERS, *Painter.*

Teniers the younger is distinguished from David Teniers, his father, who was also a painter, by the addition of "*The Ape of Painting*," as he so closely copied the works of other artists that it was impossible to distinguish which was the original. The fame he so justly acquired gained him the esteem of Rubens, who assisted him in forming his manner; he possessed, besides the friendship of William, Prince of Orange, and the patronage of the Archduke Leopold. William appointed him one of the gentlemen of his bedchamber, and permitted him to copy all his pictures, which were engraved under his direction: these pictures were in the archducal gallery, and in the new ones erected by the King of Spain, and Don Juan of Austria, to contain his works only. Teniers died in 1694, aged 84. If his father had more of the Italian school in his colouring, the son exceeded him in the greater variety of attitudes, and a better disposition in grouping his figures; but his small generally excel his larger pieces. He loved to portray the scenes so common in his country—men drinking and smoking, chy-

mists in their laboratories, country fairs, and other subjects of that description. His brother Abraham understood *claro obscuro* better than he or their father, but was inferior to them in the elegance of his touch.

### ECCENTRICK ADVERTISEMENTS.

"A lady aged thirty-four, having no children, although the widow of a second husband, possessing fifty thousand francs in ready money, and moveables to the amount of ten thousand, wishes to try a third marriage, and take for a husband a bachelor between forty and forty-five, with an established trade, valued at between eighty and one hundred thousand francs."

"An American lady, a widow without children, of a personal appearance which age and misfortunes have changed, but still inheriting sufficient sweetness and sensibility to please a husband older than herself, would wish to choose among those who may see this advertisement. She has saved from the wreck a little fortune, which places her above want, according to her moderate plan of life; and would desire an equality of manners, conduct, and fortune. Other circumstances may be learned of the publisher, the sworn mediator of these alliances."

"A lady aged twenty-five, daughter of one of the King's equerries, and possessing some talents, such as vocal music, the piano, and drawing, as well as those necessary in keeping a house, with six hundred francs of income, and six thousand in ready money, wishes to be united to a bachelor between thirty-five and forty-five years of age, who has an honourable and fixed employment, and a house decently furnished. She must insist on good morals, prudent conduct, and religious principles."

"A bachelor aged forty-nine, of an agreeable and very healthy person, lively character, and fond of the pleasures which decency permits, enjoying ten thousand francs of territorial revenue, wishes to marry a young lady of good birth, aged between eighteen and twenty five, of sweet disposition, similar taste, and income between two and three thousand francs. His intention is to make a contract of marriage to the last liver."

Lagging winter has at length disappeared, and sunshine now reigns. To exhilarate also the animal spirit, the sunshine of Fortune is on the point of darting its invigorating beams on a very considerable number of individuals, who have qualified themselves for participating of its comforts.—Such as cannot discover the numerous rays of this sunshine, which the splendid Lottery is about to emit, that will begin to gild the horizon of adventure on Monday morning next, must be blind to one of the richest Schemes that ever presented a brilliant prospect to the votaries of wealth.

Est mihi nonum superantis annum  
Plenus Oporti cadus.

Portman-Square. The spacious cellars under Brunswick chapel, are now stocked with foreign Wine, Spirits, and Liqueurs. Orders may be left at the cellars, or at No. 19, Bryanstone street. A small quantity of matchless Port, 12 years in bottle, may be had at a high price.

A gentleman of noble birth, and strict principles, is by a chain of the greatest and most direful misfortunes, reduced to misery and distress; he has frequently been obliged to go without a dinner, being too poor to pay for one, too proud to beg one, and too honest to run in debt for one; and such have been his distresses, that he has frequently washed his own shirt, because he had not money to pay a washer-woman to wash it for him. He has not any means or hopes of gaining assistance in his distress, but through the medium of this address to the breast of charity; and in doing this, he puts himself to an expense which he can but ill afford, and which he is not able, under his very distressing circumstances, to repeat; and therefore he intreats, that any answer to this will be post paid, and that any assistance will come soon—"Bis dat qui cito dat." But he does not ask for charity; he wishes to be useful; and any one who may employ him, he hopes will be satisfied with his integrity and honesty, and will judge of him by his actions and conduct only. Should any lady or gentleman have any money in the funds, he will, on moderate terms, receive their dividends for them, or collect any rents if they chuse. He gratefully thanks those kind persons by whose assistance he is enabled to repeat this address once or twice more. Any letter, post paid, directed to A. B. under cover to Mr. Mill, No. 37, Brook-street, Holborn, will be respectfully and gratefully attended to. Having received a letter in which a doubt is expressed relative to his former advertise-

ment being a true state of his case, he most solemnly declares it is true, though were he to relate the whole of his melancholy and heart breaking history, he could hardly comprise it in the space of even the paper itself; but he trusts to that God whom he adores, praying for his divine grace, as well as for aid and assistance.

The first-drawn five tickets, on Monday next, will each be entitled to 1000l.—Hornsby & Co. shared No. 8,839, a prize of 10,000l. on the first day in the last lottery, and have for many years past on the first day of drawing shared a capital prize. 26, Cornhill, 52, Charing-cross, and St Margaret's Hill, Borough.

"Were I to choose to curse the man I hate,

"Attendance and dependence be his fate."

This was Pope's anathema against his enemies; and it seems as if the British public had it constantly in their remembrance; for the rich man who still desires to increase his fortune, as well as the numerous class of individuals whose income is barely equal to their expenditure, are equally arduous in the pursuit of independence, in the only path by which it can be suddenly, and at the same time, honourably acquired: we mean by the purchase of tickets or shares in the excellent lottery, which begins drawing on Monday next, so abundant in capital prizes, many of which are certain of being distributed on the very first day of drawing.

Patent Sympathetic Dining Tables.—Pocock begs leave respectfully to inform the nobility and gentry, his new-invented dining tables, for which he has obtained his majesty's royal letters patent, are on a principle far more simple and complete than any now in use, and cannot be put out of order. The great advantage of their construction is, that, by their sympathetic or double motion, any one person can in a moment enlarge or diminish the size of the table: when shut up they are a handsome claw table for breakfast, or dining four persons, and will lengthen out to dine eight, ten, or twelve, standing perfectly firm upon only one claw; a table for twenty persons, only two claws; for thirty, three claws, and so on; for steadiness, compactness, and utility, they are evidently unrivalled. May be seen and had at Pocock's cabinet and upholstery warehouse, No. 26, Southampton-street, Covent-garden.

A *Real-Light* will speak tomorrow at 11 o'clock, at the Courthouse; and at the Capitol at 4 in the evening.

Lost or stolen from the subscriber, some time in December last, a *Maiden's Modesty*. It was first missed in Mr. ———'s *Ball-room*, where a number of ladies were rifled of that jewel by a certain personage well known by the name of *Fashion*, long suspected of being an *errant thief*, and even a *murderer*; although she is a favourite with genteel company. With her modesty the subscriber also lost her *shawl* and *handkerchief*, and the *bosom* of her *gown*, which had been plundered of its *sleeves* the season before. Since the loss of this valuable article, the loser has suffered some decay of health a considerable degree of *scandal*, a great decrease of male esteem, and probably some waste or want of prudence and *virtue*; all of which she can but attribute to that insidious and seductive villain, *Fashion*, who has oftentimes before imposed upon her the greatest hardships, and oppressed her with the greatest rigour. Though the catiff stole the modesty of many others about the same time, and very strict search has been made ever since to recover the property, but little of it has been obtained; and we are threatened with the ruin or loss of everything valuable about us, if the ravages of the monster are not prevented. It is hoped, therefore, that every lover of good order will interest himself in the detection and arrest of this publick disturber, before he corrupts both the manners and morals of the rising and risen generations. On my part, as an incitement of vigilance in apprehending the villain, I promise to whoever shall return the stolen and missing goods to me, the uncovered bosom, the loud laugh, the shameless countenance, and the impudent demeanour I have been obliged to exhibit ever since the loss of my proper apparel, with a few colds, asher, stitches, &c. I have taken in my new dress, as a reward for trouble; with the hearty and sincere thanks of their beguiled friend and humble servant,

CLARA CANDID.

### *The day is coming,*

When all those who are indebted to the subscriber, either by note or account, (particular contracts excepted) must and will be called on in a severe way, unless they settle the same before the 30th inst.—as he is determined, on having the MONEY, by that time, at all events.

ABIJAH FOSGER.

Keene, Aug. 8, 1807.

Ross's Acme, or the perfection of human nature.—Ross respectfully informs the nobility and gentry, particularly those of taste and fashion, that he has now the most extensive and extraordinary assortment of la-

ties' and gentlemen's perriques ever exhibited for publick view and approbation. Their superiority is not merely derived from their elegant undulations, nor from their easy and close adhesion to the countenance, in which they are unequalled, but from that strict resemblance to nature which they assume the very first moment of wear, and which no other maker can acquire or even imitate, affording to the inventor the finest triumph of art, and adding to the wearer a loveliness to youth and a respectability to age.—The universal adoption and exclusive preference afforded these perriques on the last birth-day, and every fashionable gala since, incontrovertibly proves their preeminence. Ross acquaints the connoisseurs, that he has them on sale of various hues, forms and fashions, from 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9 and 10, to 100 guineas each.—Ornamental hair of the greatest variety may likewise be had of all prices, at No. 119, Bishopsgate-street, within three doors from the London Tavern.

### VARIETY.

In the rough blast heaves the billow,  
In the light air waves the willow;  
Every thing of moving kind  
VARIES with the veering wind:  
What have I to do with thee,  
Dull, unjoyous Constancy?

Sombre tale, and satire witty,  
Sprightly glee, and doleful ditty,  
Measure'd sighs, and round clay,  
Welcome all! but do not stay.  
What have I to do with thee,  
Dull, unjoyous Constancy!

### A RECKONING WITH TIME.

By George Coleman, the younger.

Come on, old Time!—nay that is stuff;—  
Gaffer! thou com'st on fast enough;  
Wing'd foe to feather'd Cupid!  
But, tell me, sand-man! ere thy grains  
Have multiplied upon my brains,  
So thick to make them stupid;

Tell me, Death's Journeyman!—but no;  
Hear thou my speech;—I will not grow  
Irrev'rent while I try it;  
For though I mock thy flight, tis said,  
Thy forelock fills me with such dread,  
I never take thee by it.

List then, old Is—Was—and—To-Be!!  
I'll state accounts 'twixt thee, and me—  
Thou gave'st me first the measles;  
With teething would'st have ta'en me off,  
Then mad'st me with the hooping cough,  
Thinner than fifty weazles.

Thou gav'st me small-pox, (the dragon  
now,

That JENNER combats on a cow :)  
And then some seeds of knowledge ;  
And grains of grammar, which the flails,  
Of pendants thrash upon our tails,  
To fit us for a college.

And when at Christ Church 'twas thy  
sport,  
To rack my brains with sloe-juice port,  
And lectures out of number :  
There Freshman Folly quaffs and sings,  
While graduate Dullness clogs thy wings  
With mathematick lumber.

Thy pinions, next, (which while they wave,  
Fan all our birth-days to the grave)  
I think ere it was prudent,  
*Balloon'd* me from the schools to town,  
Where I was *parachuted* down,  
A dapper Temple-student.

Then much in drama did I look ;  
Much slighted thee, and great Lord *Coke* ;  
*Congreve* beat *Blackstone* hollow ;  
*Shakspeare* made all the statutes stale,  
And, in my crown no pleas had *Hale*,  
To supersede *Apollo*.

Ah, Time ! those raging heats I find,  
Were the mere dog-star of my mind ;  
How cool is retrospection !  
Youth's gaudy summer solstice o'er,  
Experience yields a mellow store ;  
An autumn of reflection !

Why did I let the god of song  
Lure me from law, to join his throng—  
Gull'd by some slight applauses ?  
What's verse to A when *versus* B ?  
Or what John Bull, a comedy,  
To pleading John Bull's causes ?

But though my childhood felt disease,  
Though my lank purse, unswoll'n by fees,  
Some raged muse, has netted—  
Still, honest *Chronos* ! 'tis most true,  
To thee,—(and faith, to *others* too !)  
I'm very much indebted :

For thou hast made me gayly tough,  
Inur'd me to each day that's rough,  
In hopes of calm to-morrow ;—  
And when, old Mower of us all,  
Beneath thy weeping sithe I fall,  
Some *FEW* dear friends will sorrow.

Then, though my idle prose or rhyme,  
Should half an hour outlive me, Time,  
Pray bid the stone-engravers,  
Where'er my bones find church-yard room,  
Simply to chissel on my tomb,  
" *Think Time for all his favours* !"

## BALLAD.

'Twas on a cliff, whose rocky base  
Baffled the briny wave ;  
Whose cultur'd heights their verdant store  
To many a tenant gave ;

A mother, led by rustick cares,  
Had wander'd with her child ;  
Unwean'd the babe—yet on the grass  
He frolick'd and he smil'd.

With what delight the mother glow'd,  
To mark the infant's joy ;  
How oft would pause amid her toil,  
To contemplate her boy.

Yet soon, by other cares estrang'd,  
Her thoughts the child forsook ;  
Careless he wanton'd on the ground,  
Nor caught his mother's look.

Cropp'd was each flower that caught his  
eye,  
Till scrambling o'er the green,  
He gain'd the cliff's unshelter'd edge,  
And pleas'd, survey'd the scene.

'Twas now the mother, from her toil,  
Turn'd to behold her child—  
The urchin gone ! her cheeks were flush'd !  
Her wand'ring eye was wild !

She saw him on the cliff's rude brink—  
Now careless peeping o'er !  
He turn'd, and to his mother smil'd  
Then sported as before.

Sunk was her voice—'twas vain to fly  
'Twas vain the brink to brave—  
Oh NATURE ! it was thine alone  
To prompt the means to save.

She tore her kerchief from her breast,  
And laid her bosom bare ;  
He saw, delighted—left the brink,  
And sought to banquet there.

## THE MOLEHILL.

Tell me, thou dust beneath my feet,  
Thou dust that once hadst breath ;  
Tell me how many mortals meet  
In this small hill of death.

The mole, who digs with curious toil  
Her subterraneous bed,  
Thinks not she ploughs a human soil,  
And delves among the dead.

Far in the regions of the morn,  
The rising sun surveys  
*Palmyra's* palaces forlorn,  
Unveiling in his rays,

There oft the pilgrim, as he stands,  
Sees from the broken wall  
The shadow tott'ring on the sands,  
Ere the huge fragment fall.

But towers and tempests, mock'd by time,  
Stupendous rocks ! appear  
To me less mournfully sublime,  
Than this poor molehill here.

Methinks the dust yet heaves with breath,  
I feel the pulses beat ;  
O, in this little hill of death.  
How many mortals meet !

Yonder a shadow flits away :  
Thou shalt not thus depart :  
Stay ! thou transcendent spirit, stay !  
And tell me who thou art.

'Tis ALFRED—in the rolls of fame,  
And on the midnight page,  
Blazes his broad refulgent name,  
The watch-light of the age.

And still that voice o'er land and sea  
Shall ALBION's foes appal ;  
The race of ALFRED will be free ;  
*Hear it and tremble, GAUL !*

He was—he is not—all is past ;  
Tell me, but who can tell ?  
In what mysterious regions cast,  
Immortal spirits dwell.

Behold on Death's bewild'ring wave  
The rainbow Hope arise ;  
A bridge of glory o'er the grave,  
That bends beyond the skies.

#### CHARACTER OF THE ENGLISH NATION.

Oxenstiern, a Swedish writer, calls England the Kingdom of Bacchus, the School of Epicurus, the Academy of Venus, the Country of Mars, the Residence of Minerva, the Paradise of the Lovers of Liberty, &c. The females, he says, are beautiful ; but their beauty is accompanied by a *je ne scai quoi de fade*. The bravery of the men approaches to ferocity. Their talents for wit are great, but they border on presumption. Here fortune distributes her favours with a liberal hand ; but these islanders are ignorant of using them. Courtezans, and the gratification of the palate,

are the objects of their liberality. This nation wants nothing to make it truly happy, but to know how to enjoy its blessings. Of all the countries in the world, England is the most likely to charm a young man, provided he understands the language, and can bear the expense. In short, if the high road to H—l is sown with pleasure, it is absolutely necessary to pass through England.

From the writers of Greece and Rome, we may learn the purest of uninspired morality, delivered in the most enchanting language, illustrated by the happiest allusions, and enforced by the most pertinent examples and most emphatical reasoning. Whatever is amusing or instructive in fable, whatever in description is beautiful, or in composition harmonious, whatever can soothe or awaken the human passions, the Greek and Roman authours have carried to perfection.

#### EVERY MAN A THIEF BY NATURE.

##### TO A LADY.

Listen to me, my dearest creature,  
Every man's a thief by nature :  
See the little girls and boys,  
How they steal each other's toys ;  
Stealing is the first of arts,  
None are thieves but men of parts.  
Poets steal from one another,  
Nay, the daughter robs her mother ;  
Time will steal our very youth,  
Liars sometimes steal the truth ;  
Nay, your sex would pilfer you  
Of those eyes of heavenly blue,  
Of that soft evermill'd lip,  
And that ear with rosy tip,  
And your silky auburn hair,  
That wantons in the enamour'd air.  
Since we are such thieves by nature,  
Why accuse me, dearest creature  
Of a crime, a crime so glorious,  
Is your swain at last victorious ?  
Have I really stole your heart,  
Spite of all your pride and art ?  
If you pardon the transgression,  
You shan't lose by the confession,  
You shall find your heart at rest,  
In your lover's faithful breast ;  
How I'll guard the precious treasure,  
Love's the source of every pleasure,  
You can prove it, if you doubt it,  
Life, indeed, is nought without it.

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The price of The Port Folio is Six Dollars per annum, to be paid in advance.

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# THE PORT FOLIO,

(NEW SERIES)

BY OLIVER OLDSCHOOL, ESQ.



Various, that the mind of desultory man, studious of change and pleased with novelty, may be indulged—Cowp.

Vol. V.

Philadelphia, Saturday, June 18, 1808.

No. 25.

## ORIGINAL PAPERS.

*For The Port Folio.*

### TRAVELS.

#### LETTERS FROM GENEVA AND FRANCE.

*Written during a residence of between two and three years in different parts of those countries, and addressed to a lady in Virginia.*

*(Continued from page 374.)*

#### LETTER XXIII.

My dear E—,

THE Directory had now leisure to turn their attention to the smaller Cantons, not that they expected to find any money in either of them, but a Constitution, as they affected to call it, had been composed in Paris, and it was their fancy that all Switzerland should adopt it. These small states, in some measure deserved their fate, by the degree of insensibility with which they beheld the distress of their neighbours, whose aristocracy and insolence of wealth they were not sorry to see humbled; they were soon made to understand, how-

ever, and in no very soothing terms, that they also were to revolutionize themselves, to forego their distinct governments as states, and to be assimilated to the rest of Switzerland, under one general form, in which, the division of power and the distinctions of the magistracy, were closely copied from that emblem of all perfection, the Directorial government.

The first measures of the Cantons, who were now the object of attack, were such as deserved success, and such as deprived the Directory of every shadow of pretext for invading them; they liberated the inhabitants of the subject countries from their allegiance, and informed the French general of their having done so, but nothing short of the new constitution would avail. Had the Cantons not attacked, invested any one individual of sufficient talents and experience with full powers to direct the general

defence as he might see best, so as to prevent that shock of interest, of party spirit, and of local attachments, which embarrassed all their measures, the scenes of their earlier triumphs might have been repeated, and the French have found a grave, as the Austrians had done some centuries before, in the bosom of the Alps; it was their misfortune not to adopt this wise policy; still, however, their defence was such as became a people who had been so many ages in possession of liberty: the old and the young, the women and the children, even the clergy prepared to share the common danger, and all that patriotism and religious zeal could dictate, all that paternal influence, and the sacred love of home could effect, was, though in vain, exerted. You may see the particulars of this afflicting contest in the newspapers of the time. The Canton of Schwitz, the cradle of the nation's liberty, held out as long as there could be any hopes of success: but when their losses amounted to a hundred of their people a day, an assembly of the nation was convoked, and the last fierce struggles of expiring liberty were allayed by the soothing accents of a venerable minister; a capitulation was entered into the day following with the French general, and the people of Schwitz, having agreed for themselves and their neighbours, to lay aside their arms, and accede to the general government, the French army was withdrawn, and they were left undisturbed.

Two of the smaller members of the Helvetic Confederation have experienced a still harder fate; Bienne, a little republick at the extremity of the lake, to which Rousseau had drawn such general attention, had for ages acknowledged

the very limited prerogative of the bishop of Bale, in the executive part of government, but its inhabitants were in full possession of all which constitutes the essentials of liberty and independence; as the bishop however, was, in his capacity of prince of the empire, an object of hostility to France, a French army took possession of Bienne, and has held it ever since. Another republick, whose fate will interest you, was Mulhausen, which consisted of one flourishing town, of a few villages, and of about eighteen miles square of fertile territory, upon the river Idd, in Alsace. This little state was in alliance with Switzerland, and exhibited in its government a happy mixture of aristocracy and democracy. It had been proposed to this happy, inoffensive people, at a very early period of the revolution, to unite themselves with France, and upon their refusal, their territory had been taken possession of, and their city rigorously blockaded, so as to prevent all egress and all communication with the adjacent country. The blockade lasted for two years, nor did the citizens of Mulhausen submit to be incorporated with France, until they had consumed the last day's ration of provisions which the town afforded; these they had scrupulously shared, and used in the most rigorously economical manner, and as they had long been without fuel, almost every article of furniture was converted to that use. It was a most affecting sight, says the authour of the relation which I have now before me, to perceive the people of Mulhausen bring out their furniture into the public square, and sharing it with their fellow-citizens, that all might have the means of preparing the small pittance of a meal that they allow-

ed themselves. In the *Moniteur* of the day, Mulhausen is represented as having solicited to be united to France.

The weak and ill-composed government which was next in operation all over Switzerland, was such as would have left the country forever at the mercy of its powerful neighbours, still more than it is now by the act of mediation, and you may conceive how little the constitution was built upon the affections of the people, by the facility with which it yielded to the first efforts which were made against it in the year eighteen hundred and two, when some of the best and most influential characters were desirous of availing themselves of that article in the treaty of Luneville, which guaranties to the Swiss the privilege of regulating their government as they should think proper. The interference of the First Consul upon this occasion, was in violation of the most sacred engagement, but though humiliating in the greatest degree to the pride of all Switzerland, and to the feelings of its inhabitants as an independent people ; it does not appear to have been attended with such injurious and degrading consequences, as might have been expected; his attachment to a form of government similar to the one which he had so lately himself overturned in France, could not be very great, and to give him his due, in that spirit of charity which our old proverb expresses, he did not seem bent upon destroying all remains of national honour among the Swiss; a new constitution was organised under the shadow of his power, and with somewhat more of a general government, than before the revolution, continually in operation, the Cantons are restor-

ed to their independence as states. Berne, indeed, is shorn of its beams, and sees two sister states arise where it once counted a race of happy subjects ; but the ancient and more respectable families have come forward again, and the peasants are convinced that they were deceived, and not betrayed, and that their gallant general deserved a better fate. Zurich has been able with the assistance of its allies to repress an insurrection of discontented people. The *Pays de Vaud* has the delight of seeing itself treated as a Canton, and is as much embarrassed with its independence as your county of Albemarle would be, and the little Cantons are restored to that ancient form of internal government, which they were so much attached to ; they no longer indeed possess as sovereigns, the subject districts which they once held, but at that, they ought in the true spirit of liberty, rather rejoice than not.

The last of October, found us fixed at Geneva, on the first floor of a house in the *grande Rue*, where we had a dining parlour and a kitchen, and a sufficiency of bed-chambers for ourselves and servants, with house linen, and some plate, for thirteen louis a month.

————— was soon afterwards fixed at school : ————— took lessons regularly of masters who attended her. We had every reason to be satisfied with what we had done for ———, and we began to mix a little in the world.

#### LETTER XXIV.

It would be useless to describe the situation of Geneva, which you ought to know from Moore and Coxe, as well almost as if you had been there; there are indeed but few cities in Europe, which have



attracted such general attention, and not one more deserving of it. A little republick, in which the departments of government were wisely and distinctly ascertained, with no more of democracy than was necessary to maintain the privileges and support the consequence of the people ; with no other aristocracy than that of talents and hereditary virtue, and with such a portion of monarchy as gave vigour to the law, but which, the nation could at any time reassume ; such a republick was very naturally an object of general regard : and that the semblance to the commonwealths of former times might be yet more perfect, there was a little army kept up for the defence of the state, there was a subject territory, once the property of the church or the fruit of former wars, which was to be governed by proconsuls, sent out for that purpose from the capital, there had been several seditions, more than one civil war, and several revolutions.

What nature has done for this highly favoured spot, still remains of course, and travellers will to the end of time admire the noble lake, the clear, the azure coloured rapid river, the amphitheatre of gentle hills, and the contrast of variegated vegetation, with the perpetual snow of the neighbouring Alps ; but the efforts of wisdom and virtue are far less durable : still however there is something left of former times even in a moral point of view, and as in the remains of ancient temples, the foundation may still be traced, and here and there an isolated column may still command our admiration, long after the superstructure has been swept away, so in Geneva, though their independence has been torn from them, though their commercial

opulence has vanished, and their manufactures have fallen to decay, yet their system of education, the basis of all their former happiness, remains : their manners are pleasing, their taste in literature is correct, and their morals are still good. It is indeed wonderful how so much remains of what Geneva was, and how under so many losses, and such humiliations, they still preserve a degree of apparent independence, a decent exterior of comfortable circumstances, and such good spirits.

To fill the various civil, ecclesiastick, or literary offices of the republick, to be a member of some one of the councils, to be in the executive or judiciary departments, to close a military life in foreign service, by holding a commission in the army of the state, were all objects of honourable ambition, which encouraged the liberal policy of the father in giving a good education, and incited the application of the son ; these objects no longer exist, but the precious habit remains, and no change in the article of literary attainments is as yet perceivable, or in the conversation and general appearance of the superior orders of society. But the people of the inferiour class, the tradesman, the manufacturer, and the small shopkeeper have suffered by the loss of that spark of patriotism, that dignified sense of their own importance, which raised them above the paltry arts of gain, consoled them for the inequalities of fortune, and made them proud to vindicate their title of citizen of Geneva in foreign countries. Once a year at least, when assembled in the great council of the nation, they heard themselves addressed as sovereign Lords, and the Bourgeois, with his sword by his side, and his hat on, might perceive that

every magistrate bowed before him and solicited his approbation, whose shoes he had made, or whose coat he had carried home that very morning.

You would admire the gentleness with which their schools are conducted, and how powerfully the scholar's mind is incited by a much better cause than the fear of blows; there are publick examinations in all of them, and nothing is omitted, which can give importance to the prizes that are distributed on those occasions; the examination which a schoolboy or student undergoes, is an epoch of no small importance in the family, his parents think of little else for some days, but of the appearance he will make, or of the glory he has gained, his little brothers and sisters are deeply interested in the event, and the very servant-maid who waits at supper is proud of his success. The education of the daughters is equally well attended to, with this difference, that it is never but in a very small degree publick, and is confined to modern literature, and to the more elegant accomplishments, among which the making of artificial flowers, cutting paper for profiles, and some other as trifling accomplishments are frequently included; religious instruction, very properly, also occupies a portion of time of both sexes, as preparatory to the first communion. All are passionately fond of dancing, and their parents indulge them in that, and in every other amusement, suitable to their age, so that one can nowhere meet with a more general appearance of happiness than here; Mahomet may have been right in placing the Paradise of sensual man in fragrant bowers, by the side of purling streams, and amid never-fading beauties, but we may say with-

out exaggeration, that Heaven has placed a Paradise for the young and innocent in Geneva; the style of dancing is such as accommodates itself better to the common English country-dance, than that of the best masters in Charleston does, but they have given into the rage for the waltz, and I confess to my great astonishment.

I should be tempted, I think, were I to see a daughter of mine dancing one, to act like the father in the Spectator on a similar occasion, and I acknowledge, that it requires my full and perfect recollection of Gibbon's observation on the error into which a Greek traveller had fallen, who visited England in the reign of Henry the IVth, not to deviate in some uncharitable reflection on the subject of these waltz; I will tell you hereafter the observation which they suggested to an Italian lady.

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## POLITE LITERATURE. LETTERS FROM BRUTUS.

### LETTER IX.

*To His Grace, the Duke of Portland.*

MY LORD,

Amid the violence of political contest to which this country is subject, men are too generally measured, whether in praise or blame, by the standard of their party. A unity of party comes in place of a unity of character, and a warm and blind attachment to a particular set of measures, or rather to a particular junto of men, is held to be the Catholic virtue of the statesman and politician.

But though in the circles of political cabal this doctrine is commonly allowed, the people at large make distinctions somewhat beyond it.—They form an estimate of individuals separately from the side to which they belong, and repose on private worth a confidence of a firmer kind

than that which depends on the general complexion of a party.

It must flatter your Grace to be told, that such has been hitherto the estimation of your character with the publick; that the general opinion marked you out for one, on whose virtue we might rely, as a security against his doing anything, either in opposition or in power, unworthy of a good man. It happened, indeed unfortunately, that some of that party, with whom you was connected, required such a surety; that, like other rich sureties, you risked your reputation in alliance with their want of it. It is in reputation as in money; there is an absolute bankruptcy, an advantage of which profligate men avail themselves. Having nothing else to lose, they set deeper stakes, and play bolder strokes than men of property and credit; and when such strokes are successful, the world is too apt to forget the profligacy of the adventure in its good fortune. In one instance, too striking to be soon forgotten, the country narrowly escaped a situation in which an attempt of this sort might have succeeded—but we recollect, my Lord, that even in the situation we feared, it would *not* have succeeded; that the integrity and the honour of the Duke of Portland would have prevented it.

Thus, impressed with a sense of respect and gratitude to his name, he will not wonder at our surprise and disappointment on seeing it lately included in an instrument which it was impossible not to feel as a publick national disgrace. There is something in the very nature of a money transaction, which makes one always desirous to manage it with privacy and delicacy. It is like some other humiliating necessities of our condition, which we submit to with reluctance, and wish neither to be seen nor remembered; like these too, the propriety of its delicate management is increased in proportion to the rank of the parties. There is often magnificence in the spending of money; but the borrowing of it is always a paltry sort of business, to which the imagination cannot annex any idea of sublimity, un-

less indeed it might trace a distant one in the ruin of the lenders. There are authours of your Grace's acquaintance who can afford examples of the sublime in this way.

But the matter is serious, my Lord, and I will not indulge myself further in any parenthesis of fancy. I speak with the regret of a fellow-citizen; others will question you with the triumph of an enemy. They will ask if it became your Grace, and your confederates in this business, to be parties to a deed which carried the second name in the empire to a market of foreign Jews; to supplicate a loan, and mortgage for the security part of the realm of England; to open a subscription like those for a family in distress, and to copy the features of the transaction from the most hackneyed of such precedents; to take up money which was to be reimbursed by way of *Lottery*, the trick of strolling pedlars, and bankrupt dealers in smallware. But I spare my countrymen so mortifying a detail. They will blush to read it even here; but what will be their feelings, when they think of such a paper being stuck up in Flemish alehouses, and conned over by every little shopkeeper of Antwerp, who can muster up a thousand guilders, for the vanity of being a creditor to the heir of Great-Britain. The statutes have not made it treason to imagine the death of the Prince of Wales; but there is something more humiliating, though it may not be so punishable as treason, in weighing his life against the fears of a Jew, and the calculations of a money-broker.

But the courteous maxims of our constitution are more extensive than our penal laws. Neither these, nor indeed the nature of the transaction, will allow us to believe that the illustrious personages themselves "can have done this wrong." It must have been the invention of some mean and desperate spendthrift, accustomed to such shifts, and insensible to their ignominy. Noble natures are often easy in proportion to their nobleness, and for youth and inexperience there

is an additional apology ; but we must stretch our indulgence far, to pardon the allowance or participation of such a business to the Dukes of P—— and N——, to Earl F—— and Lord S——. We blame but slightly Mess. E—— and P——. They are *official* to the P——; and professional indifference of this sort, the “*iras et verba locant*” may excuse a lawyer ; but you, my Lord, and your noble cotrustees, have neither the apology of habit, nor the inducement of a fee, for “letting out” your character.

To such men the country looked for protection, if any circumstances should happen (and at one time its fears had anticipated such circumstances) in which their protection might be necessary. Had not the glaring evidence of every newspaper prevented it, the fears of that former period would have guided our belief in the present, and we should have filled up the trustees in this deed accordingly. With the Dukedom of C—— and the Bishoprick of O—— any trustees might have served ; unless, indeed, the names to which I allude, like the *negative quantities* in Algebra, had subtracted from the solidity of pledges so valuable. Consistency of character is a natural criticism in morals, as in poetry. There are names which we could have seen in such a paper, with the degree of ill-natured satisfaction which arises from this consistency, and we should have given their owners that sort of credit for the transaction which we afford to the dexterity of *Scapin* in the farce, or of a Barrington at the Old Bailey. But we cannot spare the names of P——y and B——k to ridicule or reproach ; we would keep them, my Lord, if their noble owners will allow us, sacred to honour, to virtue, and their country.

Amid the venal levity of youthful pleasure and amusement, we must still imagine an ingenious mind such as we know the P—— to possess, sometimes listening to more grave and dignified counsels. He cannot apply to persons more worthy

of his confidence than your Grace and your associates ; but the purity and dignity of your influence must be lost forever, if you allow it to degrade itself in offices so unworthy.

There is, on the other hand, a numerous circle of rank and fashion which looks to his example as a pattern for its conduct. Their imitation will be doubly sanctioned, if to his example they can add the authority of your acquiescence. Alas ! the moles and specks of a fine portrait are easily copied by inferior artists ; but its beauties escape their pencil. Every young man can make a long dinner at Weltjie’s, can embarrass his affairs, and borrow from usurers to redeem them ; but it is in the ability of few to charm with the graces of manner and the flow of conversation ; to inform their minds with classical knowledge, and to deliver that knowledge with easy and pointed elocution.

In certain elevated stations men cannot be forgotten of posterity.— Your illustrious friend, in the vivacity of the moment, may be thoughtless of what history shall say of him ; your Grace, and your noble colleagues, in this transaction, are nearer the period when we anticipate its relation. Read again, my Lord, the instrument which has given occasion to this hasty letter, and say whether it is such a record as you would wish to descend to posterity ; even as you would wish one of your distant successors to find, when he was seeking, with an honest pride, to blazon the achievements of his ancestors.

BRUTUS.

For The Port Folio.

THE SIGNORA AVEDUTA.

From the German and French.

(Continued from page 356.)

It was Thursday that we made this arrangement : Friday I began to wish that he might have nothing very dreadful in his appearance : Saturday I could not conceal from myself that if his appearance too widely differed from his voice, my sentiments for

him might not remain unchanged; and Sunday more dead than alive, I went to the church at which we had agreed to meet: it was sometime before I could summon courage to look towards the appointed spot—but what was my surprise when I did so, to behold, instead of the sort of figure I had dreaded to see, a man whose appearance surpassed any idea that my imagination had ever formed to itself of celestial beauty. So lost was I in amazement and admiration that when mass was over my companion could with difficulty tear me from the spot to which I seemed fixed.

Oh, most noble of mankind! cried I, (when in the evening I repaired to the rendezvous,) such modesty could alone complete your other perfections! my heart is yours forever,—he expressed his gratitude for the assurance, and told me that he was the Count Babbuino, and requested permission to ask me of my father in marriage, to which I consented without hesitation, and promised that I would never be any other's than his. The day he made his proposals, Count, said my father to him, your name and fortune are known to me; and I cannot but consider as a compliment your wishing to unite yourself with my family, but permit me to say, that I cannot dispose of my daughter's heart without consulting her: for however slight the importance that men generally attach to exterior advantage, it is sometimes far otherwise with women. Oh, said the Count, I flatter myself I shall meet with no obstacles on that score: I wish it may be so, replied my father, endeavouring to conceal a smile, I will go for my daughter and we will leave it to her; *Aveduta*, said my father to me, Count Babbuino is come to ask you in marriage, and I have nothing to say against the alliance, unless it be that his person may not please you, it is my duty to prepare you for it, he is far from handsome.—Who, my father? cried I, much astonished, Count Babbuino not handsome! I have seen him, I have heard his name, and I am en-

chanted with him: so saying I gave my hand to my father, and he conducted me to the Count: Imagine to yourself my dismay at the sight of a figure unequalled by any from the pencil of Hogarth. This is not, this cannot be Count Babbuino, exclaimed I, or I must have taken some one else for him: What, replied the astonished Count, did you not see me at the third pillar at St. Charles's in blue and gold, as we had agreed on? I now recollect, replied I, that near the person whom I supposed to be Count Babbuino was an individual who was also in blue and gold, and to speak the truth, I concluded he was only placed there to serve as a foil to the Count; at this candid confession my admirer uttered an imprecation, and the name of Count Bellario escaped his lips, nor could he conceal from me that such was the name of the person I had mistaken for him.—I do not know, continued the lady, if you ever remarked that in certain names there is a charm which prepossesses one instantaneously in favour of the person to whom it belongs. I had no sooner heard that of Bellario than I experienced the effects of it, and by an invincible sympathy I felt myself drawn towards him, thinking myself the more completely disengaged from my first promises as I had been mistaken both as to the name and person. In vain the poor Count employed his whole stock of eloquence, and embellished his discourse with all the flowers of rhetorick; he could not succeed in proving to me the superiority of mental over personal charms; when he had finished a speech worthy of being compared with the master pieces of antiquity, as uniting the precision of Demosthenes to the elegant abundance of Cicero; nowise convinced by his arguments, I calmly replied, When, Sir, I held to you a language not unlike what you now make use of, I had not seen the Count de Bellario; his merit is possibly as great as yours, and he possesses those personal advantages which have not fallen to your share: not knowing what to answer, the poor



Count withdrew, expressing by his air that he found himself obliged to give up all his hopes and abandon his projects. My father, who was present at this singular scene, was not a little amazed at it, and could not refrain from speaking of it to a confidential friend, who told it to others, until at last it reached the ears of Count Bellario. This drew his attention to me, he soon proposed himself and was accepted. Our union, however, was not a happy one; my husband was one of those men, who, satisfied with their external appearance, think that they need study only how to show themselves to advantage. His toilet employed the greater part of his time, and the remainder was devoted to practising airs and graces, in which he never failed of success.

Nobody entered a room better than he did, nobody knew better what politeness was, and nobody had a nobler or an easier air. He would have been the most charming man in the world in a company of deaf and dumb; but the inside of his head was far from corresponding with the outside. He could speak of nothing but of himself, of the success he had met with at various courts, of the compliments paid him, and all which he related as circumstantially as possible, and without appearing to have the least idea that we could be otherwise than highly entertained. Unfortunately, too for me, he thought he could not give me too much of his company. But his foolish vanity soon became disgusting to me, I began by thinking him ridiculous and then insupportable. Alas! thought I, one is poor indeed with such advantages only as he possesses. Ah, poor Babbuino, at least he had a lute and a voice! and I should already have become accustomed to his appearance.

I had not, however, been married more than a year, when death relieved me of my tiresome husband. The serenades and assiduities of Count Babbuino recommenced, and his love and constancy at last touched

me; in short, we were married. But strange as you may think it, I soon found myself worse off than ever. To be sure my first husband was very tiresome and unamusing, but at least he did not torment me: perfectly satisfied with his own merit, and certain of obtaining his due share of admiration he was never out of humour; his pride had never been mortified, and he was exact with no one. Besides his vanity was of a very innocent sort, which is generally the case with men whose advantages are of a nature to attract at once the attention of the publick. They take no pains to ingratiate themselves into the favour of any one, to inspire anything like interest or affection, and thence it follows, that they are less apt to give rise to those envious and jealous feelings which interfere with the happiness of others. Count Babbuino was very differently situated, *his* disadvantages were such as to be apparent to every one, whilst the talent which gave him the power of rendering himself agreeable was of a nature not to be appreciated but by few. He was perpetually uneasy, lest the preponderance of his merit over his personal defects should not be acknowledged by the world in general. His vanity, easily alarmed, was ever on the watch, he was always in dread of some humiliation, and the least mortification affected him most sensibly; his own opinion of his merit was vague and variable, at one time he would angle for praise, and at another he would affect to reject it as being more than he deserved. It naturally followed that Envy (which is always excited by superiour attainments, and particularly when an individual is extremely desirous of displaying them) denied him the praise which was his due, and that degree of approbation which he was so ambitious of. You will not think it strange, that thus situated he should have been perpetually a prey to ill humour, that he should have envied those whose talents could come in competition with his own, and that he should have been too fre-

quently mortified at not receiving that exclusive and uninterrupted admiration which he thought himself entitled to, from those whom he thought had sufficient opportunities of knowing his merit: these passions he nourished in secret; nothing could extinguish a hatred he had once conceived, and he spared no trouble in procuring the means of revenging himself.

(To be continued.)

For The Port Folio.

### CRITICISM.

*Odes from the Norse and Welch tongues.*

GRAY.

Fancy, obedient to their dread command,  
With brilliant genius marshal'd forth his way;

They hur'd his steps to Cambria's once  
fam'd land,

And sleeping druids felt his magic lay.

ANON.

We are told by Mr. Mason of Mr. Gray, that

"The only work which he meditated upon with this direct view, (the Press) from the beginning, was a History of English Poetry, which he gave the world in the last edition of his poems. But the slight manner in which he there speaks of that design, may admit here of some additional explanation. Several years ago, I was indebted to the friendship of the present learned Bishop of Gloucester, for a curious manuscript paper of Mr. Pope's, which contains the first sketch of a plan for a work of this kind, which I have still in my possession. Mr. Gray was greatly struck with the method which Mr. Pope had traced out in this little sketch; and, on my proposal of engaging with him in compiling such a history, he examined the plan more accu-

ately, enlarged it considerably, and formed an idea for an introduction to it. In this was to be ascertained the origin of rhyme: and specimens, not only of the Provençal Poetry (to which Mr. Pope seemed to have adverted,) but of the Scaldick, British and Saxon, were to have been given, as from all these different sources united, English Poetry had its original though it could hardly be called by that name before the time of Chaucer, with whose school (i. e. the poets who wrote in his manner) the history was to commence. The materials which I collected for this purpose are too inconsiderable to be mentioned; but Mr. Gray, besides versifying those odes that he published, made many elaborate disquisitions into [on] the origin of rhyme, and that variety of metre to be found in the writings of our ancient poets. He also transcribed many parts of the voluminous Lidgate, from the manuscripts which he found in the University Library, and those of the private colleges; remarking, as he went along, the several beauties and defects of this immediate scholar of Chaucer. He, however, soon found that a work of this kind, pursued on so very extensive a plan, would become almost endless; and hearing at the same time that Mr. Thomas Warton, Fellow of Trinity College, Oxford, (of whose abilities, from his observations on Spenser, we had each of us conceived the highest opinion) was engaged in a work of the same kind, we, by mutual consent, relinquished our undertaking; and soon after, on that gentleman's desiring a sight of the plan, Mr. Gray readily sent him a copy of it."

The manuscript of Mr. Pope has since been printed in the Gentle-

man's Magazine, for February, 1783, and may be seen in Dr. Anderson's edition of the British Poets, volume the tenth, (*Life of Gray*). Some further account of the projected *history* is given in Mr. Roscoe's preface to his *Life and Pontificate of Leo the Tenth*. To this project we are indebted for the four odes, severally translations or imitations from the Norse and Welch tongues. Mr. Gray describes them as follows :

"Pembroke Hall, Dec. 24, 1787.

"They are imitations of two pieces of Norwegian poetry, in which there was a wild spirit that struck me."

And gives the following account of their publication; adding some remarks which we have thought proper to retain.

February 1, 1808.

"The sole reason I have to publish those few additions now, is to make up (in both) for the omission of that *Long Story*; and as to the notes, I do it out of spite, because the publick did not understand the two odes (which I have called *Pindarick*) though the first was not very dark, and the second alluded to a few common facts, to be found in the sixpenny history of England, by the way of question and answer, for the use of children. The parallel passages I insert out of justice to those writers from whom I happened to take the hint of any line, as far as I can recollect."

Dr. Johnson pronounces, that, "His translations of Northern and Welch poetry deserve praise; the imagery is preserved, perhaps improved; but the language is unlike the language of other poets.

Mr. Wakefield is more profuse in his praise: "These translations or imitations of the Norse

and Welch Poetry are *instinct with fire* and poetical enthusiasm, and are, in all probability, such as Mr. Gray alone was capable of making them. But the poems themselves are not his own, and are therefore no proper subjects of critical observations. Whoever will be at the trouble of comparing them with the originals, will find that Mr. Gray has not only transfused their energy into his imitations, but tintured them with the spirit of his own genius. They are in perfection—the *enthusiastick words—the words that burn*—of the Muses."

Our design, in bringing these poems before our readers, exclusively of that of collecting them as specimens of poetry of a peculiar genius, is that of *illustration*; with which view we shall present the poems themselves, accompanied by notes, and by Latin and English literal versions of the originals: a plan for which Mr. Mason's remark is a sufficient apology.

"Their best comment, since it is the best illustration of their excellency, will be to insert here the Latin versions of the originals whence they were taken; as it is probable that many readers who have hitherto admired them as compositions, have not compared them with those literal versions, for want of having the books, which are not common ones, at hand."

Who is he that pretends to the slightest knowledge of *Belles Lettres* and does not know the beauties—the excellence of Marmontel. His delightful tales—his Incas of Peru—indeed all that he has left to posterity is so interesting, so delightful, so



fascinating, and at the same time of such pure and forcible moral tendency, that his character as a writer is put beyond the reach of chance; and bids defiance to the ill-nature of criticism—If criticism itself with all its ruggedness could be ill-natured while contemplating Marmontel.—His *Life* written by himself bears in every feature of it the very same family stamp which characterises all his other charming writings; being simple, elegant, polished and interesting, and full of anecdote. Not the every day anecdote of the conundrum maker; but anecdote selected for its value in interesting the feelings, investigating the human heart, and affording instruction. From this work, which has been reprinted in America, we offer our readers an extract. It is taken rather by chance than by choice, and while it will amuse all, and may instruct some of our readers, will convey an idea of the writer's heart and understanding. It contains a fine reproof to inordinate vanity and saucy overbearing pride. To give the whole in detail would exceed the limits we allow to extracts, and therefore we have to state in explanation that Marmontel had got into a Coach on a journey, with a vain consequential young slip of nobility—a marquis, whose stupid impertinence so wrought upon even his (M.'s) temper that he was compelled to rebuke him severely.—Take his own words.

"The first day, I gave him the back seat, and notwithstanding the sickness which the balancing of the carriage, and the motion backward occasioned me, I suffered the inconvenience. I even dissembled my disgust at hearing the most stupid of all spoiled children eternally displaying, with a puerile emphasis, his noble origin, his immense fortune, and the dignity of president, with which his father was invested. I let him boast of the beauty of his large blue eyes; and the charms of his face, with which, he innocently told me, all the women were in love. He talked to me of their lures, of their caresses, of the kisses they gave his fine eyes; I listened patiently, and said to myself: 'How ridiculous is vanity!'

"The next day, he got into the carriage first, and seated himself on the back seat. 'Softly, Marquis,' said I; 'in front, if you please. Today it is my turn to sit at my ease.' He answered that it was his place, and that his father had understood that he should occupy the back seat. I replied that, if his father had understood it in his bargain, I had not understood it in mine; and that, had he proposed it to me, I should not have cased myself up like a fool, in that dancing carriage; that I should now have been, for the same money, in the open air, upon a good horse, enjoying the scenery around me; that I had already been duped enough for having employed my five guineas so ill, and that I would not be so much so, as to give him constantly the best place. He persisted in keeping it; but, though he was as tall as I, I entreated him not to oblige me to force him from it, and to leave him in the road. He listened to this argument, and took the front seat. He was in ill humour till dinner time.—However, he contented himself with depriving me of his conversation; but, at dinner, his superiority recurred to him. They brought us a red-legged partridge. He thought himself an excellent carver; *quo gestu leporeo, et qua gallina secetur*. And indeed this exercise had made a part of his education. He took the partridge on his plate, cut off, very judiciously, the two wings and the two legs, kept the two wings for himself, and left me the legs and the back-bone. "What!" said I, "You like the wings of a partridge?" "Yes," said he "very well." "And I too," said I; and smiling; without discomposing myself, I established the equality. "You make very free," said he, "to take a wing from my plate!" "You are much more so," answered I, in a firm tone, "for having taken two from the dish." He was red with anger; but it subsided, and we dined peaceably.

The next day, "It is your turn," said I, "to take the back seat of the carriage." He seated himself there, saying, "you do me great favour;" and our *tete-a-tete* was going to be as silent as on the evening before, when an incident animated it. The marquis took snuff; I took it too, thanks to a young and pretty girl, who gave me a taste for it. In his sullen mood he opened his fine snuff-box, and I, who was not in ill humour, extended my hand, and took a pinch, as if we had been the best friends in the world. He did not refuse: and, after a few minutes reflection, "I must tell you," said he, "a circumstance that happened to M. de Maniban, first president of the parliament at Thoulouse. I foresaw it was something impertinent, and I listened. "M. de Maniban," continued he, "once gave audience, in his cabinet, to a *quidam*,

who had a cause, and who came to solicit his favour. The magistrate, as he listened, opened his snuff-box: the *quidam* took a pinch: the president did not discompose himself, but rang for his servant, and throwing away his snuff-box that the *quidam* had touched, he sent him for more." I avoided any appearance of applying this story to myself, and some little time afterward, when the coxcomb again displayed his box, I again took of his snuff as tranquilly as before. He looked surprised; and I, smiling said, "Why don't you ring, marquis?" "Here is no bell." "You are very fortunate that there is not," said I, "for the *quidam* would have drubbed you soundly for having rung." You may guess the astonishment that my reply created. He chose to be angry; and I was angry in my turn. "Be quiet," said I, "or I'll trample on you. I see that I have got a young fop to correct, and, from this moment, I will submit to no impertinence. Recollect that we are going to a city, where the son of a provincial president is nothing; and begin from this time to be simple, polite, and modest, if you can; for in the world, self-sufficiency, foppery, and foolish pride, will expose you to much more bitter vexations." While I spoke he concealed his eyes, and I saw he wept. I pitied him, and assumed the tone of a sincere friend: I made him reflect on his ridiculous boasting, on his puerile vanity, and his foolish pretensions; and I thought I perceived that his head became gradually less inflated with the vapours that filled it. "What can I do?" said he, "I have been brought up thus." To various marks of my kindness, I added the politeness of almost always giving him the best place in the carriage; for I was more accustomed than he to the inconvenience of riding backward; and this complaisance completely reconciled us."

*For The Port Folio.*

## POLITE LITERATURE.

MR. OLDSCHOOL,

The judicious and learned remarks of Dr. Nesbit on the subject of classical learning, as they have appeared in *The Port Folio*, have given me pleasure, both because I think the subject worthy of illustration, and because the too prevalent prejudices of the day require something of the kind. How this kind of learning came to be cultivated so assiduously for two or three hundred years, and for

so long to have been the characteristic of liberal improvement, supposing it to be nugatory, is a problem which I believe its adversaries would find it difficult to solve. Whatever people may alledge to favour their negligence or palliate their ignorance, there must have been some good reasons for the stress that has hitherto been laid upon the Latin and Greek languages in the education of youth, and of the acquisition of mental accomplishments.

Literature, the indispensable furniture of civilized life, has its origin, expansion, and various modifications; and a man who would form just notions of it should trace its progress, and by a tenacious observance of its essential properties, learn to taste the fountain in its remotest derivations. Our language, as well as several other of the most cultivated languages in Europe, owes much to the ancient languages of Greece and Rome; and to a scholar, the contemplation of those modern dialects as naturally suggests their classical original, as the branches of a tree indicate the root from which they sprung. Hence, if our own language, for instance, has either elegance or force, it will be very natural to attribute it to that immortal energy of expression; which not only exists in those ancient examples of fine writing, but by the transplantation of words, and by frequent imitations of style, has diffused itself through the genuine productions of modern literature. This being the case, I would ask whether literature with us ought not to embrace those languages, without which our own would, at this day, have been a jargon, grating to the ear, and unsatisfactory to the understanding?—Whether as it was first amplified and harmonized by those mother-tongues, it is not capable of receiving further improvement from them by frequent reference to their decision, in matters of grammar, style, and composition? Whether by totally neglecting those examples which have detained the muses in

our jarring world for so many ages, there would not be some danger of relapsing into barbarism? and finally, whether it is not as rational for a man that cultivates letters, either as a subject of philosophy or a matter of taste, to begin with the beginning, and in a manner to grow up with the language from its infancy, in the leading-strings of Latian lore, to its present vigour and maturity, as for a mathematician to begin with his axioms, or a natural philosopher with his laws of matter and motion?

I take it for granted that nature is right, and even when we cannot give a reason for her determinations, it would be unreasonable, not to say impious, to call them in question. On this ground we assert the importance of classical learning, and do not scruple to tell our Goths, that in attempting to abolish it they make war upon good sense, and, as far as in them lies, lay waste the fairest provinces of the intellectual world. I do not insist upon the custom of opening the scene of education with a Latin grammar; for bad customs sometimes become inveterate, and maintain themselves much longer than is either for the credit or advantage of mankind. But I say that a youth who loves letters, and is conscious of those fine feelings which vibrate to the accents of truth, and attach themselves to mental accommodations, regards the monuments of Grecian and Roman literature with a veneration, almost religious, and fondly anticipates a dignified satisfaction in an immediate acquaintance with them. The secrecy in which they are withdrawn from vulgar notice has something sacred in it, and an intimacy with them is rated the higher, as being the privilege only of those bouyant spirits, who, in the ardour of literary ambition, mount to those heights of enlightened antiquity, when the native effusions of genius savoured strongly of inspiration. The very consciousness of such an ambition implies an affinity to those fathers of literature, that not only

sanctions his undertaking, but kindles within his breast an enthusiasm that treads on classick ground, that listens to the Orphean lyre, and bows with grateful homage to the ancient muse.

It seems they have, many ages before he drew his breath, provided for his improvement and his happiness, and thereby bespoke his veneration and filial attachment; and he gladly recognizes the claim, and generously resolves that the lapse of time and the difference of language shall, in proportion to the difficulty which they throw in his way, prove the sincerity with which he cultivates it. Distance of time, like distance of place, gives a softness and solemnity to objects naturally great, which leave a great deal to the imagination, and dispose us to expect more than common pleasure in an immediate access to them; and so the remoteness of ancient authours, and even their obscurity, has charms to the real student.

The shade of departed friends often recurs to the imagination, and sometimes, as has been supposed, to the sight of their survivors.

The attachments seem immortal, and dissolution strangely enhances the endearment: And may we not imagine that something of the same kind takes place between living genius and those distinguished characters, who at a great distance of time have held the lamp of science to a benighted world? The ardour with which their works are studied not only excites admiration, but a sort of affection which is fain to try itself in all the attitudes of personal intercourse, however visionary. Hence an unwearied application to whatever might assist the conception of their sentiments and character, and even their voice and features.

I dont know whether I shall have the assent of very general experience, but to me, the use of a language no longer spoken has pleasures of a singular and an enchanting nature. The perception of meaning, by certain ar-

tificial combinations of figures or letters, independently of sound, is a sort of deciphering that calls forth a variety of ingenious effort, and continually repays the pains of investigation, by discoveries the most entertaining and interesting to an inquisitive mind. I cant help reflecting upon the wonderful contrivance whereby ideas are perpetuated; whereby a piece of manufacture that we call a book, becomes the faithful depository of intellectual treasures, amassed many ages ago, and retaining the distinctive characters of their several authours; more especially am I disposed to admire their unperishable excellence, when I recollect, that they emerged to celebrity after a long deathlike oblivion during the dark ages, like some rivers, which sink, and after pursuing their viewless course for many a league, burst forth anew, to perpetuate their name and their usefulness, until lost in the sea.

Should I be proud of an intimacy with persons of high station, and very dignified character? However my fortune might be advanced by such an accident, I should not hesitate to prefer the privilege of listening to the sages of antiquity, and imbibing their sentiments, as conceived and expressed by themselves, to the most flattering partiality of a contemporary, however great he might be: and, although my wishes might never be gratified, an enthusiasm of this sort has been the exciting cause of so much literary excellence, in numberless instances, that an extinction of it would augur very unfavourably to learning in general. To conclude:

The classical writers of antiquity have so large a share in modern compositions of any real merit, that even those who either cannot, or will not read them, ought to feel themselves under obligations to them for those very works whereby they would have them superseded. This conduct in a man of letters is ungrateful, at the same time that we could not excuse it in any others, but in consideration of what they themselves would think

still more opprobrious; for the most of men would more patiently suffer their moral principles to be called in question than their understandings.

M. L.

### PORTRAIT PAINTING.

“Whoever is delighted with his own picture, cannot derive his pleasure from that of another. Every man is always present to himself, and has, therefore, little need of his own remembrance\*, nor can desire it, but for the sake of those whom he loves, and by whom he hopes to be remembered. This use of the art is a natural and reasonable consequence of affection; and though like other human actions, it is often complicated with pride; yet, even such pride is more laudable than that by which palaces are covered with pictures, which, however excellent, neither imply the owner's virtue nor promote it.”

\* Which he can always find in a mirror.

### ORIGINAL POETRY.

*For The Port Folio.*

MR. OLDSCHOOL,

Whether I am seized with a confirmed cacœthes scribendi, or only infected with a gentle metro-mania, or whether these disorders materially differ; or whether there are any such, I leave it you to decide. I state my case thus: My poetical temperament had subsided to a peaceful sort of blank-verse humour, and I was gently rocking myself to sleep, with some dozen of the milk and water strains of *Haley*, when your paper of—I forget the date—was brought in by a friend, and upon opening it the “Imitation of the 16th Ode of Anacreon,” that I sent you some weeks since, stared me full in the face. I always had, from a strippling, a natural love of seeing myself in print; and whether I scribbled son-

nets for the young ladies, or advertisements for the barber in the village newspaper, I always, as I said before, felt a kind of congratulatory palpitation on reading them over, which I hardly ever failed to do, by the time they were in proof sheet. But to come to the point, I caught up the paper and read over the imitation once or twice, with the most profound admiration; but whether of you, or of myself, I foresee our mutual modesty will not let us agree upon—Though, to say the truth, Mr. Old-school, I felt my gratitude not a little excited by your condescension in printing me; the result is, a violent poetical furor seized me: after the first paroxysms of which, had subsided, and I had written myself down into a gentle pastoral disposition, I produced the following

*Translation of the 19th Carmen of Horace.*

#### TO LYDIA.

Dialogue between Horace and Lydia.

#### HORACE.

While Lydia's bosom beat for me,  
Nor any other youthful he  
Had dared his ardent arms entwine  
About that snowy neck of thine,  
Then happier I—more sweetly blest—

#### LYDIA.

Prithce, rest :  
Before your heart inconstant stray'd,  
And Chloe lov'd—the Cretan maid :  
And Lydia left—for Chloe's fame,  
(Lydia, of no ignoble name !)  
Then Lydia's bosom beat for thee,  
Nor sigh'd for other youthful he.

#### HORACE.

But Cretan Chloe's charms inspire !  
Sweet mistress of the trembling lyre !  
'Tis she who chants the witching strains  
That softly sooth us from the plains,  
Ye gods ! how willing would I die,  
On her sweet breast to heave one sigh !

#### LYDIA.

Calais, blooming Thurian boy,  
Oft woo's me to the nuptial joy :  
Son of Ornithus—and in sooth,  
My eye ne'er view'd a sweeter youth :  
Fates ! every other bliss destroy  
Ere harm my blooming Thurian boy !

#### HORACE.

Oh Lydia ! gentle Lydia ! list !  
And turn on me, those eyes I've kiss't,  
What if my vagrant heart returns,  
And kindlier constant for thee burns ?  
And Hymen in his rosy bands  
(As Love our hearts) shall bind our hands,  
And Chloe's love and Chloe's charms  
Are all forsaken for thy arms ?

#### LYDIA.

Though brighter than the glittering star  
That twinkles in the west afar,  
Were Calais' charms; and you more light  
And fickle than the birds of flight :  
And your temper more erratic  
Than the blust'ring Adriatick :  
In your arms I'd happier lie,  
And sweetly live and sweetly die !

*Portland, April 8.*

Forgive, dear sir, the folio of rhomontade at the beginning of this translation, and view this production with the same kindness you exerted towards my other piece; but if with all the allowances you can make, or fancy, for a younker who has just "gan bathe his baby quill" in the rills of Helicon, a modest youth withoutal:—if with all these, you find the lines inadmissable, just turn the leaf and kindly write the epitaph of my poetical life—somehow thus :

Hic jacet—G. Scriblerus—born in the sunshine of the P. F. of March 1808, and criticised to death by the Editor thereof on the April succeeding—as the fire kindles, have mercy on his remains !!

*Epitaph, on William Shaw, an Attorney.*

Here lies William Shaw,  
An attorney at law ;  
If he is not blest,  
What will become of all the rest ?

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The price of The Port Folio is Six Dollars per annum, to be paid in advance.

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# THE PORT FOLIO,

(NEW SERIES)

BY OLIVER OLDSCHOOL, ESQ.



Various, that the mind of desultory man, studious of change and pleased with novelty, may be indulged—*Cowp.*

Vol. V. Philadelphia, Saturday, June 25, 1808. No. 26.

## ORIGINAL PAPERS.

*For The Port Folio.*

### TRAVELS.

#### LETTERS FROM GENEVA AND FRANCE.

*Written during a residence of between two and three years in different parts of those countries, and addressed to a lady in Virginia.*

*(Continued from page 389.)*

#### LETTER XXV.

My dear E—,

AS you have Dr. Moore's travels upon the shelves of your bookcase, you may now turn to what he says of Geneva, and observe, in particular, his description of the Sunday-night societies, into which the whole town, and particularly the female part of it is divided, from the opulent matron of seventy, to the little semstress, who trips along in her spencer, with her ridicule suspended from her arm, and the profits of many a week's labour bestowed upon some ornament on her person. If a society becomes by the admission of new members, at length too nu-

merous to meet any longer with conveniency, it is either dissolved, or it is separated into two or more portions, each of which, like the parts of the Polypus, shoots out a new head, and becomes a perfect society: the boys have also their societies, and when of a proper age, and on certain conditions, are admitted into those of the young ladies: the men of an advanced age have their circles, where, "Wise through time, and narrative through age" they meet, and regulate the affairs of Europe, or descending into the garden, if the circle is provided with one, they "Lean on the wall and bask before the sun." There are also family societies, in which on certain days, and generally once a week, the old and the young of one connexion meet, a custom of all others I admire, and which is particularly essential here, where the different ages are so much, upon all other occasions, in the habit of living or of at best passing their

time apart from each other : it is a pity, that with all their good sense, the people of Geneva, should have suffered the very trifling circumstance of living on the hill, or at the foot of it, to be a source of odious distinction, and that from this, or some other such imaginary scale of rank in society, there should have sprung a degree of animosity which has been more than once attended with very serious consequences : one of their exiled citizens, who of all others afterwards contributed with the most virulence to the humiliation of his native country, and who is suspected by many of having entertained worse views, had been repulsed in a proposal he made of placing his daughter in a society of young persons, who lived a little higher up the hill : he was a man of genius and of knowledge, but of strong passions : having embarked in the French revolution, he foresaw the probability of that unjust fate which had swept away so many, and having resolved, in case he should be brought before the revolutionary tribunal, to put an end to himself before the mock sentence could be passed, he resolutely executed his purpose, and his wife as resolutely performed the promise she had made of not surviving him. Their object was to preserve their property from confiscation for the sake of their daughter, nor can we refuse them our admiration ; one may truly say with the Latin poet, that there are many who remain inglorious for want of an historian. But I can conceive your impatience all this time to know what I think of the ladies of Geneva, and that you have as many questions to ask upon the occasion as Mrs. Fabitha Bramble put to captain Lismihago : I cannot how-

ever, you should recollect, be supposed to be half as well informed as the captain was, for it has been by no means my fate to be as well circumstanced for that purpose. I can tell you, however, that there are few that can be called handsome, but numbers who have an animated, pleasing, cheerful air, and something better than beauty in their faces : they are generally below your size, wear rouge universally after marriage, but so as to imitate nature, and dress themselves to advantage ; if I might venture however to make an observation on their appearance in publick, it would be to regret, that they attach so much importance to a certain fullness of form about the bosom : they deserve our thanks no doubt, as Addison somewhere says of the ladies in his time, for the courage with which they brave the inclemency of the weather in order to give us a sample of their beautiful persons. It is surprising that they should be led by the influence of fashion to adopt a style of dress, so much at variance with that great attention to decorum, which so generally distinguishes them. As they are well and virtuously brought up, we may presume that they make good wives ; there is nowhere indeed a greater appearance of domestick happiness, than at Geneva, and the inhabitants still retain the very pretty custom of annexing the wife's name to the husband's. In a place where science is so diffused, and men of learning are at the same time men of the world, the conversation of the ladies naturally assumes more of a scientifick turn than with us in America, and society so far gains by it ; but I could have wished that somewhat more of ancient simplicity had been retained, and

that a certain softness of phrase, and extreme gentleness of manner had never been adopted: words and sentences are no more apt to be misunderstood indeed, where common use has fixed their value, than a pound sterling is likely to be confounded with a pound in weight; but a stranger at Geneva must have some experience not to be led into mistakes, and to know with certainty, that all expressions of very great satisfaction at his approach, or of regret at his departure are words of course; that his presence diffuses no more delight than that of any other individual would have done, and that, whatever they may say, no one will be in agonies during his absence, or break their heart should they never see his face again: I have often thought, that a very good letter, like that of the king of Bantam's minister in the Spectator, might be written upon this subject. In losing their independence, the Genevans had been deprived of a great many amusements, which were connected with it, and which you may see well described by Moore, who possessed the talent of relating, and who after having made us smile at the event of a martial representation in Plein-Palais, where the rage of the combatants was allayed by a call to dinner, paints the interesting scene of a whole people assembled at one general repast. These military exercises were latterly mere matters of amusement. But the Genevans were once a warlike people, in proportion to their means, and their annals like those of all nations who have had to struggle for their political existence, contain some brilliant moments and some sad reverses of fate.

You may have formed an idea of these beautiful environs from books

of travels, and from what I have attempted to describe to you; but the view is in several instances rendered far more interesting by some knowledge of the events, which a particular spot has been the scene of in former times. I never saw the young people of the city collected in groupes during the summer of a Sunday afternoon, on the edge of the opposite hill of La Batie, or appearing and vanishing again like imaginary beings among the trees, but I derived an additional satisfaction from beholding at the same time the ruins of the neighbouring fort, which was so long the torment of their ancestors: it is agreeable too to see Lancy, once a place of rendezvous for the banditti enemy of the neighbourhood, and subjected as such to the midnight horrors of military execution, now the undisturbed residence of a race of peaceful Spanish sheep; and when worried and questioned by the custom-house officers at the little village of Versoi, one remembers with a sort of satisfaction, that this very Versoi was taken by storm some two hundred years ago. A glorious effort was made in the year 1540 to vintage at the expense of the Savoyards near the neighbouring town of Bonne, and the Genevans having been attacked on their return, were so brave and so fortunate as to repulse a very superior enemy, and to save their wine: their march into the city with the spoils of the day and upwards of one hundred prisoners must have had very much the air of a Roman triumph. There is no place whence the view of the neighbouring mountains, and of the Alps in all their magnificence, and of the Lake in its full extent is better commanded than from a beautiful country seat call-



ed Le Bouchet, which however derives an additional interest from the great and bloody battle fought there, in which the Genevans were defeated. Their contests were not however confined to the narrow circle of the next towns and villages—they took Thonon, they compelled Evian to pay a ransom, they destroyed the fort of Ripaille, where the duke of Savoy had prepared a flotilla for the invasion of Geneva; they assisted Berne with three armed vessels in the siege of Chillon, and made Chambery, the capital of all Savoy, tremble at the distance of full fifty miles—And let no one think the worse of these exertions for having been confined to so small a theatre,

“ Or grandeur hear with a disdainful smile,

The short and simple annals of the poor :”

When pressed by Berne and Fribourg in the year 1531 to submit to the pretensions of the duke of Savoy, their answer was such as became men who knew the value of freedom; there was no expense, no danger they would not incur, they said, for the protection of their independence; death itself was to be courted in defence of their just rights: when surprised in the midst of a winter's night, at a time as they supposed, of profound peace, by a bold inveterate foe, their courage was most honourably proved, and the success was such as their courage and their cause deserved. You may easily conceive how the anecdotes of this great event, which is termed the Escalade in Genevan History, have been treasured up, from the first approach of the enemy to their final repulse, and how the exploits of every individual are recorded, from the woman who

killed a soldier with an iron pot, to the aged magistrate who boldly advanced upon the foe, and died fighting at the head of the people.

But the military honours of Geneva have rapidly faded away, the anniversary of the Escalade is scarcely remembered, the trophies of that memorable night no longer excite the patriotism of the citizens, and the arquebusiers, the artillerists, and the bombardiers, so renowned in former times, are now confounded in one general mass of peaceable French subjects.

You may remember in Moore's description, a certain king Moses, the first, whom he gravely represents as surrounded by his courtiers and family, and presiding at a military festival, and may wish to know what fate awaited the hapless monarch in the scene of general ruin which ensued, as Dido was desirous of being told by Æneas, what had been the end of Priam. The commissioners of the armed mediation in eighty-two treated the monarch with very little ceremony, and deposed him, but suffered him to live at large as a private citizen: in eighty-nine, when the people reassumed with some violence a portion of the power, they had been deprived of, king Moses was restored, and remained in quiet possession of all his honours for some time, but in the year ninety-six he was seen stretched upon a mattress in the common prison, confounded among the victims of that frightful period, like king Priam upon the shores of the Hellespont, without a title and without a name: but I almost reproach myself for trifling upon a circumstance any way connected with a period, the horrors of which I must soon bring you acquainted with, and which I dread as I should the recital of

some great domestick misfortune.

### LETTER XXVI.

The Genevans are very fond of society, and besides their regular meetings, which I have described to you, there are frequent tea-parties given by the ladies, who invite on such occasions as many of their own sex as they have chairs for, besides as many men as they can collect: these last are seen huddled up together in the midst of the room, a few more fortunate than the rest à l'Anglaise upon the hearth, whilst the ladies describe a formal segment of a circle, and one universal buzz, I had almost said uproar of conversation is kept up: at a certain period of the evening, which varies according to the more or less fashionable ton of the house, two or three servants appear bringing in a table, which at first sight looks like a moveable altar, but is found covered with preparations for making tea, with all its accompaniments, which are here far more extensive than with us: the cups and various sorts of cakes and pastry, are now handed about, and the uproar of conversation continues, uproar is too strong an expression, I confess, but the noise is something very like it, though attended, it must be observed with politeness, and with great good humour. To the tea-equipage succeeds as many card tables as the company may require, and the genius and knowledge of the lady of the house is displayed in placing those together who prefer each other's company, and in making them play at the game they like best: good order and silence now succeed (as when the distinct elements sprung up out of chaos) to the confusion of the moment be-

fore, and the company seem shrunk to a diminished size, which would remind you of Milton's Pandemonium, and of the miracle that took place there: it has made me sorry upon such occasions to see a delicate and pretty woman toiling through a numerous company, with a pack of cards in her hands, inviting some, and soliciting or commanding others, to draw a card, and to take their places, but it has been afterwards consoling to behold her resting from her labours, as she sat with self-complacency, surveying the various groups she had so skilfully arranged; Buonaparte reviewing his army, after they had crossed the Alps, could hardly have been more gratified.

Of publick amusements there are but few; there is a playhouse indeed, but it is not much frequented, and there are now and then private concerts; but musick, though executed, I believe, to perfection, is not such as I expected to find it; like stage dancing it seems rather an execution of skill than of taste, and is very remote from conveying any expression that I can give a name to; my means of observation have been indeed very much circumscribed as yet, and I may think differently when I get to Paris.

There are private balls also from time to time, (for dancing is a very favourite amusement) and it would be very agreeable to be present at them, were they not so crowded, but one would think, that every body here were of Miss Larolle's opinion, when she talks with delight of having been so squeezed at a ball, that she could hardly breathe.

The city having been for ages circumscribed by fortifications, has never been susceptible of much

augmentation and the houses are consequently not in proportion to the number of inhabitants: many families therefore are compelled to reside under the same roof, a circumstance, which by no means promotes either cleanliness or comfort: it is owing to this no doubt, as well as to the beauty of the surrounding country, that so many of the families of Geneva pass their summer out of town. Their country houses are generally large and handsome, and though a proper taste for ornamental gardening does not prevail, yet vineyards and wheat fields on a slope terminated by water, and by a distant view of lofty mountains, are in themselves such beautiful appendages, that if you imagined these interspersed with comfortable houses, where the delight of shade is generally secured, you may suppose with truth, that it would be difficult to find here what would not anywhere else be called a pretty place.

Mountains are everywhere, I think, agreeable to the sight, and they are particularly so, as seen from the environs of Geneva: they are cultivated to as great a height as the soil will admit of, they form a field of observation to the botanist and natural philosopher, they are replete with evidences of those great operations of nature, which carry the mind up to periods the most remote in the history of the globe, and they afford a retreat during the summer to a nation of herdsmen, who, lost to all the knowledge of what is going on in the world, confine their attention to their cattle and to the making of cheese.

I will endeavour in some future letter to give you an idea of the simple and uniform turn of the pastoral life in the high regions:

at present I could only do it from the descriptions of others, but I hope to judge for myself during the summer.

*Per The Port Folio.*

### CRITICISM.

*Odes from the Norse and Welch tongues.*

The second of the Odes from the Norse and Welch tongues is that entitled, The Descent of Odin, from the Norse.

#### *The Descent of Qdin.*

Uprose the King of Men with speed,  
And saddled strait his coal-black steed,  
Down the yawning steep he rode,  
That leads to Hela's dear abode.\*  
Him the Dog of Darkness† spied,  
His shaggy throat he opened wide,  
While from his jaws, with carnage filled,  
Foam and human gore distilled:  
Hoarse he bays with hideous din,  
Eyes that glow, and fangs that grin;  
And long pursues, with fruitless yell,  
The Father of the Powerful Spell.  
Onward still his way he takes,  
(The groaning earth beneath him shakes),  
Till full before his fearless eyes,  
The portals nine of hell arise.  
Right against the eastern gate,  
By the moss-grown pile he sate,  
Where long ago to sleep was laid  
The dust of the prophetick maid:  
Facing to the Northern clime.  
Thrice he traced the Runick rhyme;  
Thrice pronounced, in accents dread,  
The thrilling verse that wakes the dead,‡

\* Nistheimr, the hell of the Gothick nations, consisted of nine words, to which were devoted all such as died of sickness, old age, or by any other means than in battle. Over it presided Hela, the Goddess of Death.

Hela, in the Edda, is described with a dreadful countenance, and her body half flesh colour and half blue. *Gray.*

† The Edda gives this dog the name of Managarmor: he fed upon the lives of those who were to die. *Mason.*

‡ The thrilling verse that wakes the dead. The original word is *Valgallor*; from *vallor*, mortuus, and *gallor*, incantation. *Gray.*

*Thrilling* is surely a very fine epithet in this place. *Mason.*

Till from out the hollow ground  
Slowly breath'd a sullen sound—

## PROPHETESS.

What call unknown, what charms presume,  
To break the quiet of the tomb?  
Who thus afflicts my troubled sprite,  
And drags me from the realms of night?  
Long on these mould'ring bones have beat  
The winter's snow, the summer's heat,  
The drenching dews, the driving rain,  
Let me, let me sleep again.  
Who is he, with voice unblest,  
That calls me from the bed of rest?

## ODIN.

A traveller, to thee unknown,  
Is he that calls, a warrior's son.  
Thou the deeds of light shalt know;  
Tell me what is done below;  
For whom that glit'ring board is spread,  
Drest for whom yon golden bed?

## PROPHETESS.

Mantling in the goblet, see  
The pure bev'rage of the bee;  
O'er it hangs the shield of gold:  
'Tis the drink of Balder bold;  
Balder's head to death is giv'n;  
Pain can reach the Sons of Heav'n—  
Unwilling I my lips unclose:  
Leave me, leave me to repose.

## ODIN.

Once again my call obey—  
Prophetess|| arise, and say,  
What dangers Odin's child await,  
Who the authour of his fate?

---

§ Odin, we find, both from this ode, and the Edda, was solicitous about the fate of his son Balder, who had dreamed he was soon to die. The Edda mentions the manner of his death, when killed by Odin's other son Hoder, and also, that Hoder was himself slain afterwards by Vali, the son of Odin and Rinda, consonant with this prophecy. *Mason.*

|| Women were looked upon by the Gothick nations, as having a peculiar insight into futurity; and some there were that made profession of magick arts and divination. These travelled round the country, and were received in every house with great respect and honour. Such a woman, bore the name of Volva Seidkona or Spakona.—The dress of Thorbiorga, one of these prophetesses, is described at large in Eiric's *Rauða Sögu* (*apud Bartholin. lib. 1, cap. iv. p. 688.*) She had on a blue vest, spangled all over with stones, a necklace of glass beads, and a cap made of the skin of a black lamb, lined with a white cat-skin—She leaned on a staff adorned with brass,

## PROPHETESS.

In Holder's hand the hero's doom:  
His brother sends him to the tomb.  
Now my weary lips I close:  
Leave me, leave me to repose.

## ODIN.

O prophetess, my call obey!  
Once again arise, and say,  
Who th' avenger of his guilt,  
By whom shall Hoder's blood be spilt?

## PROPHETESS.

In the caverns of the west,  
By Odin's fierce embrace compest,  
A wond'rous boy shall bind a bear,  
Who ne'er shall comb his raven hair,  
Nor wash his visage in the stream,  
Nor see the sun's departing beam,  
'Till he on Hoder's corse shall smile,  
Flaming on the funeral pile.  
Now my weary lips I close:  
Leave me, leave me to repose.

## ODIN.

Yet awhile my call obey,  
Prophetess awake and say,  
What virgins|| these, in speechless wo,  
That bend to earth their solemn brow;  
That their flaxen tresses tear,  
And snow veils, that float in air?  
Tell me whence their sorrows rose,  
Then I leave thee to repose.

## PROPHETESS.

Ha! no traveller art thou,  
King of men, I know thee now,  
Mightiest of a mighty line—

## ODIN.

No boding, maid of skill divine,

---

with a round head, set with stones: and was girt with a Hunlandish belt, at which hung her pouch, full of magical instruments. Her buskins were of rough calf-skin, bound with thongs, studded with knobs of brass, and her gloves of white cat-skin; the fur turned inwards, &c.

They were also called *Fialkyngi*, or *Fiolkunnug*; *i. e. Multi-scia*; and *Visindakona*; *i. e. Oraculorum Mulier*, *Nomir*; *i. e. Parca*. *Gray.*

¶ These were probably the *Nomir*, or *Parca*, just now mentioned; their names were *Urda*, *Verdandi*, and *Skulda*; they were the dispensers of good destinies. As their names signify time past, present and future, it is probable they were always invisible to mortals: therefore, when Odin asks this question on seeing them, he betrays himself to be a god; which elucidates the next speech of the prophetess.

*Mason.*

Art thou nor prophetess of good ;\*\*  
But mother of a giant-brood ?

### PROPHETESS.

Hie thee hence, and boast at home  
That never shall inquirer come  
To break my iron-sleep again  
Till Lok†† has burst his tenfold chain ;  
Never, till substantial Night,  
Has reassum'd her anciect right,  
Till, wrapp'd in flames, in ruin hurl'd,  
Sinks the fabrick of the world !

'The original,' says Mr. Gray, 'is  
to be found in Bartholinus, *de Causis  
Contemnendæ Mortis*.

Upreis Olinn allda gautr, &c.

*The following is the Latin version :*

THE VEGTAMS KVITHA, from *Bartholinus, lib. III, p. 632.*

Surgebat Odinus,  
Vidorum summus;  
Et Sleipnerum,  
Ephippio stravit.  
Equitabat deorsum  
Níðhelam versus.  
Obviam habuit Cate'llum  
Ab Heiæ habitaculis venientem;  
Huic sanguine aspersa erant,  
Pectus antierius,  
Rictus, mordendi avidus,  
Et maxillarum infima:  
Allatrabat ille,  
Et rictum diduxit  
Magicæ patri,  
Et diu latrabat.

\*\* In the Latin, *Miser trium Gegan-tum*, means, therefore, probably, Anger-bode, who, from her name, seems to be *no prophetess of good*, and who bore to Lok, as the Edda says, three children; the Wolf Fenris, the great Serpent of Mid-gard, and Hela, all of them called giants, in that wild but curious system of mythology; with which if the reader wishes to be acquainted, he had better consult the translation of Mr. Mallet's *Introduction to the History of Denmark*, than the original itself; as some mistakes of consequence are corrected by the translator. The book is entitled *Northern Antiquities*. Printed for Carnan, 1770, 2 vols. 8vo. *Mason*.

†† Lok is the evil being, who continues in chains till the twilight of the gods approaches; when he shall break his bonds; the human race, the stars, the sun shall disappear; the earth sink in the seas, and fire consume the skies; even Odin himself, and his kindred deities shall perish. For a further explanation of this mythology, see Mallet's *Introduction to the History of Denmark*, 1755, quarto. *Gray*.

Equitavit Odinus  
(Terra subitus tremuit)  
Donec ad altum veniret  
Heiæ habitaculum,  
Tum equitavit Odinus  
Ad Orientale ostii latus,  
Ubi Fatidicæ  
Tumulum esse novit.  
Sapienti carmina  
Mortuos excitantia cecinit,  
Boream inspexit,  
Literas (tumulo) imposuit,  
Sermones proferre cœpit,  
Responsa proposcit,  
Donec invita surgeret,  
Et mortuorum sermonem proferret.

### FATIDICA.

Quisnam hominum  
Mihi ignotorum  
Mihi facere præsumit  
Tristem animum?  
Nive eram, et  
Nimbo aspersa,  
Pluviaeque rorata:  
Mortua diu jacui.

### ODINUS.

Viator, nominor  
Bellatoris filius sum.  
Enarra mihi quæ apud  
Helam geruntur.  
Ego tibi quæ in mundo  
Cuinam sedes Agro stratz sunt,  
Lecti pulchri,  
Auro ornati?

### FATIDICA.

Hic Baldero Medo,  
Paratus extat,  
Purus potus,  
Scuto super injecto:  
Divina vero soboles  
Dolore afficietur.  
Invita hæc dixi,  
Jamque silebo.

### ODINUS.

Noli, Fatidica, tacere,  
Te interrogare volo,  
Donec omnia novero.  
Adhuc scire volo,  
Quisnam Baldero  
Necem inferet,  
Ac Odini filium  
Vita privabit?

### FATIDICA.

Hodus excelsum fert  
Honoratum fratrum illuc.  
Is Baldero  
Necem inferet,  
Et Odini filium  
Vita privabit.  
Invita hæc dixi,  
Jamque tacebo.

## ODINUS.

Noli tacere. Fatidica,  
 Adhuc te interrogare volo,  
 Donec omnia novero.  
 Adhuc scire volo,  
 Quisnam Hodo  
 Odium rependet  
 Aut Baldero interfectorem  
 Occidendo rogo adaptet?

## FATIDICA.

Rinda filium pariet  
 In habitaculis occidentalibus:  
 Hic Odini filius,  
 Unam noctem natus, armis utetur.  
 Manum non lavabit,  
 Nec caput pectet,  
 Antequam rogo imponet  
 Balderi inimicum.  
 Invita hæc dixi,  
 Jamque tacebo.

## ODINUS.

Noli tacere, Fatidica,  
 Adhuc te interrogare volo,  
 Quænam sint virgines,  
 Quæ præ cogitationibus lacrymantur.  
 Et in cælum jaciunt  
 Cervicem pepula?  
 Hoc solum mihi dicas,  
 Nam prius non dormies.

## FATIDICA.

Non tu Viator es,  
 Ut antea credidi,  
 Sed potius Odinus,  
 Virorum summus.

## ODINUS.

Tu non es Fatidica,  
 Nec sapiens fœmina,  
 Sed potius trium  
 Gigantum mater.

## FATIDICA.

Equita domum Odine,  
 Ac in his gloriæ:  
 Nemo tali modo veniet  
 Ad sciscitandum,  
 Usque dum Lokus  
 Vinculis solvatur,  
 Et deorum crepusculum  
 Dissolventes aderint.

## THE SIGNORA AVEDUTA.

*From the German and French.*

*(Continued from page 394.)*

You may easily suppose how much I had to suffer from such a temper and from such a disposition, as unfortunately is but too common with those

whom nature has endowed with uncommon talents. What principally shocked me in him was, the false modesty with which he spoke of his figure; I had flattered myself that I should soon get accustomed to it, and I have known persons who, though far from handsome, have by their wit, spriteliness and agreeable conversation, soon made one forget their personal defects, but they had not, to be sure, the ridiculous habit of adverting constantly to those defects, whereas the Count was always complaining of the manner in which he had been treated by nature; the real motive for which, was not as you might suppose, with a view of exciting my compassion, but in the hope of forcing a compliment from me: to oblige me to say that he wronged himself, and that if he was not handsome at least he was to a supreme degree agreeable. All this for a length of time, and from a person whom one sees every day, must become insupportable, and I at last left his complaints unanswered, and my silence was the first cause of dissatisfaction which he could allege against me. His vanity was still more troublesome in another way, from morning to evening he was at my side with his lute and his fine voice, and it seemed that my life was to be passed in listening to, and admiring him—Notwithstanding my passion for musick, and his talents for that delightful art, I could bear it no longer, and in six weeks time I was so completely tired of his verses and of his musick, that I could have wished him hoarse for the rest of his life, and his lute one hundred feet under ground.

As soon as the Count began to discover that I no longer took the same interest in his complaints, and that my admiration for his talents was fast diminishing, he became silent, melancholy, and captious—In vain I expostulated with him on his singular conduct, I soon perceived that he had conceived against mine the most dishonourable suspicions, and it was thus he accounted to himself for the visible diminution of my admiration of

his merit. The general tenour of my conduct, however, at length convinced him of his mistake, but he was still so narrow minded as to wish to debar me from the most innocent amusements, provoked as he was that they occupied a part of that time and attention which he considered himself as having an exclusive right to. One day that I could not refrain from laughing at this puerile vanity, he revenged himself by behaving to me in a manner which obliged me to claim my father's protection, nor would I again trust myself under his roof until he had given me sufficient security for his future good conduct; but the most inveterate hatred had taken place of his former love for me, and though his fear of offending my relations occasioned him to stifle his resentment, he had but too many opportunities of tormenting me in secret, and absolutely rendered life indifferent to me.

At the end of two years death again came to my relief, and I was a second time a widow, and firmly resolved to remain so, and never again to put my happiness in the power of another—But what would you have me do, I am of a social disposition, my turn is for domestick life, and in short, to tell you the truth, I have had solitude enough; but were I to venture a third time into matrimony, who knows but what I might a third time be deceived? I began by choosing the handsomest man in the world, but was soon tired of death of him; I next thought myself sure of happiness with one of distinguished talents, and he tormented me!

Now, pray tell me Sir, what sort of a man shall I choose next? "Let the object of your choice be a person, Madam, said I, in whose company you shall have been more than once, and who has other recommendations than a handsome figure and a fine voice!"

### BIOGRAPHY.

Dr. Radcliffe was a native of Wakefield in Yorkshire, and obser-

ved by the neighbouring gentry to be a boy of excellent capacity; this circumstance, together with the numerous family of his parents, induced them to educate him at their own expense: when 15 years of age, he was sent to University College, where his mother (then a widow) assisted him in obtaining a thorough knowledge of Botany, Chymistry, and Anatomy. He afterwards became a fellow of Lincoln College, and commenced physician with a sovereign contempt for the works of medical writers: "There," said he, "is Radcliffe's library," pointing to a few books on a window seat. The faculty in revenge called his cures "*Guesswork*," and he retorted by terming them "*Old Nurses*."

His abhorrence of the absurd practice of consulting the w—r of patients is well known. Nature was his guide, and she led him to adopt a cool regimen in the small pox, which has saved numbers of lives, and preserved the smoothness and beauty of many faces. Several circumstances conspired to render his residence at Oxford unpleasant, he therefore went to London, where his practice became general, and he was equally celebrated for his wit, and his prescriptions; the former blazed forth with native frankness, without respect to place or persons: he told king William, "I would not have your *two* legs for your *three* kingdoms," and queen Anne, by a messenger, who had been sent for him, that "Her majesty was as well as any woman in England, if she would think so."

Dr. Radcliffe was a firm friend, and his lamentations on the death of the duke of Beaufort and lord Craven do honour to his feelings; he has however been accused of parsimony, and neglect of his family; the latter charge he endeavoured to obviate by leaving liberal annuities to his two sisters, two nephews, and a niece, and rewarding his servants: several acts are recorded of his benevolence, and he not only forgave, but provided

for a criminal who had robbed him, and exulted in restoring a servant whom he suspected, and had dismissed. He was once informed of a considerable loss he had sustained by the capture of a ship in which some of his property had been embarked, and answered the usual compliments of condolence with a smile and "put round the bottle my lord, I have only to go up 250 pair of stairs to make myself whole again."

It is believed that he distributed large sums in private charity to the nonjuring clergy of England, and the deprived Episcopal clergy of Scotland; and he is known to have been very liberal to the Society for promoting Christian Knowledge, and to his friend Dr. Walker, a Roman Catholic, to whom he gave a handsome competence, and a respectable funeral after his decease; it has been suspected that he gave his purse with his friendship to Dr. Sacheverell.

His constitution was strong, and he had a turn for conviviality, but when he entertained Prince Eugene, he gave him plain beef and pudding, for which the Prince returned him thanks as having considered him "not as a courtier, but as a soldier."

He was to have married a lady with 15,000*l.* fortune, who endeavoured to conceal her pregnancy by a favoured rival; far from resenting her conduct after the discovery, he pleaded to her father for forgiveness, and advised him to marry her to the man of her choice, that he might give his property *legally* to the young "*Hans-en Kelder*."

Dr. Radcliffe died November 1, 1714, and was buried at St. Mary's church, Oxford, with a solemnity commensurate to his munificence to that University. His death is supposed to have been accelerated by the vexation he experienced for not having attended Queen Anne during her last moments, as ordered by the privy council.

His property (exclusive of the legacies mentioned above) he bequeathed to the University of Oxford,

where his library is a sufficient monument to his memory; and to St. Bartholomew's Hospital in London.

St. Evermont, born at St. Dennis la Guast, in Lower Normandy, April 1, 1613, quitted the profession of the law to become a wit in the court of Lewis XIV. from which he was banished for his reflections on cardinal Mazarine, and fled into Holland. But the phlegmatick disposition of the inhabitants proving unpleasant to him, he sought refuge in the gay court of Charles II. 1662, where he shone by the splendour rather than the solidity of his genius. His writings are elegant, but superficial. "He thought Petronius more estimable than Seneca, being himself a voluptuary and a wit;" but he was systematick in his pleasures, and a great economist in health and wealth, which prolonged his life to the age of ninety. He died in London, August 9, 1703, possessed of a competence. He was an enemy to all the grosser vices, and his libertinism was that of the court of the Grand Monarque, beyond which he never went, nor loved those who did. Count Grammont received excellent advice from St. Evermont, which he returned by calling him "the Cato of Normandy." He had a large wen, which grew between his eyebrows: this, with his great leather cap and grey hair, he used to laugh at. The first he durst not part with, for fear of his life; and the latter he preferred to a perriwig. He lies in Westminster-Abbey, near the clock, still warning the young and gay not to be wasteful of their health, strength, and fortune. Perhaps St. Evermont never felt his abilities more slighted, than when William III upon his introduction to him, coldly said, "I think you was a major-general in the French service?"

[It is not always the mean of judging rightly to depend on a man for information of himself. The writer of his own life has



the correct knowledge of the facts to be related, but an opinion of them comes with more propriety from other quarters. In introducing the following remarks on the writings of Mr. Cumberland, however, we mean not to make a suggestion that could detract from the merit of the Biography which he has recently presented to the gratification and delight of every elegant scholar, nor even to say that the sentiments of the writer from whom they are extracted are more justly entitled to credit than Mr. Cumberland himself.]—*Emerald*.

### *Characteristicks of Mr. Cumberland as an Authour.*

If the merits of a writer were to be estimated by the eagerness or indifference of the publick about his productions, it would be no easy matter to ascertain, whether Mr. Cumberland was in possession of little or much; for, from the commencement of his literary career to the present moment, he has been alternately admired and abused, followed and neglected; we know not to what this is attributable, unless to those extraordinary fluctuations of popular taste, which it is not more easy to account for than to prevent. The caprices of an English audience are so various, and their transitions from one extreme to another so rapid, that it is scarcely possible for an authour to please in many compositions of the same nature, however equally they may be written. The instability, however, is not confined to our own country. I have read an anecdote of a French authour who states, "that he had written no less than six different dramattick performances, for the express purpose of gratifying the taste of the town; not one of which, though a very expeditious writer, could he produce in sufficient time to secure their approbation." The *West-Indian* is the *chef d'œuvre* of Mr. Cumberland, and indisputably one of the best comedies the present age can boast; it established early in life, the authour's fame, and is the only dramattick composition likely to perpetuate his memory. The language, is, in general, easy and elegant, with

all the requisite familiarity of dialogue, without degenerating into loose equivogue and technical vulgarity. Belcour and O'Flaherty are admirably drawn characters; and the fable of the comedy, though in many particulars faulty, is such as none but a skilful dramatist could have constructed. The whole is a judicious combination of sentiment and action; of sentiment unperverted by affectation, and of action restrained by judgment. If we did not know that a man, in a whimsical and unsettled nation like ours, cannot possibly conform to his own idea of propriety in what relates to dramattick writing, we should censure Mr. Cumberland for quitting the method which seems to have guided him in his first productions; he has unfortunately, however, yielded to popular taste, and given us specimens of the very worst style of composition, sentimental as well as humorous; at the head of the former may be placed the *Dependent*, and of the latter the *Armourer*.

As a tragick writer, Mr. Cumberland is not above mediocrity; his *CARMELITE* has a few, and but a few good lines; the characters are out of nature, and the incidents palpably forced; indeed, the action is derived from so improbable a source, and the plot so romantically puerile, that the imagination is seldom deluded into any belief of reality. The *Battle of Hastings*, which seems to have been made up of scraps congregated from all quarters, is much inferiour to the *Carmelite*; and *Days of Yore*, the last production of this gentleman, far inferiour to both.

What, then, are the peculiar characteristics of Mr. Cumberland's muse? since, for the comedy of the Old School he has no relish; for the extravagancies of farce he is too classical: and for tragedy he has more inclination than talent.

His *forte*, however he may have occasionally diverted into the less solemn department of the drama, is undoubtedly *SENTIMENTAL COMEDY*. Following the track of Hugh Kelly, he borrows his plot, character, and

language from the novelists, transferring, though with a delicate hand, the property of the circulating library to the stage. There is a wearisome sameness in all his plays, which is, perhaps, inseparable from their nature. "The union of two lovers is supposed to be prevented by a mercenary father or brother of rigid honour; nothing of course, can be more favourable to sentiment: the lovers lament their destiny with little or no effort to avert it: talk a pretty deal about *sensibility, sympathy, delicacy, feeling*, &c. till some unlooked for accident induces the parent to recall his prohibition, or the brother to relax his rigour."

Sentimental comedy is the least useful of all dramatick compositions, since it neither tends to the correction of the foibles and vanities of life, nor to the improvement of the hearts of mankind. The moral it inculcates is generally too lax for instruction, and the pity it inspires too weak to become active; it possesses neither the virtue of tragedy nor of comedy; it is the offspring of a ridiculous union, which retains none of the characteristic of father or mother, according as in animal life, the noble qualities of either species are debased by a *mixture of breeds*. The audience depart from the sentimental comedy as from a cold lesson of musty-morality; they admire the *fine sentiment*, indeed, but they have felt no emotion; the ear has been tingled by the frequent recurrence of a few specifick phrases; but the heart has had no share in the matter. Sentimental comedy is, indeed, rather injurious than beneficial to the interests of society; for people having learnt to gloss over their conduct by a set of pretty terms, are too apt to substitute the verbal apology for the active principle. The virtues are thus cheated of their dug, while maxims become fashionable, and passion evaporates in sentiment.

Of sentimental writers, however, Mr. Cumberland is the first: he is a complete master of the elegances of style, and polishes with great taste

and nicety. In his sentiment he is less hacknied and more diversified, both as to matter and language than most other modern authours. If he seldom interests by happy induction of plot, and forcible display of character, he sometimes instructs by justness of observation, and frequently captivates by the brilliancy of his expression. His productions however, numerous as they are, indicate no extraordinary strength of mind; they are more distinguishable for delicacy than vigour:—in short, they are less the effusions of genius, than the decorated refinements of taste.

*From The Providence Gazette.*

### THE ADELPHIAD, No. 89.

We hope that we shall not be regarded as impertinent, if we presume to offer some observations on a subject, which, as a science, has not received the attention it deserves. It is needless to waste the reader's time, by descanting on the importance of painting as a science: he who loves to behold the countenance of a dear friend recovered from the ravages of nature, who takes delight in beholding the shades of those illustrious men, who, as warriors or statesmen, orators or poets, astonished antiquity, when the immutable law of nature forbids us their persons, has already anticipated the utterance of the pen. The publick seem already to go hand in hand with us in our admiration; the parlour of every gentleman furnishes abundant evidence of the truth of this remark. American artists do not seem to have considered with propriety the subject on which their pencils have been employed. As painting must, from necessity, occupy but a very small surface, they indiscreetly crowd their canvas with such a variety of faces, that the eye finds enjoyment in none. If a battle is represented, for instance, and the death of some celebrated hero is a component part of it, his figure ought to arrest our attention the most, and consequently should occupy the most important station in the piece. His surrounding attendants, by countenances expressive of concern, should aid and abet the interest of the spectator in the principal object. After the imagination is thus once heated through the avenue of the eye, the glitter of bayonets, and a few scattered faces in the back ground, are all the materials requisite for the fancy to paint the battle. On the

contrary, when we survey a town in ashes, wounded men and wounded horses, all equally soliciting notice, all sympathy is dissipated by the multiplicity of objects. The eye, finding no rallying point, leaves off all research, and the painter enjoys all the credit of exciting burlesque, by dividing our sympathy equally for the death of a man or a horse.

An American painter once chose, as a subject of his pencil, the pillage of a town by night. The flames were discovered, and the distress of the inhabitants flying from their homes, and their firesides, half naked, guided only by the light of the conflagration, were represented in the most lively and affecting manner. The painter, however, did not stop here; but amid the inhabitants flying from desolation with open mouths, he represented a number of the enemy employed in the transportation of hogs, whose mouths were likewise open in the act of imploring assistance in swinish dialect. It is not every kind of distress that is a fit subject either for the pencil or the muse. The death of General Warren at Bunker's Hill, and of Montgomery at Quebec, is liable to criticism, if any judgment can be formed from the engravings which profess to have been taken from those paintings. There is a crowd and assemblage of faces in both, but each face seems too much occupied with distress of its own, to participate in that of another's. The following picture of the dire effects of a battle, drawn by Sir Sydney Smith, excites more sympathetic alarm than the most laboured generality of description. "I considered that the restoration of the capital to its lawful sovereign would be no gratification, if it should be found a *heap of ruins, ashes, and bones.*" To represent, on canvass, a retiring army, and a town in that situation, would make the eye of every spectator "dissolve in feeling's dew."

The muse of poetry may here give profitable instruction to her sister of the pencil. In a poetical description of a battle, no pity is excited; all is tumult, uproar and confusion; for instance:

"Now had the Grecians snatch'd a short repast,  
And buckled on their shining arms in haste;  
Host against host, their shadowy legions drew,  
The sounding darts in iron tempests flew."  
We then read of "dying groans" and "victorious shouts;" still Pity hovers on her wings, and knows not where to light amid such bustle and confusion. When the poet solicits the attendance of this delicate goddess, all this bustle retires, and we are presented with a personal encounter between two, instead of thousands.

"Æneas first advanc'd  
The nodding plumage on his helmet danc'd;  
Not so Pelides; furious to engage,  
He rush'd impetuous with a lion's rage."

Here the mind begins to tremble with anxiety for the fate of the Trojan hero; how is that interest deepened now?

"Then rising ere he threw,  
The forceful spear of great Pelides flew;  
That pierc'd the Dardan's shield's extreme bound,  
Where the shrill brass returned a sharper sound.  
Æneas his contracted body bends,  
And o'er him high his riven targe extends;  
Sees through its parting plates the upper air,  
And at his back perceives the quivering spear."

Even poets, whose attacks upon the heart admit of repetition, are compelled to resort to individuality, before a victory can be gained. This rule is far more necessary for a painter, who, if the first sally of his pencil on the eyes is not successful, is incapable of making another, and is obliged to retire with disgrace.

W.

#### ECCENTRICK ADVERTISEMENTS.

David Gilkeson, wishes to inform the citizens of Staunton and its vicinity, that he has commenced the Cabinet Making Business, in all its different branches, on the main street, leading to the Sweet Springs, and directly opposite Mr. Jacob Lea's, tanner, where by steady attention to business, he trusts to be able to oblige all who may think proper give him a call. He intends constantly keeping on hand a general assortment of work, which he will always warrant to be well made, and any furniture he may not have ready made, shall be made on the shortest notice.

For the accommodation of his customers, he intends constantly keeping on hand ready made Coffins of all sizes. He has also supplied himself with a hearse, for the purpose of delivering Coffins, any distance not exceeding twelve miles, and further to oblige his customers, he will convey the corpse to the place of interment, on said hearse, which will be much more con-

venient than conveying it in a waggon, and his charges for this additional trouble shall be moderate.

### WILLIAMSPORT RACES.

On Wednesday, October 1st, will be run for, over a beautiful course on the banks of Potomack river, adjoining Williamsport, a purse of Sixty Dollars, free for any horse, mare or gelding, four mile heats, an aged horse to carry 126lbs. a six year old 120lbs. a five year old 112lbs. a four year old 102 lbs. and, a three year old, a feather. Three lbs. will be allowed for mares and geldings.

On Thursday, Oct. 2nd, a purse of Forty Dollars, two mile heats, free and carrying weights as aforesaid; the winning horse of the preceding day excepted.

On Friday, October 3d, an Ox Race, for a purse of Twenty Dollars, free for any Bull, Steer or Cow that never won a higher purse—one mile heats, carrying a feather.

And, same day, immediately after the Ox Race—a handsome sweepstakes, will be run for by Ponies, thirteen hands high and under, carrying a feather—one mile heats. The Horses and Cattle to be entered with Jacob Brosius, jun. and George Moudy, the day preceding each race, or double at the post—entrance one shilling in the pound. The Horse riders to be dressed in a Silk Jacket and Jockey Cap—*The Ox riders as they please*. Four Horses to start each of the two first days, at 12 o'clock, or no race.

Judges will be appointed to determine any dispute, and the purses will be paid by

JACOB BROSIOUS, jun'r.

GEORGE MOUDY.

### DEARTH OF MONEY.

It is a universally-felt fact that money on loan, is almost become unattainable! The papers indeed still unceasingly teem with offers, but (saving one or two) they are all a kind of pecuniary quackery, holding forth infallible accommodation, yet on

the trial, heightening the disease, by tedious treaty, injurious exposure, specious exaction, and final disappointment! From this (but too just) accusation, Mr. H. Jackson, claims entire exemption. The extent and opulence of his connexions (the distinguished meed of very many years unimpeachable professional practice) enable him, as hitherto, to MEDIATE the loan of, from but 200l. up to 20,000l. or more, by redeemable annuity, and the interest alone required to be secured upon land, houses, the funds, settlements, jointures, church preferments, and other life incomes: But from people of rank, or high respectability, nothing more than merely personal security is desired. In every negotiation confided to Mr. Jackson, and which he undertakes, its accomplishment is unfailing; just, prompt, secret, frank, and gentlemanly.

Post paid letters, not anonymous, addressed (as for some years past) to Mr. H. Jackson, to be left at the New Chapter Coffee-House, Dukés-court, Long-acre, if from the country, will command an immediate answer; and if in London, a confidential appointment at the authour's house, the west end of the town.

Hughes offers to the nobility and gentry a fashionable assortment of Peruques, manufactured on such a principle as not to obstruct perspiration, &c. sufficiently covered with hair, so that they may be combed in any direction without the liability of their being discovered from a natural head of hair, dressed in the first style, and with a farther advantage, of never shrinking, a fault all others have. Only to be had at Hughes's fashionable hair manufactory, with the greatest assortment of modern hair ornaments.

### MORTUARY.

*From the (Portsmouth) Literary Mirror.*

On Tuesday the 29th of March, departed this life, JONATHAN MITCHELL SEWALL, Esq. Counsellor at Law, in the 61st year of his age.

The subject of this tribute to Genius and Eloquence, was born in Salem, Massachusetts, A. D. 1748. His parents died in the early part of his life; and his excellent uncle, the Hon. Stephen Sewall, at that time Chief Justice of the Supreme Court of Massachusetts, adopted and patronized the young orphan; and from his invaluable counsels he imbibed that firmness of moral principle, honour and integrity, for which he was so eminently distinguished; and a love for Belles Lettres and elegant litera-

ture, which afforded him the most rational, refined and sublime pleasures. Mr Sewall was apprenticed to mercantile business, but some years before his term expired, he was attacked by a fever of the most malignant type, which reduced him so extremely low, that a voyage to a milder clime was recommended by his physicians, as the only means of recovering his health. He accordingly embarked for Spain; but although this salubrious climate produced a favourable effect on his system in general, yet the violence of the fever, and the necessary use of extremely powerful medicines, rendered him the future subject of exquisite nervous affections, and at times a prey to the keenest sufferings, which deprived his friends of the pleasure of his company, and the delight his fascinating and instructive conversation afforded. These discouragements, however, did not preclude his attention to the study of the law. Soon after his return from abroad, he commenced his legal studies with his kinsman, Jonathan Sewall, Esq. an eminent lawyer in Boston; and finally completed them with the late learned and worthy John Pickering, Esq. of this town. By him he was introduced to the bar, where for many years, and till his declining health obliged him to retire; he was equally celebrated as a pleader of distinguished merit and a gentleman of the strictest honour and integrity.

Elevated by ennobling and generous principles above the love of popular applause, he never courted office at the hands of the publick; but that venerable body who framed the Constitution of this State, persuaded him to accept the office of Secretary; and he discharged the duties of his station in such a manner as to merit and receive their entire approbation.

In one particular sphere Mr. Sewall was destined to shine with unrivalled splendour. The humane, the fine sensibilities of his feeling bosom deplored the commission of crimes; while pity and compassion at the same moment impelled him to plead the cause of the criminal. Of all the capital causes he advocated, (and they were numerous) he never lost one. Success always attended his generous and ardent efforts; while the only fee that he usually received was the tear of gratitude, when a jury pronounced his poor client "not guilty." The widow, the fatherless, and the stranger, also found in his talents a never-failing resource; for without even

the hope of reward, he devoted his great abilities to their service.

As a patriot, Mr. Sewall was no less distinguished than as a lawyer. The love of his country was a living principle that glowed within his independent bosom: And while his impassioned eloquence might have roused the sons of America to worthiest deeds, his powers of melody and song have led the gallant soldier on to battle, and returned him from the field of victory triumphant in deathless verse. Attached to the illustrious Washington, from sentiments of veneration, respect and love, the inhabitants of Portsmouth, appointed Mr. Sewall to pronounce the funeral eulogy of the hero, the patriot, and the sage; and this admirable performance may be ranked among the first classical productions of the day; while the feeling, the pathos of the mournful orator melted the hoary veteran into tears, and impearled on the cheek of beauty the dew of sorrow. But above all, he that now rests in the *silent* tomb was a firm believer in the Christian Religion, and bore honourable testimony in its cause. He delighted to explore the word of God, and his capacious and enlightened mind dwelt with rapture on the wisdom, the power, and the goodness of the Deity. His hopes of salvation firmly rested on the merits of his Redeemer. The divine truths of Revelation cheered his soul in the season of adversity, and under the pressure of bodily infirmity, enabled him to look forward with joyful expectation, to another and a better world. After a long retirement from the busy scenes of life, he was attacked by those afflicting nervous complaints which embittered so many of his days, with more than wonted violence, and after eighteen months patient and submissive suffering, he resigned his spirit without a groan or struggle.

May that Being who "tempers the wind to the shorn lamb," mercifully adapt his consolations to the particular situation of each individual of the bereaved and sorrowing family!

Virtues like those of a Sewall will long embalm the memory of departed worth: And while Genius without sensibility lives unbeloved, and Science without philanthropy dies unregretted; the fatherless, the widow, and the poor, gather round his grave; and even the prisoner, and the appointed for death, exclaim,

*There sleeps our warmest, truest friend!*

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